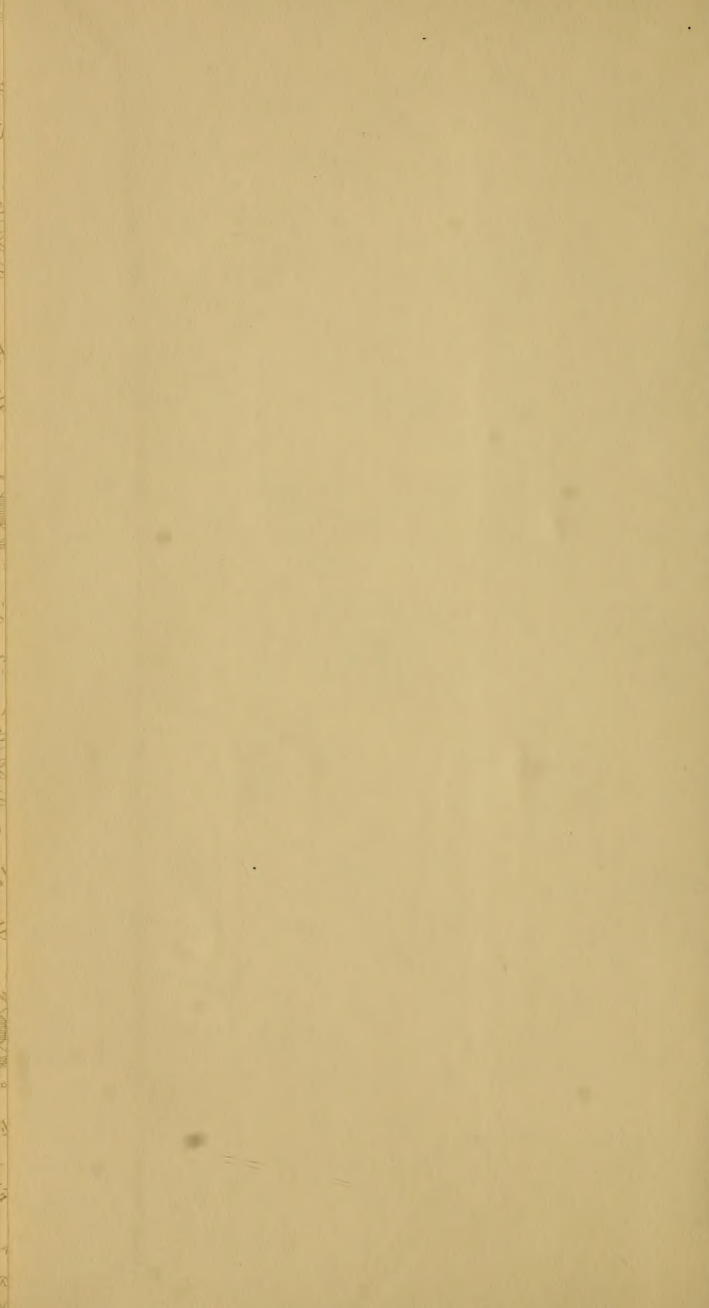




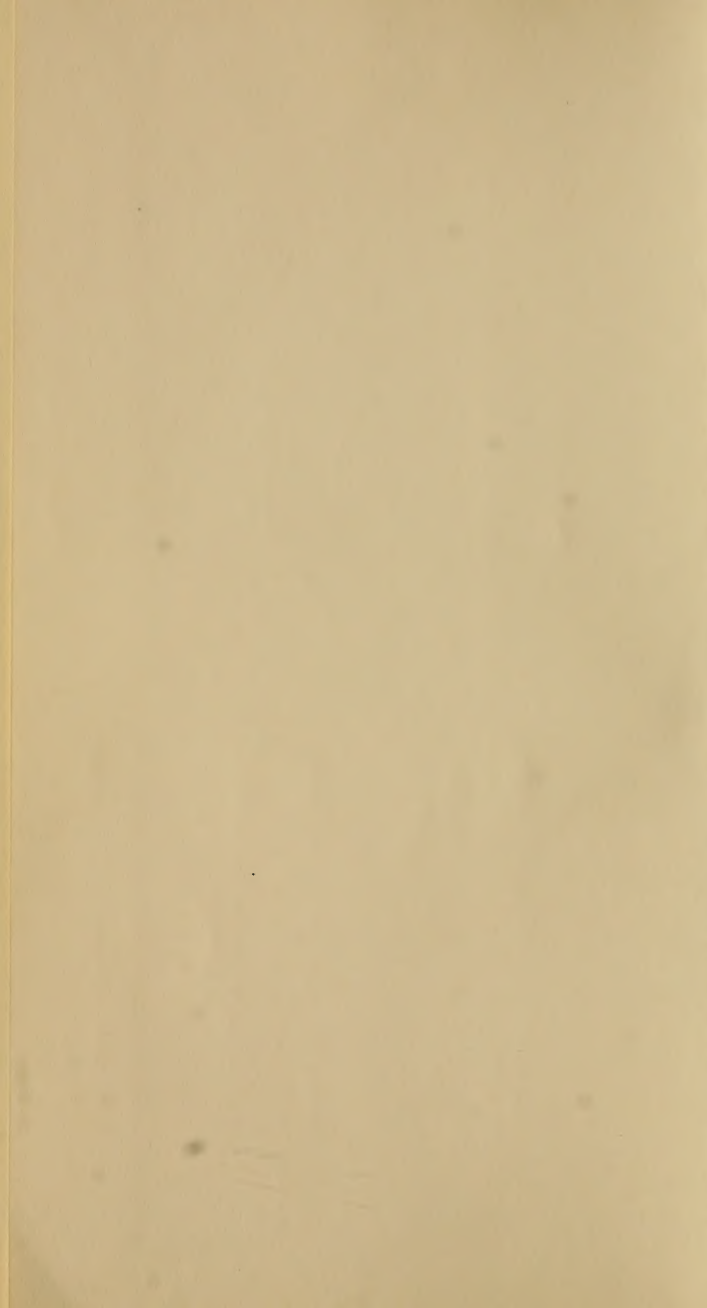


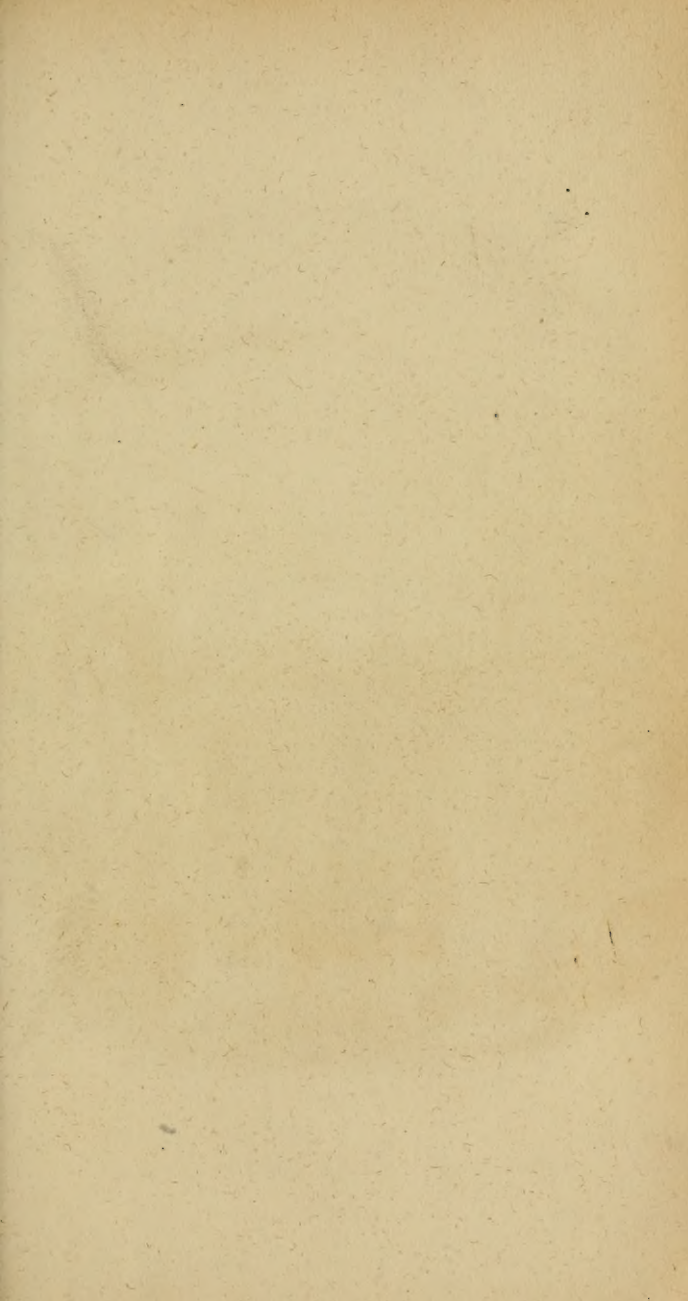














Engr. by C. A. Ralph.

ENGLAND'S GLORY AND SHAME.



THE  
GLORY AND THE SHAME  
OF  
ENGLAND:

IN TWO VOLUMES;

By

*C. Edwards Lester*



*New York, Harper & Brothers.*



THE  
GLORY AND THE SHAME  
OF  
ENGLAND.

"In England, those who till the earth, and make it lovely and fruitful by their labours, are only allowed the slave's share of the many blessings they produce."

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I. 2

NEW-YORK:  
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TO THE REV. JOEL TYLER HEADLY.

WHAT I have here written, my dear Headly, I inscribe to you : would it were more worthy of being dedicated to one of my early, one of my best friends. But I am persuaded you will generously overlook its faults, as you have my own. In a treacherous world, *you* have never deceived me. In my reverses of fortune I have ever been cheered by your sympathy ; in my prosperity you have ever rejoiced.

Since first we met on the peaceful shores of Oneida, we have gone forth to mingle with the world—to be deceived by its flattery and wounded by its selfishness ; to struggle with its stormy passions, and meet its stern realities. How often, amid the duties of a profession subject to greater trials than any other, have we grown weary in contemplating the sorrows of earth and the perfidy of professing friends ; how often wished to forget the present, and travel back among the quiet groves where we



once loved to wander ; to recall the images of the kind and the beautiful with whom we then worshipped around the magic altars of boyhood's love.

But one word about my book. In publishing these Letters, I have yielded to the counsel of those in whose judgment I confide more than in my own. I do not flatter myself that in all points I shall be favoured with the sympathy or the concurrence of the reader. Many, perhaps, will think I have drawn too dark a picture of the oppressions and wrongs of the English government ; of the sufferings and sorrows of the mass of the British people. To such I can only say, I have described things as they appeared to me, and endeavoured to write with candour.

The pleasure of visiting our Father-Land ; of wandering among its venerable monuments ; of conversing with its illustrious men, was all sadly marred by the sight of the misery, ignorance, oppression, and want I met on every side.

I well know the dreadful meaning of the words, but I would sooner see the children of my love born to the heritage of Southern slavery, than to see them subjected to the blighting bondage of the poor English operative's life. England is a proud and wicked nation. In her insatiate love of gain and boundless ambition for conquest ; in her unjust treatment of her

dependant colonies and foreign nations ; and, above all, in her oppression of her own poor but generous people, she is without a parallel in ancient or modern times. England has laid up for herself a sure store of vengeance ; and God will yet visit her for her pride and wrong-doing.

I know these are strong assertions ; but they can be sustained. Nor need we resort to any hostile record of her transactions to warrant this condemnation : by the testimony of her own writers and statesmen these heavy charges can be abundantly substantiated ; and from these sources, so free from all objection, I have presented evidence that must convince the most incredulous.

In writing this work I have thought I might render some service to my country, by diffusing among its citizens a more correct knowledge of the spirit and condition of the nation with whom, at no distant day, they may be brought into collision ; and by inspiring them, if possible, with a warmer regard and love for their own free institutions, and more devout gratitude to Heaven for the blessings they dispense.

I am prepared for abuse from Englishmen on both sides the Atlantic—I expect it. They will ask, with no slight manifestation of astonishment, “ What

does the author mean by the SHAME of England ? Who ever heard of the SHAME of England ?” Already have several educated and highly respectable young men, engaged (with unprecedented success) in procuring subscribers for this work, been rudely driven from the houses of Englishmen, for crossing their threshold with the prospectus. And I blush (but not for myself or country), to say that one of our celebrated authors, whose partiality for Republicanism has been more than doubted, threatened to kick one of these young men out of his house (castle), if he did not instantly leave it ; exclaiming, “ Why, have you the impudence to hand me that prospectus ? I understand what the GLORY of England means ; but, as for the SHAME of England, there is no such thing. The shame is all in that base Democracy, which makes you presume to enter a gentleman’s house to ask him to subscribe for such a book.”

There are thousands of Englishmen in our land, driven from their own country by its intolerable oppressions, who yet deny, when they get here, that there is any such thing. They have little sympathy with our institutions ; and no love for the country which has adopted them. How different all this from the enthusiastic attachment of the generous-

hearted Irishman, who has “dashed from his lips the poisoned cup of European servitude,” for a home in this New Free World.

But I ought, and I do say, with pleasure, that there are many Englishmen in America worthy of a home among us; that there is, too, a numerous band of noble Reformers in England, not afraid to proclaim the injustice of their government. In their breasts the fires of the Puritans still burn; they know the truth, and *feel* it; they love humanity—liberty. May God bless them.

Nor have I forgotten that I found many noble hearts in England: they took me by the hand, and gave me a generous welcome; and since my return I have had occasion to know that by some of them, at least, I am still remembered. Not a day passes that I do not think of their cheerful homes in “Green Albion.” For all this unexpected, unsought, and unmerited kindness to a stranger, they have his gratitude; and his prayers for the blessing of the “stranger’s God.”

When I stepped upon my native soil again, my eyes had been so wearied with the sight of oppression and suffering, I felt from my heart that I could embrace every green hill-top of our own free land—I thanked God I was an American.

If by these pages I shall inspire one reader with a higher love for Truth and Freedom ; with a deeper indignation against wrong ; with a nobler purpose to diffuse the hallowed spirit of Liberty throughout the world, I shall feel I have not written in vain.

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

UTICA, *October 1, 1841.*

THE GLORY AND THE SHAME  
OF  
E N G L A N D.

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London, May —, 1840.

DEAR —,

It is my first night in London. The bells of St. Paul's have just struck the hour of midnight. I am sitting in an old oak chair, in a narrow and gloomy apartment of the Guildhall Coffee-house, which stands in the heart of this great metropolis. There is but one window in the room, and the storm is beating against it. I am surrounded by two millions of human beings, and yet, of all this vast multitude, there is probably no one I ever saw before. Should I be struck down with disease to-night, no friend would watch my bed; were I to die, no one would let fall a tear on my grave. I begin to feel the truth of that well-known saying of Johnson, "There is no solitude so awful to the stranger as London."

After I left the railway station at Euston Square, I rode on mile after mile, scarcely realizing that I was among those very scenes of which from childhood I had so often read, and about which I had thought so long and so earnestly. I longed for daylight to unfold the wonders of that crowded

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world through which I was moving. The lamps here and there cast a flickering and uncertain glare upon the adjacent pavements and houses. To avoid the throng, we passed through different by-streets, where not a lamp was to be seen, nor a voice heard, save the noise of low debauchery coming up from some foul and dismal cellar. What scenes, thought I, should I witness could I but look into all these dwellings. In that house an aged man, long weary of the world, just drawing his last breath; in the next, an infant opening its eyes for the first time upon the light. In that stately mansion is heard the sound of mirth and revelry, while by its side an orphan, who has this very day asked for food a thousand times, and asked in vain, is shivering in the cold damps of night. In that lonely chamber might be heard the dying groan of one once beautiful and virtuous, but now outcast and deserted, with no one but God to see her die; while, perhaps, in some neighbouring dwelling, pure young hearts are exchanging their vows of love. Here the abandoned are revelling in pollution, where the very air is loaded with guilt, while, separated from them only by a thin wall, the subdued voice of prayer and praise is ascending to heaven.

London! How much there is in that single word. It is not a city—it is a world by itself. Thousands, it is said, live and die here without ever seeing the blessed light of heaven shining on the green fields. The wealth of London would wellnigh purchase

half the globe, and yet there are in it one hundred and fifty thousand poor wretches who feel the keen pangs of hunger every day. It is now the hour when the poor, the weary, the guilty, the heart-broken, who *have* homes, have gone to their rest ; those who have none are wandering through dreary lanes, to find some transient shelter ; the hour, too, when the rich, the gay, the noble, have just begun to mingle in scenes of splendour and dissipation. What a spectacle must London present to the All-Seeing eye at midnight. But it is late ; and I am so much fatigued that I must defer giving you a description of the incidents of the past day until to-morrow.

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On my way to the cars in Liverpool I met a blind woman, who was standing at the corner of one of the principal streets : her only covering was a tattered skirt, a ragged handkerchief thrown over her shoulders, and an old straw bonnet tied on her head with a coarse string. She entreated me in God's name, whoever I might be, if I knew how to pity a poor blind woman who was starving, to give her a penny ; for if I or some one else did not, she *should* certainly starve. I had heard so much about the "profession" of begging, that I was determined, whenever asked for charity, to examine the case for myself. I stopped, therefore, a few moments to converse with this woman. There could, at least, be no deception in her *eyes* ; for they had both perished, and left only *their* hollow sockets behind. She

needed clothing, and looked wan and hungry. But, after all, Suspicion would say, "She may be hired to beg, and assumes this air of want and wretchedness only to win sympathy;" and so it *might* be that she was a poor victim of misfortune, innocent in the eye of Heaven, thrown upon the tender mercies of a stranger, who may himself one day feel what it is to beg or starve. So long as there was a possibility of this, I could not wrong my own soul by turning one of God's creatures unfeelingly away. When I offered her some money, she reached forth her shrivelled hand, saying, "God bless you, master! I wish I had eyes to see you—and I hope you may never be blind; but if you *should* get blind, I *do* hope you won't be naked and hungry too, and without a home or a friend in the world, besides." I felt sick at heart when I left the old woman, and the last words I heard her utter were a prayer that God would bless me. I may become so familiar with spectacles of this kind before the summer is over as to pass the beggar by without assistance or sympathy; but in this instance I certainly felt that the blessing of one ready to perish was upon me.

As I was passing from the office to the cars, a very pretty but pale-faced girl came up to me, with a basket of books on her arm, and in a sweet voice inquired if I did not wish to get a Companion. I answered, "That will depend entirely upon the character—a gentleman or a lady?" "Oh, sir,"

she said, with a smile, "a Companion that will be of more service to you than either : more intelligent than a gentleman, and less troublesome than a lady ;" at the same time handing me "The London, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester Railway Companion." I was interested in the girl's appearance, and I asked her a few questions. She seemed to be in poor health, and this was readily explained : "I have sold Companions and Guides here," said she, "ever since the railway opened, on the 4th of July, 1837. That 4th of July I think a deal of ; for I have a brother in America, and he says there is no such country in the world. I should think he liked your country better than his own."

"Pray how did you know I was an American ?"

"Well, sir, I can hardly tell you ; but there is something about an American gentleman that strikes me the first moment I see him ; and I always try to find them, for they almost always buy my Companions. But they forever ask me if I can't take less than a crown for the book ; and when I say I am a poor girl, and have by selling books to support my mother who has the consumption, and a little brother who had both his arms crushed by the machinery of the factory, and all the rest of us are dead (except William, who is in New-York), then they don't ask me to take less, and very often give me more."

"Where does your mother live ?"

"She lives about six miles from town now ; but she used to live in Bristol."

“Did you ever hear Robert Hall preach?”

“Oh! yes, sir; we used to go to Mr. Hall’s Chapel, and many a time has he come to tea at our house; and when he came he always had his pockets full of something good for us. But he has gone to heaven now, if any one goes there.”

“Could you understand his preaching?”

“I was very young, and had not much education, and I could not understand much of his preaching of a Sunday; but I could understand almost every word when he lectured in the evening; and every time he came to see us, he would read the Bible, and explain it as he went along, and pray and talk to us about religion; and then I could understand every word. What made me like Mr. Hall so much was because he was so kind to the poor: he never was ashamed to speak to them in the street, or anywhere he met them. Do you have such ministers in America?”

“We have a great many good ministers, but not many, I fear, like Mr. Hall. How many hours a day do you spend here?”

“I am here when every train goes out, and I sleep between them.”

“Don’t this injure your health?”

“Yes, sir; for, when I came here, I was not the pale girl you see now; I was as ruddy as any girl in Lancashire. But I am willing to work hard to help dear mamma and poor little Charlie, for they can’t help themselves. They get along through the

week as well as they can, and when Saturday night comes I go home, and we have some good things, and are so happy when we are together that we think we have pretty good times."

"How much do you get by selling these Companions?"

"The Company give me sixpence for every one I sell; and, although I wish they could allow me a little more, yet I feel very thankful for that; for what I get here, with what my brother sends from America, makes us pretty comfortable. If I had not been obliged to pay the surgeon so much for cutting off Charlie's arms, and for coming to see mamma, I should feel encouraged. But I don't want to complain. I remember Mr. Hall used to say that we are all treated better than we deserve, and that we should not complain when God afflicts us, for it's no sign that he does not love us just as well as ever."

"I am glad to hear you express such feelings, my poor girl, though I am sorry for you."

"Oh, sir," said she, "if you could see how many thousands there are in England that have nothing but what they get by begging; how many there are that go naked and hungry, you wouldn't pity *me*. The only thing that troubles me much is, I am growing so weak that I fear I shall not be able to sell books much longer, and I don't know what we shall do when I get sick and helpless. We can go to the workhouse, but it makes me feel very gloomy to think about that. I suffer a good deal in think-



ing what we should have to put up with if we went there; and, rather than go there, I shall work as long as I can."

I think, dear ——, I know you too well to suppose you will not be interested in these conversations. I am persuaded that far more may be learned of English society by hearing persons of all classes describe their own feelings, than is to be gathered from any other source. The poor best know their own sorrows, and are sure to express the real feelings of the heart.

As I took my book, and the girl turned away to find another customer, an accomplished and fine-looking man of youthful appearance (who had been seated near us, and overheard our conversation) called her back, and gave her a sovereign for one of her books, and then politely handing me his card, with an apology for introducing himself, inquired if I was going up to London. "Yes, my lord," I replied, when I saw, from a glance at the card, that I was addressing an Irish nobleman.

"Will you give an Irishman the pleasure of your company? I have taken one apartment for London, and nothing will be more agreeable than to have you for a companion."

I replied, as I put my card in his hand, that I would accept his kind invitation no less for the pleasure of riding with an Irishman than with a nobleman. "Your republicanism I do respect," said he, "after all; for the nobleman who does not merit

respect for his character is deserving of none for his title."

Taking our seats in the carriage, which was furnished in the most expensive manner, with damask linings and the richest scarlet velvet, the whole train entered the grand tunnel which passes under the city. This is a stupendous work, being a mile and a quarter in length, seventeen feet high, and twenty-five wide, and constructed at an expense of nearly a million of dollars. The carriages are drawn up by means of a stationary engine at Edge Hill, where the tunnel terminates. It caused a most singular, and by no means pleasant sensation, thus to pass through the bowels of the earth, under the streets, churches, and warehouses of a great city. It reminded me of the long, dark, damp caverns of the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

One of the first things that excited my astonishment in this country was the enormous wealth one sees expended in its public works. The principal railways of England and Wales already opened, or in course of construction, number fifty-four, besides a great number of minor importance, exclusive of many other projected lines, some of which have received the sanction of Parliament, but are not likely to be executed at present. The total length of these fifty-four principal roads exceeds 1760 miles, independent of the smaller branches. The gross sum the different companies have been authorized to raise for the construction of these principal roads is

no less than £58,754,033, or \$284,957,059, reckoning \$4.85 to the pound sterling. The actual expenditure is sometimes less than the amount authorized to be raised, but in many instances it exceeds it. The English railways are superior to those in the United States in every respect, as regards safety, speed, beauty, and durability. There is, indeed, an appearance of solidity and strength in nearly all their structures which is very rarely seen in ours. Their houses, public buildings, and works seem formed to last for ages; and they are, for this reason, more easily kept in repair. But we are told, and with some truth, that what is economy here would be unbounded extravagance with us. The immense investments in the numerous railways, nearly all of which have been made during the last ten years, have produced little or no embarrassment or fluctuation in the finances of the country. But this would not be so in the United States. For myself, I have no fears that we shall not spend money enough in everything we undertake. We are already following the example of England quite too fast.

Every traveller who has written about this country has spoken with admiration of the beauty of its scenery, the perfection of its roads, and the high state of cultivation which everywhere prevails. But I have found all these things even more perfect than I had anticipated. There is a freshness and a richness in English landscape which exceed description.

In coming from Liverpool up to London (a distance of 215 miles), almost every variety of scenery is brought to view. There is some legend of romance or fact in history to be told about every hill, and lake, and stream, and hamlet on our way. We passed old battle-fields, which had been strown with the bodies of past generations ; the ruins of ancient castles, which had been stormed to the ground, overgrown with ivy ; and through clumps of green trees, rising from the vale, might be seen the gray towers of some old church, built many hundred years ago. When I gazed upon the venerable church of St. Oswald (seven miles from Liverpool)—which is said to be coeval with the establishment of Christianity—standing amid the ruins of the old British city of Cair Guiretguic, where Oswald, king of Northumberland, had his palace, and was slain by Penda, king of Mercia ; and a little to the north of it, the Field of Gallows Croft, where Cromwell and his Republicans left the followers of the Duke of Hamilton, who had fled from Preston, dead upon the field, or hanged their prisoners upon the battle-ground—it all seemed like some dream of boyhood—only a dream.

“ There,” said Lord ———, as we entered on the Vale Royal Viaduct at the  $32\frac{3}{4}$  mile post, “ there you can see the spire of Moilton village church, and to the west of it Vale Royal Abbey, the seat of Lord Delamere ; and I can tell you a story about the family of Cholmondeley. They were the

patrons of the old Prophet Nixon, whose visions have great credit among the peasantry of the neighbourhood even at the present day. They look upon the viaduct with a sort of ominous dread, regarding it as a fulfilment of one of the old seer's prophecies. He used to say, 'That when the rocks near Warrington should visit Vale Royal, the sun of the ancient family of Cholmondeley would go down.' The stone from which this viaduct was built *did* come from Hill Quarry, in Warrington; and the good peasantry have been not a little disturbed by it, though Lord Delamere himself follows his hounds and shoots his grouse with as much unconcern as ever. The peasantry say, too, that Nixon foretold that in the year 1837 England should be without a king; and that year you know we were, in fact, kingless."

Ten miles more brought us near Nantwich, which is the first place where the Romans manufactured salt in Britain, and where the widow of the great Milton died 114 years ago. We had here a fine view of the woods of Lord Crewe's domains. This old English seat is not at present occupied by its noble owner, and for a very good reason. The late Lord Crewe was addicted to the noble vice of betting, and staked so enormous a sum on a race, that, on losing it, he was obliged to mortgage his estate for the payment. On his death, the present Lord Crewe, with *filial chivalry*, allowed the remaining portion of the debt to be paid from the rental of the estate, which has made him quite a stranger in

these parts. How much longer this interesting exile will be kept aloof from his paternal acres, probably the mortgagee understands best. I remarked to Lord —— that the old sportsman should have enjoyed the race pretty well to compensate for the consequences. “Ah!” he replied, “if he had felt a moment before it as he did a moment after it, he would probably have made a better speculation.”

I then inquired how general the practice of betting was, and what were its effects among the nobility. “Why, sir,” said he, “games and sports of hazard are the disgrace and curse of our nobility. The passion for this kind of excitement takes precedence of all others; and the amount of wealth that is lost, and the embarrassment and ignominy it brings upon their families, are incalculable. They are very punctilious in discharging these ‘debts of honour,’ and I have known splendid fortunes entirely ruined in a single night. There is a vast number of gaming-houses in London, but the chief of all is Crockford’s; it is in the fashionable part of the town, and is probably the most extensive and splendid gaming establishment in the world: it is supposed that the house and furniture cost at least £100,000 (\$500,000). There are but few saloons in London that can compare with Crockford’s. The most sumptuous dinners are given at his expense, and the choicest wines that the city can afford are brought on freely, and without charge. Young noblemen who have



just succeeded to their estates, and others who have large expectancies, are sought out and taken by the arm by some 'friend' (in the pay of Crockford, and whose business it is to find out such persons), and are invited to dine at this establishment; but not a word is said about cards or dice. They are flattered by the invitation, and accept it. A superb dinner and a liberal supply of choice wines will often inspire a disposition for gambling where it did not exist before. It is a prize worth striving for, to fleece one of these 'flats,' as they are called, and a regular plan is concerted to effect it. All the finesse and diplomacy of experienced gamblers is brought into requisition. The intended victim of their snares is treated with the utmost courtesy and attention, and for the first few nights is allowed almost invariably to win. During the interval, Crockford and his agents have informed themselves 'for how much he is good,' and *he* has been inspired with confidence in his skill and a deeper passion for play. The road to ruin is made smooth; every obstacle to his progress is removed. All his desires are gratified; he seems to have everything in his own way; his purse is filled with unexpected gold, and he dashes into the fashionable world with exultation and display.

"This business of gaming is never prosecuted to any great extent, except under the maddening influence of the bottle; and Crockford's wine-cellar, which is the great agent that ensures the success of

the house, is 300 feet long, and filled with the choicest wines and liquors in the world : it contains 300,000 bottles, and innumerable casks. Crockford's cook, the celebrated Monsieur —— (I forget his name) has a salary of a thousand guineas per annum, and spreads an entertainment as magnificent as the heart of the most fastidious epicure could desire ; and all this is at the service of the flushed young nobleman.

“At last the tables are turned, and he begins to lose. But it is only the fortune of the game. No man can expect to have all the luck on his side, and the play goes on. His ready money is gone ; what shall he do ? It will not answer for him to be embarrassed now ; he has made a sensation in the circles of fashion and rank ; it must not be whispered at Almack's that young Lord —— can no longer keep up his elegant establishment : but he has no money. This matters not, since Crockford's bank, which is always full, will advance him all the money for which they have ascertained him ‘to be good.’

“He is now ready for a deeper and more exciting game, with the belief that his luck will turn, and he feels that he must win back his money, or fall from his elevation in disgrace. In this state of mind, he is introduced to another and a private room, where the French hazard-table stands, and here the work of plunder and robbery is prosecuted on a grand scale. The stakes are usually high : the first

he wins ; and then, persuaded that the tide of fortune has at last turned in his favour, he resolves to seize the favoured hour to repair his broken fortune. The next stake is higher, and this he also wins. Crockford's delicious wines sparkle on the table afresh, and the game once more goes on : an immense stake is laid, exceeding the aggregate of all that had gone before ; the throw is made—he loses it.

“ He now feels that, unless he can recover himself by one fortunate throw, he is a ruined man ; and in the madness of desperation he resolves to make or mar his fortune forever : he stakes *his all* : the next cast of the dice makes the young nobleman a beggar. He gives his securities, signs the papers, and is seen no more. He embarks for the Continent, where he lives an exile from his paternal estates until their income discharges the obligation. After the best part of his days has been spent in atoning for his folly, he returns to his home, but generally a broken down and ruined man. For fifteen, twenty, or thirty years, he has been a stranger to his native land ; when he at length comes back, but few of his early friends are living ; and those who are, remember little more than his name. As he drives up to his door, the old porter comes out to meet his long-exiled master, and blesses God for his return. Once more his ancestral halls are lighted up, and his servants collected around him ; but none of them all, except the old housekeeper and the gray-headed

porter, have ever seen him before. A few early friends may gather about him, and he may improve his grounds and adorn his house; but the remainder of his days are covered with gloom.

“ You may call this a melancholy picture, and think it can scarcely be so; but let me relate to you a few facts in illustration of what I have said. Not many years ago, Lord —— paid down, on his coming of age, for debts of honour contracted at Crockford's before he was twenty-one years old, the enormous sum of £100,000; and at about the same time, Lord ——, the grandson of an aged and venerable earl, lost £30,000 in one night. It is well known that the Marquis of H—— has at different times won over a million and a half sterling, and spent the greater part of it in dissipation. If a gentleman whose estate is sufficiently large offers to play for a stake of £100,000 at Crockford's, he is instantly accepted.

“ There is a moral certainty that every man who frequents that establishment will come off a beggar at last, unless he is a participator in the gains of the house; and when his money and his estate are gone, he is no longer wanted there, and is generally turned away with but little ceremony. Still, there are several regular gamblers at Crockford's who are not worth a farthing, their presence being indispensable to the success of the ‘concern.’ They are Crockford's *creatures*. They are not mere hangers-on, but active and efficient agents for their base-born

master. They are constantly on the alert to catch every fortune which goes up to London. It is pretty generally understood that Count d'Orsay, the president of the board of fashion, who has done more to corrupt the society of the highest classes than any other man, is one of the most efficient and best paid 'flat-catchers' of Crockford's corps. Indeed, he is chiefly distinguished in that capacity, and as *gallant* to the Countess of Blessington. He married a daughter of the countess, *and took the mother for his wife.*

"Ah! that Crockford's is a terrible place. I have often been there to gratify my friends, and am perfectly familiar with the whole establishment, but I never could be prevailed upon to play. I promised my father, when he was dying, that I would do these things; that I would maintain the honour of his house, preserve his family estates unimpaired, and never gamble; and I have held my pledge sacred. But many of my friends have been ruined there.

"A twelvemonth ago a young friend of mine, the Marquis of ———, came to me about 12 o'clock at night, in the saloon of the ATHENEUM CLUB, and asked me for £1000. I knew he wanted it for play, but I had great confidence in his judgment and self-control; it was an inconsiderable sum, and I drew for him to the amount. He came out of the hazard-room in two or three hours with £23,000. The next evening he staked and lost it all. He came to me at half past one o'clock that night, and asked me for

£5000 : he was a friend, and I could not refuse him. I gave it to him, and in half an hour he had not only lost every guinea of it, but impoverished his family for ten years. You may imagine the feelings of his beautiful wife, when, on returning home from Almack's the same morning, she found at her door a man waiting to take her carriage to Tattersal's, to be sold for the benefit of Crockford's. Anticipating the result, I had gone with my friend to his house, on his leaving Crockford's. We were sitting in the drawing-room when his wife entered. He was almost raving with madness. She was exceedingly alarmed when she perceived the change in her husband, and came to him, took his hand, and asked him what troubled him. 'You are a beggar, Mary,' he screamed out in despair, and fell senseless on the floor. After he was restored, she came and sat down by my side on the sofa, and prayed me to tell her all. It was a painful task, I assure you. I shall never forget the scene which followed. It was a more affecting sight to see the agony of this beautiful woman, than it would have been to see her die a thousand times. I satisfied his creditors at Crockford's for £33,000 ; and this saved the furniture, her horses and carriage, and their house in the country. She left London with a broken heart, and is now living a retired and miserable life.

"One would suppose that this would have extinguished the young marquis's passion for play forever ; but it had the contrary effect. It became more wild



and uncontrollable than ever. He came to me, and begged me to lend him money again and again. Of course I refused him, and for it received his abuse. He went through the whole circle of his friends, and teased them all for money. Many of them gratified him ; but he lost as fast as he borrowed, until he could borrow no more ; and before the season was over he was expelled from Crockford's and several other similar establishments in town, and was seen in the lowest and vilest holes in London, gambling with every ill-bred fellow who would accept his stake for a shilling ! I believe he has not seen his wife since they parted. She is ruined as well as himself. I saw her a few days ago, and tried to restore her former spirits ; but I found it a hopeless task. The bloom and joy have all fled from her face, and she looks as though twenty years had been added to her life—pale, haggard, and desponding. She cannot live six months. It is awful to see such a brilliant pair, whose prospects one year ago were so fair for a long, happy, and honourable life, crushed by such a blow. It is terrible !

“ There are *many, very many*, who seek refuge from remorse, brought on by gambling, in deep debauchery ; some in villany, and some in self-destruction. Their families are sometimes brought to pinching want, or condemned to live the rest of their days in comparative suffering and obscurity. More splendid fortunes are lost at Crockford's than at any other place. And yet this Crockford was once a

small fishmonger, near Temple Bar, as ignorant as he was low. He was in the habit of frequenting vile places and betting a few shillings. He learned by private information that a certain horse at the races was to win, and he made a large bet, and gained it. Then he purchased a small share in a gambling bank; afterward he engaged in a larger establishment, which cleared in one season £200,000. Loaded dice and other means of foul play which were afterward found in that place by the magistrates, accounted for their success. By cunning, villany, and perseverance, he has won his way to his present wealth and notoriety. He is still an exceedingly illiterate fellow, and speaks in the style of a hackney-coachman. He is supreme lord among the crowds of noblemen who flock to his club-house; and what can be so humiliating as to think that a base-born scoundrel like him should make slaves of the ancient nobility of the land? There is much force and truth in what Bulwer says of our nobility: 'They are more remarkable,' he says, 'for an extravagant recklessness of money; for an impatient ardour for frivolities; for a headlong passion for the caprices, the debaucheries, the absurdities of the day, than for any of those prudent and considerate virtues which are the offspring of common sense. How few of their estates are not deeply mortgaged! The Jews and the merchants (and he might have added the gamblers) have their grasp upon more than three parts of the property of the peerage.'

“This house of Crockford’s, and similar places in the metropolis, of which, great and small, their name is legion, are usually designated by the appropriate title of ‘Hells’: a better name could not be found. Not a night passes that these dens of iniquity and dissipation are not crowded, from Crockford’s, where the mad crew play to the tune of £100,000, and where they go with carriage and livery, to the vile and filthy ‘hells’ in the poorest parts of the metropolis, where you see squalid, ragged, shirtless wretches, who have begged or stolen one more shilling to stake and lose, and then be kicked out of a ‘hell’ in London into the hell of the eternal world.

“The passion for gambling is the worst passion that can possibly enter the human heart. I hardly ever knew a man who had once yielded to it, to break away from the strong temptation. It seems to seize upon him with the grasp of death. The victim of it is beyond the reach of counsel. It is vain to address his judgment, his hopes, or his fears. He may be a kind-hearted man by nature, but it does no good to talk to him about his wife and children: he loves them, perhaps, although this infernal passion generally annihilates the social affections; but he would take the last crust from his child’s mouth, and cast him upon the unpitiful world, sooner than give up the gratification of this hellish passion. Why! it is stated, and probably with truth, that the late aiddecamp of Lord Hutch-

inson, after having ruined himself by play, cut his throat in a fit of despair. It happened, however, that his life was saved ; and after some weeks he recovered. The first place he went to, after he was allowed by his surgeon to go out, was the very gaming-house where he had lost his money and formed the desperate purpose of destroying himself. Mr. Grant, who has paid a good deal of attention to this subject, thinks that the amount of money which is lost in the different gaming-houses of London cannot be less than £8,000,000 a year. I have no doubt myself that the sum is much greater. But this degrading and horrible passion is not confined to our sex. It prevails to an enormous extent among *fashionable ladies* ! Many is the husband who has been embarrassed most deeply by the cards of his wife.

“ In nearly all the fashionable circles this practice prevails. And there are cliques of women who assemble night after night for no other purpose but play, and the wine flashes on the card-table. They gamble on till their money is gone ; they pledge their jewels, family plate, horses and carriages, to the pawnbrokers ; and often the first intimation their husbands have of it is from some long-bearded Jew, who presents his claim, with the very comforting intelligence that the day of grace is over, and that he has now an opportunity of redeeming the property. The Jew had received from 50 to 500 per cent. for his money.

“If you can conceive it possible, gaming becomes in woman a more absorbing and debasing passion than among men. I have known many very painful instances of conjugal infidelity and domestic quarrels which were occasioned directly by this vice. Ladies are blamed more severely, I know, for such practices; but how can men expect anything better of their wives when they indulge in the same practices themselves? If there be a passion which turns the heart to ashes, and ruins both body and soul in a more rapid and fearful manner than any other, it is the passion for gaming; as it opens the way to every other vice.

“You will not suppose, from what I have said, that this disgraceful passion infects the whole body of the nobility. Very many of them are among the purest and best men in the world. In virtue, in domestic fidelity and love; in accomplishments of mind and person, many of the British nobility are not surpassed. But still, all the statements I have made to you in regard to their vices are not the less true; and the half I have not told you.”

In the midst of our conversation, a dense cloud of black smoke in the distance announced that we were in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, which Burke appropriately called “the great toyshop of Europe.” Here we stopped nearly an hour. We were charged at the refreshment-rooms, for a cold slice of beef and a single buttered roll, half a crown (sixty-two and a half cents), which reminded me

that Englishmen are not always the immaculate creatures some would have us suppose. There must have been between 250 and 300 persons in the hall. Lord —— requested the company to listen for one moment: “Gentlemen,” said he, “I find that we are most rudely insulted at this house, in being called upon to pay half a crown for a cold slice and a roll. For one, I will not do it. Not because I am unwilling to pay any reasonable charge, but because it is both unjust and abusive. Besides, I do not wish my companion, who is an American, nor any other stranger who may be present, to suppose that we do not know when we are well treated, or that we will submit to an insult like this from our own countrymen. I propose that we pay the usual charge for such an entertainment, and leave our good will for the house; or else pay the bill this fellow presents, and let the house suffer the consequences. Injustice is never to be borne by free Englishmen.” The name of the speaker was passed from mouth to mouth down the hall, and the whole company received the speech with loud and tumultuous applause. In the midst of the uproar the proprietor of the house made his appearance, to offer an apology: “Gentlemen and ladies, indeed, I am quite mortified that my servant should have so far forgotten his instructions as to present such a bill. It is too much; indeed, it is *quite too much*. And, since you have been so grossly injured, I will dismiss my waiter, and let you pay what you



think proper, begging you most humbly to accept this apology, and pardon the mistake; for *it is a mistake*, gentlemen and ladies."

"We will accept the apology, sir," answered Lord ——, "and in the most delicate manner insinuate that it would be well for you to see that your guests are not insulted in any such way again; or you may find that it is an unprofitable speculation."

The mortified proprietor bowed himself out of the room after the manner at court, taking care to run his back against the door in his passage out in no very graceful style; after which, the whole *posse* of waiters, by their boisterous language addressed to each other but intended for the company, gave us to understand that they had charged no more than they had been instructed to.

I observe there is a great convenience here in being able to charge upon servants the abuses practised by their masters: they are the indispensable scape-goats for the sins of every establishment. It reminds one of paragraphs so often seen in the newspapers, in which the poor "printer's devil" receives the credit of every literary blunder which the editor, from want of brains or some other cause, happens to make.

I have been very much astonished to find the system of petty shaving so extensively carried on in England. I had supposed that in this respect America was pre-eminent; for it has passed into a proverb, that in the United States a man can be shaved

for nothing. But I think, unless we sharpen up our wits, John Bull will bear off the palm. I do not now refer to the contemptible custom which everywhere prevails in England, of *compelling* you (as an Irishman would say) to give *voluntarily* a piece of money to every lazy drone who succeeds, by dint of impudence and obsequiousness, in stopping up your way, and who presents his bill of charges with an air of servility which would degrade a Turkish slave. For all travellers who have been in England know that the moment a guest is leaving the house, a crowd of creatures flock around him, greater in number, perhaps, than he has at any time seen in the establishment, each with his charge; and the aggregate of which amounts to as much or more than his bill at the bar. Their charges! and for what? First of all comes "Boots" with his demand: he wishes to be "remembered." You wear laced cloth boots, which stand in no particular need of any assistance from the knight of the brush. But "Boots" "really hopes the gentleman will remember him." Next comes the "porter, sir, please." His claim is based upon carrying your luggage: a small carpet-bag which you took in your hand. Next, "waiter, sir, please." You look at the gentleman somewhat dubiously, and he "hopes you will remember him." This you cannot readily do, as you never had the honour of seeing him before; but he remembers *you*, which is all the same to him. And last, but not *least* (for an English chambermaid is no inconsider-

able personage — in size), appears the irresistible grace of the upper story, and her claim you certainly cannot dispute, for she appeals to your gallantry at once; and, besides, she has prepared a chamber which you never entered, and never will. No, I do not refer to this all-prevailing system of insult and abuse; for the revised statutes of English *etiquette* have legalized these exactions of “loafers” and “loaferesses,” to use a very expressive Americanism. You submit to these ancient (and, of course, venerable) customs of England, as you do to the everlasting drizzling of its climate, although you know that these beggars are importuning for their masters, who, in most instances, either directly or indirectly, pocket the money you give them. It is an ingenious way of filching from the traveller more than even an English landlord has the face to ask for his frequently wretched accommodations.

But I only speak of this incidentally. I allude to the extravagant charges for everything one buys or gets done, without a previous bargain; and to the custom, which is so common, of imposing upon strangers and foreigners expenses which even an Englishman will not submit to, baptized as he is into abuses and taxation from his baptismal font to his taxed sepulchre. I will not complain, however; for the pleasure of visiting this beautiful land, of walking over the ground on which have fallen the footsteps of the illustrious of past ages, will more than compensate for the inconveniences of the journey.

But I *will* say that such annoyances render one's visit not the more agreeable.

After lunch we had time for a walk of a mile or two through the town. "This must be an odious place to live in, my lord."

"Pardon me. Will you say *sir*? It is very pleasant, when we meet with Americans, all of whom are heirs apparent to the throne, to lay aside our titles: will you say *sir*?"

"Most certainly, sir."

"Ah! that's it—thank you: you are very kind. Yes, this Birmingham is really a dreadful place. One breathes nothing here but coal smoke: it's almost enough to make one a native of Newcastle to live in Birmingham. And then you can hear nothing, from the beginning to the end of the year, but the infernal rumbling of machinery. But I am wrong; for I am told that Birmingham has the largest organ in the world, except the great organ at Harlaem. Many of the most splendid articles of plate in the kingdom are made here. But I conclude it is the residence of few except those who are drawn together for purposes of business."

I inquired what were the principal articles of manufacture in the town. "I have in my pocket," he answered, "a paper which contains an enumeration by Mr. Stevenson of the more important, as well as some of the curious, minute, and almost endless variety of articles made at Birmingham. Here they are:

"Files, guns, pocket-books, gilt toys and jewel-

ry, watch chains and keys, gunlock filer, plated goods, fire-irons, awl-blades, brass-founder, saw and edge-tools, lock and latch maker, swords, bits, buttons, snuffers, bone and ivory toys, cut sprigs, die-sinker, carriage lamps, harness plater, steel chains, cast nails, thimbles, braces, cabinet cases, inkstands, ferrules, compasses, ivory combs, gun polisher, spectacles, steel toys, pearl buttons, stamper and piercer, stirrups, packing boxes, japan wares, planes, sword-hilts, casting pots, spring latchets, gold-hand manufacturer, paper toys, chaser, saddlers' brass-founder, round bolt and chafing-dish maker, scalebeam, steel-yard, and screw-plate maker, bridle cutter, brass nails and curtain-rings, needles, vice maker, clock-dial painter, curry-combs, rule maker, link buttons, wire-drawer, scabbards, iron spoons, spade-tree maker, fork maker, looking-glass, toy and army button maker, paper-box turner, mouse-traps, sandpaper, gun-stocker, parchment maker, last and boot-tree maker, glass grinders, anvils, braziers' tools, gun-furniture filer, pendant maker, ring turner, bellows, gun finisher, saddle-tree maker, hammers, carpenters' and shoemakers' tools, brass-cock founder, hand-whip mounter, pearl and hair worker, coach-harness forger, button-shank maker, patten-ties, gimlets, tea-urns, medals and coins, copying machines, pneumatic apparatus, ramrod and chain maker, gun-case maker, smiths' bellows'-pipe maker, coffin nails, curtain-rings, glass beads, engine cutter, scalebeams, wood-screw maker bright engraver, putty maker, and

enamel-box maker, horse, dog, and negro collar, fetter, and dog-lock maker, pencil-case maker, glass stainer, paper stainer, bone-mould turner, tortoise-shell-box and toothpick-case maker, warming pans, fishing tackle, cruet frames, picture frames, bayonets, malt-mills, hinges, leather and horn powder flasks, corkscrews, gun flints, steel keys and combs, glass buttons, bed and coach screw maker, umbrella-furniture maker, paper-mould maker, button solderer, paper spectacle-case maker, tin nail and rivet maker, burnisher of toys, shagreen and morocco case maker, seal manufacturer, horn spoons and buttons, line maker, ladies' slippers, stirrup maker, curb maker, spur and rowel maker, powder flasks, sticks and rods for angling, sleeve buttons, clock hands, brass mouldings, augers, cock-heel maker, candle moulds, teapots, case-plate maker, filigree-worker, coach-spring manufacturer, watch key and glass maker, patten rings, thong maker, varnish maker, dog and cart chain maker, printing presses, pins, buckle chaser, jacks, military feathers, barometers, morocco decanters and cruet stands, packing needles, horn lanterns, buckle-ring forger, toy-watch maker, glass eyes for dolls, mortise and rim locksmith, button-card cutter, iron-drawer, gridiron and round bolt maker, spades, dials, gilt ring maker, steel box, spectacle-case, and gun-charger maker, pocket-lock maker, lamp manufacturer, lead toys, stock sinker, glass-house-mould maker, casting-mould maker, snuffboxes, &c., &c., &c., &c.'



“But this enumeration is far from complete. Perhaps, of all these articles, firearms are the most important. It appears from our official returns, that from 1804 to 1818, about 5,000,000 of different kinds of arms were furnished on account of government and of the private trade. The largest manufacture of steam engines in the world is carried on at Soho, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Birmingham. The population in 1831 was 147,000.”

We soon retraced our steps, and were again on the road to London. The environs of Birmingham on the south and east are quite beautiful. We passed within a few miles of Coventry, where, in 1566, the unfortunate Queen of Scots was imprisoned by the jealous and haughty Elizabeth, who said that “no Catholic ought to live out half his days;” Kenilworth and its ruins, around which the genius of Scott has thrown such charms; Warwick Castle, which is the most perfect specimen of a feudal fortress in the kingdom. Several times we crossed the quiet Avon, which flows through green meadows and verdure-crowned hills. Those waters are more sacred to us than the classic fountains of Greece; and it was very painful to pass so near Stratford without seeing the grave of Shakspeare.

“We are very proud of the Great Poet,” said Lord ——. “I have sometimes wished that Americans could boast of such a man.” “Well, really, sir,” I replied, “I think Americans have as much to

do with Shakspeare as any men in the world ; we certainly read him as much as you do ; and you must remember that Shakspeare wrote and died before our forefathers left this country. He played and wrote for our common ancestors, and together they worshipped his genius ; and since the year 1620 they have read and worshipped him alike, only in different countries. Besides, if you will pardon me, my lord, I think an Irishman need not be very much troubled because Americans have no Shakspeare : pray tell me if the Saxon blood of Shakspeare flows very extensively through the veins of Erin ?”

“ That is one of your ingenious ‘ Yankee notions,’ I will venture to say. But, upon my soul, sir, I must confess I never thought of the matter in just that light before. You are right ; he is just as much your Shakspeare as England’s, and considerably more than Ireland’s.”

On our right, a few miles from the line, and about 55 from London, stands the Olney church, where the good John Newton preached ; and a mile from it is still pointed out the quiet retreat of Cowper, and his affectionate friend, Mrs. Unwin ; with the garden and the favourite seat of the poet in a rude bower. Poor Cowper ! Thou art in a “ brighter bower” now, where the dark clouds of gloom shall never gather around thy spirit again.

Ten miles from London we passed Harrow-on-the-Hill. Who has not heard of the Harrow School ? The church is a spacious structure, with a tower and

lofty spire, and stands on one of the highest hills in Middlesex. This church is associated with what some men call a witty saying of Charles II., who closed a theological controversy by asserting that the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill must be the "Visible Church;" for it could be seen from the whole surrounding country.

Before we reached the end of our journey we passed under the grand tunnel, nearly a mile in length, which brought us to the environs of the metropolis. Here I parted from my noble fellow-traveller, asking his permission to make our conversation public, if I should desire, suppressing all the names of parties concerned, where it was necessary. This permission was cheerfully given.

But I must bring this long letter to a close. I shall now write to you often, and describe men and things as I see them. I do not flatter myself that I shall be so fortunate as to avoid all those mistakes and errors of judgment into which travellers so commonly fall. But I shall be careful in stating my facts, and try to communicate to you faithfully the impressions which are made upon my own mind. It is my purpose to examine things for myself. I shall not forget the advice of an old English author to his son when he was going abroad: "Young man, when thou goest abroad, keep all thine ears and thine eyes open, and thy tongue between thy teeth" (this will be the most difficult part of the advice to follow); "adopt no conclusion hastily; for travellers and ci-

cerones are often wrong. Depend on thine own observation ; spy out abuses and oppressions of every name : be candid ; be truthful ; and when thou dost return, I charge thee before God, tell us an honest story."

I shall contemplate the society and institutions of England with the eye of a Republican. This I must do. Every American knows that, in a country which presents such a striking contrast of princely wealth and abject poverty, of lordly power and cringing servility, as the traveller discovers in England, there must be *something radically wrong somewhere*. Where the wrong exists I will not pretend to determine, until my own observations shall satisfy me. There are many glorious things in England. It abounds in associations, which to us are greatly enriched by their connexion with our paternal history. In stepping upon its green shores, I felt like a wanderer returned to the home of his fathers.

Faithfully yours,

————— . G

London, May —, 1841. .

DEAR ———,

MY first acquaintance in the metropolis I formed under peculiar circumstances. This morning, before breakfast, as I was turning a corner in the hall, under rapid motion, I came in contact with a gentleman who was advancing as fast towards me, and

the shock was so violent that it threw us both upon the floor. Our hats went in one direction, our canes in another, and our persons were displayed at full length upon the carpet, very much to the amusement of the chamber-maid, who had the impudence to laugh at our misfortune. When I had recovered my senses, so as to ascertain what had happened, I turned to the gentleman and remarked, that if he would have the goodness to wait till I had more leisurely taken my bearings, I would make all proper apologies ; but that just at present I felt more inclined to look after myself, to know to what extent I had been knocked to pieces by the concussion. "And I, sir," he replied, as he rose up far enough to take a seat upon the floor, "should like the same privilege. I declare for it, sir, that shock was worthy a tournament ground. I'll exchange cards with you if you please, sir, and we may hope that our acquaintance may be prosecuted in a more agreeable manner."

I have many times since blessed the good fortune which brought us together. Nothing could have happened better. We gathered up our goods and chattels, which lay dispersed about the hall, and breakfasted in company. Before we rose from the table, each had told his story, and felt on terms of intimacy. "Now," said Captain Manners (this is not the real name), "you are anxious to see London, and I have nothing to do but show it to you. I believe I am familiar with almost every part of the me-

ropolis; for I have passed the last ten years here, and I do not know that I was ever tired of wandering round London. It is a glorious place: nothing would tempt me to live anywhere else. I can tell you a thousand things about it which I think you will not be able to find in the books; and if you are a good walker, we will set out, and a walk of twenty or thirty miles will give you a general idea of this immense city."

We turned down into Cheapside, St. Paul's Churchyard, Ludgate Hill, and Fleet-street (which is all one great thoroughfare under different names), and stopped at Cruchley's shop, where we obtained his fine pocket map, with which a stranger may pass through every part of London without asking his way. The crowd which is continually pouring, like a rushing torrent, through the great thoroughfares of the metropolis, can scarcely be conceived of, until one mingles in it. We were in the midst of a dense mass of human beings, each of whom seemed to be bent upon his own business with so much earnestness as to have no care for the thousands who were drifting by; and all hurrying on with that restless gait with which people walk in large cities; careless of the occupations, the joys, or the sorrows of all but themselves. Yes, I was in London, the largest city in the world, where there are nearly as many people crowded together into an arena of 14,000 square acres, as there are in the whole city and state of New-York; a city whose foundations



were laid so long ago as when Paul was preaching on Mars Hill: where the Romans, the Britons, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans have come, one after another, to erect their thrones and pass away. We stood on Waterloo Bridge, and looked down upon the Thames, which has rolled his current changelessly along, while hundreds of successive generations have come and gone upon its banks. It is a narrow, turbid stream; and when the tide, which rises very high, is down, the shores are intolerably filthy, composing a grand arena of mud, which makes one wish that the Ohio could once roll her waters through the channel of old Thames, and show him how pure they would leave his banks. But some philosophers have said that utility is one element of beauty; and, if so, the Thames is certainly a beautiful stream; for London would do but poorly without this little river. The paddy remarked of his friend who lost his head in the rebellion, that although his head was of no great value to others, it was "a sore loss to himself." To an American, the Thames seems like a mere eel-creek; but it is, nevertheless, the life-blood of London. On the bosom of this river, insignificant as it may seem, rides no inconsiderable proportion of the commercial wealth of the world. It is spanned by six stately bridges, built of stone or iron. They are all grand structures, and present a fine view from the water, with the crowds which continually throng them. Their order, commencing at the west, is Vauxhall,

which is of cast iron, with 9 arches, each span being 78 feet, and completed in 1816, at a cost of \$720,000. Westminster is built of stone, of 5 arches, 1223 feet in length, completed in 1750, and cost \$1,870,000. Waterloo is a grand structure of granite, with 9 arches, 1242 feet in length, and was opened June 18th, 1817, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. Blackfriars is built of stone, 1000 feet in length, has 9 arches, and was completed in 1768, at an expense of \$733,000. Southwark is a cast-iron bridge of only 3 arches, and was finished in 1819. The middle arch is the largest in the world, being 240 feet; the side arches are 210. Many single castings in this bridge weigh ten tons each; and the whole weight of the iron is said to exceed 5308 tons. It is opposite Guild Hall, the centre of the old city of London, and cost \$3,840,000. But the New London is by far the most magnificent of all these noble works. A few years ago the Old London Bridge, which had borne the moving stream of mortals, beasts, and carriages upon its back for hundreds of years, gave place to this stupendous structure. It is built of Scotland granite, and rests upon five arches. It cost the enormous sum of \$7,500,000: nearly as much as the grand Erie Canal, which is 363 miles long. Although the London Bridge forms the separation between the river and the sea navigation, and no vessel with standing masts can go above it, yet it is but a little below the centre of the metropolis. It is supposed to

be the most crowded thoroughfare in the world. More than one hundred and fifty thousand people, it is estimated, pass it daily. Its architecture is perfect, and it will stand until it is shaken down by some great convulsion, or decays by the lapse of ages.

As the Thames enters London from the west, at Old Chelsea, it bends towards the north, and continues in this direction for about two miles; then it passes Whitehall, and turns away to the east, penetrating in that direction the heart of the metropolis. It divides London into two parts, although by far the larger part lies on the north side. London is about 60 miles from the sea, occupying a gentle slope on the north side of the river, with an almost uniform flat surface on its southern side. Considered as the capital of the British empire, it includes not only the old city and its liberties, but Westminster, Southwark, and many villages, both in Middlesex and Surry. Its extent from east to west is about eight miles, and its breadth from north to south is nearly five. There are five grand popular divisions of London. "THE WEST END," which consists of numerous handsome squares and streets, occupied by the town houses of the nobility and gentry, and the most fashionable shops. It is the great arena of wealth, folly, and splendid sin. The parks, gardens, squares, and streets of this part of the town probably exceed everything else of the kind throughout the world. "THE CITY" includes the central and most ancient division of the metropolis. It was once surrounded by a strong wall, which was defended

by fifteen towers and bastions of Roman masonry. It is the emporium of commerce and of business of every description, and is occupied by shops, warehouses, public offices, and the houses of tradesmen and others connected with them. "THE EAST END" bears no greater resemblance to the West End than a desert to a green field. Its inhabitants are devoted to commerce, to ship-building, and to every collateral branch connected with merchandise. Some portions of it embrace a vast amount of extreme poverty and wretchedness.

"SOUTHWARK," and the whole of the southern bank of the Thames, from Deptford to Lambeth, bears some resemblance to the "East End" of the town, being occupied principally by persons engaged in commercial affairs. But in one respect it differs from every other part of London; it abounds with numerous manufactories: iron-foundries, glass-houses, soap-boiling and dye houses, shot and hat manufactory, and many other similar establishments. It is chiefly occupied by workmen and others of the lower classes. "WESTMINSTER" contains the palace, the Abbey, the parks, the houses of Parliament, the courts of justice, and the various offices connected with government. Says Leigh, in his work on London, "The increase in the size and population of the British metropolis within a few years is truly amazing. It is no unusual event to meet in society persons who recollect those portions of what must now be called the metropolis, when they were nothing but fields

or swamps.” There are some parts of London which have grown as rapidly as our own cities at the West.

There are two grand arteries which run through the metropolis from east to west. The most southern of these, for the greater part of the way, is within a quarter of a mile of the Thames. It commences at St. James’s Palace, in Pall Mall, and is continued through the Strand, Fleet-street, St. Paul’s, Watling-street, Cannon-street, and East Cheap, to the Tower. The northern line commences at Bayswater, and passes through Oxford-street, Holborn, Skinner, Newgate, Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall, and White Chapel, to Mile End, a distance of about seven miles; and the entire course is more densely populated than any portion of New York. These great avenues run nearly parallel to each other, and in no part of London can a stranger be far distant from one or the other of them. At this time London is computed to contain upward of 80 squares, and 10,000 streets, lanes, rows, places, courts, &c., and the number of houses exceeds 200,000.

“You will not have been long in London,” Captain Manners remarked, as we made an inquiry of one of the policemen, “without perceiving the immense advantages of this metropolitan police. It is probably the most efficient police in Europe. Property and life are as secure here, I suppose, as in any part of the world. I have walked thousands of miles at night through the streets and lanes of London, and yet I never was assaulted or treated in

a rude manner but once, and then I called a policeman to my aid in less than a minute."

We have to-day taken a view of each great section of London, from the scenes of unbounded opulence and fashion of the West End, to the poverty-stricken and squalid abodes of Spitalfields. I have seen more magnificence and display than I ever wish to see in my own country, and more wretchedness than I ever supposed could exist in "merrie England." There is something very painful in the contemplation of a state of society so highly artificial. I love the spirit of American democracy better than ever. I love the interminable woods and prairies, which stretch away towards the shores of the Pacific, offering a home to the poor, oppressed, taxed, degraded lower classes of Great Britain. What motive, thought I, as I to-day passed through some of the dark lanes of Spitalfields, what motive have the ignorant and depressed multitudes who inhabit such abodes as these, for exertion? What hope have they that they will ever know what it is to own one foot of the earth, and call it their own home?

"Half the time," said my companion, "they cannot find employment; and when they can, what do they get for their labour? Not enough to satisfy the simplest wants of nature! They and their wives and children may work hard all the time, and yet not be able to get a compensation for it sufficient to procure any of the means of social or moral elevation. In England, the poor must labour



or starve ; and they must let their employers fix the price of their labour ; and although some trades and employments receive good wages, yet the proportion of these to the whole is very small. I never was so much affected by the sufferings of the labouring classes in England until I returned from a residence of eighteen months in the United States ; and I declare to you that there is more wretchedness and pinching poverty, more disgusting and heart-sickening degradation here, in this lane in Spital-fields, than I saw during the whole of my residence in the United States. The contrast between the working classes of this country and yours struck me very forcibly when I landed in America ; and more so, if possible, when I returned. I do not pretend to meddle much with politics ; but I have not yet been able to rid myself of the painful conviction, that oppression and misrule have produced very much of this suffering and vice. For it is universally acknowledged, I think, that England can maintain even a much larger population than she now does, if she will remove the heavy burdens which the government and aristocracy have imposed upon the people. But when they will do this no one can tell."

I feel to-night as I have sometimes felt after awaking from a feverish dream, in which an ideal world of Oriental magnificence and of abject suffering had floated before my fancy, in one bewildering spectacle. But good-night.

Faithfully yours,

London, June —, 1840.

DEAR —,

“WELL,” said Captain Manners, as we sat at the breakfast-table this morning, “what will you see to-day?” Westminster Abbey, I replied. “Capital,” rejoined the captain: “I’ve been to the old Abbey perhaps a thousand and one times; but you could not have named a place I should like so well to visit this morning. It is a fine old pile, and many a glorious legend is told about it, too; which may or may not be true: I am sure I don’t care which, for I always liked a time-honoured fiction better than a dry modern fact.”

We walked along through Westminster, and it brought a new joy over my heart when I saw the gray towers of the old Abbey rising above the stately elms of St. James’s Park. The sight of the Abbey in the distance, with its deep-stained windows, its pointed turrets and pinnacles, and the thoughts they awaken, is worth a voyage to Europe. Sometimes, you know, the happiness of a lifetime seems crowded into the short space of a few moments; a sudden thrill of delight goes through the heart, which will not be forgotten in long years. “I see,” said my companion, “the flush of excitement on your face,” as we stopped to catch a glimpse of the western towers through the trees: “I wish from my heart I was now, like you, approaching the Abbey for the

first time. If you will excuse a little romance, I think there is a striking analogy between the love we feel for the Abbey and for a friend : it loses its freshness when the spring season is gone ; but I have never become so familiar with this ancient pile as not to feel when I come here as I feel nowhere else. I must tell you a word about its history.

“The Abbey is said to have been founded by Lucius, the first Christian King of Britain, as a burial-place for himself and his race. During the persecution of the Emperor Dioclesian, it was converted into a temple to Apollo, and the heathen worship of Rome set up. But Sebert, king of the East Saxons, demolished it ; declaring, as he threw down its walls, that he would not leave one stone upon another of a temple where heathen gods had been worshipped ; and erected a church to the honour of God and St. Peter in its place. St. Augustine had baptized Sebert and his beautiful Queen Ethelgoda, and consecrated Mellitus (a Roman abbot sent to Britain by Pope Gregory) Bishop of London. Sebert had freely expended his treasures upon the Abbey, and, for those times, raised a gorgeous structure.

“The night preceding the day appointed for its consecration had thrown its shadows over the city, and its inhabitants were still in profound sleep, all save a fisherman, who was just preparing to cast his net into the Thames, which flows within a stone’s throw of the Abbey walls. As he was loosing his boat from the shore, some one called to him from

the opposite side of the river to be ferried across. The fisherman afterward remarked that there was something very peculiar in his voice, or he could not say that he should have left his net. But he obeyed the summons. He did not know who the stranger could be, but there was something celestial in his appearance ; and the light of his countenance cast a bright sheen upon the flowing water. When the boat touched the western bank the stranger passed up to the Abbey, and the moment he reached it the doors opened of their own accord, and a bright light illumined every part of the building. A company of angels descended from heaven, and flocked around the portal. Music from seraphs' harps floated on the midnight air, and odours more delicious than ever perfumed the earth before. The honest fisherman gazed on the pageant with awe and admiration. Ever and anon, as some sweet strain broke forth from the church, and swelled up to heaven, it was answered by louder and richer strains. The radiance became brighter, and the anthems so glorious that it seemed like the palace of an archangel welcoming the redeemed home to heaven ! As the day light broke in the east the next morning, the lights faded, the music slowly died away, and the stranger who had crossed the river in the fisherman's boat was seen ascending to heaven, with the angels at his side.

“ Strange reports of what he had seen were circulated by the fisherman through London, and at the

time appointed for the consecration, the white-robed Mellitus, with his ghostly brethren, led the expectant multitude to the church.

“No sooner had the bishop thrown open the doors, than they saw enough to confirm the truth of everything the honest fisherman had said. Frankincense still lingered in the air ; twelve splendid tapers were still burning upon as many golden crosses before the altar ; the walls were anointed in twelve places with holy oil ; and the name of the Trinity in Hebrew was inscribed upon the pavement. ‘Can it be ?’ ‘Yes,’ exclaimed the good bishop ; ‘Heaven has accepted the offering ; God has blessed us ; and St. Peter has been here with his attendant angels to consecrate our temple.’

“Till the time of Edward the Confessor, the first Abbey remained exposed to the sacrilegious fury of the times. At last it fell to decay, and that monarch rebuilt it upon a singular occasion. He had made a vow to the Blessed Virgin during his exile, that if he should ever be restored to the kingdom of his forefathers, he would go on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Peter ; and being once more firmly seated on his throne, he bethought himself of his vow, and prepared to set out on his pilgrimage. But his subjects gathered round his palace, and besought him not to leave them. They addressed a petition to his holiness the pope, who granted him a dispensation from his vow, on the condition that he should rebuild Westminster Abbey. The offer was joyfully

accepted, and the monarch devoted a full tithe of all his possessions to the pious work. Shortly the Abbey rose from its ruins for the third time, and more beautiful than ever.

“The king was buried in one of the chapels of the Abbey, and his shrine is still to be seen. In the revolutionary days of England, the shrine itself was plundered, but his body has been suffered to rest in peace there to this day. The Abbey is a vast repository of tombs, in which the progress of sculpture can be followed for nearly a thousand years. You can here see traces of the rude Saxon chisel in the early ages, when poetry, just struggling into existence, sought to perpetuate the deeds of the pious upon the enduring marble; and the Gothic architecture in all its stages, from its first efforts to the perfection of florid beauty in the times of Elizabeth. For several centuries none but kings, saints, and the founders of churches were thought worthy to be interred in this house of God. Nobles and chieftains were satisfied if they could but sleep beneath the *shadow* of this temple; while the common people did not expect anything better than an interment in unconsecrated ground. In course of time the noble and the learned had the privilege of burial in the Abbey gradually extended to them; but it was considered a mark of the highest distinction to be permitted to rest in so holy a place.

“During the stormy days of Cromwell, few monuments were anywhere erected. It was an age of



destruction, and the gray forms of oppression and power fell before the advance of the people. Instead of erecting new monuments, old tombs, where slept the illustrious dead, were defaced, and shrines were plundered of their ornaments and treasures.

( After the restoration of the Stuarts (which was a darker day for the liberties of England than any she had seen under the great Cromwell) the triumph of wealth and dissoluteness began. The age of simplicity, of stern and bold primitive character, was past. The English people were yet too barbarous to enter fully into the wise policy of Cromwell: he achieved their liberty at a great price, but they were not yet prepared to receive and preserve it, or they never would have let Charles II. ascend the throne.

“Wealth now became a passport to distinction during life, and the opulent, who had never rendered any service to humanity which would cause their names to be remembered, were determined that the marble at least should perpetuate their fame. But ( it seems to be an unalterable law of Providence, that no man shall long be remembered with reverence by a race whom he has never benefited; and it is well that it is so. This world is not so sadly out of joint as to honour those men long who have not rendered it some signal service.

“At the period of which I speak almost every church began to be lined with tablets and crowded with monuments. You can hardly enter an old English church that does not abound in tombs and

shrines. The Abbey walls were soon covered with tablets and inscriptions, and it became the first object in life, and the last hope in death, that the name should live in marble after the body was turned to dust. We shall pass carelessly by the great mass of inscriptions ; but there are names here we must read—names which will be known and honoured when the walls of old Westminster have gone to decay. No, I shall never tire of wandering around such old temples ; and I love to associate with them all the stories tradition has handed down to us from other times.”

I could not have found a more agreeable companion than Captain Manners. “He is not,” in the fine language of Dickens, “one of those rough spirits who would strip fair Truth of every little shadowy vestment in which time and teeming fancies love to array her ; and some of which become her pleasantly enough, serving, like the waters of her well, to add new graces to the charms they half conceal and half suggest, and to awaken interest and pursuit rather than langour and indifference ; as, unlike this stern and obdurate class, he loved to see the goddess crowned with those garlands of wild flowers which tradition weaves for her gentle wearing, and which are often freshest in their homeliest shapes. He trod with a light step, and bore with a light hand upon the dust of centuries ; unwilling to demolish any of the airy shrines that had been raised above it, if one good feeling or affection of the human

heart were hiding thereabout. Thus, in the case of an ancient coffin of rough stone, supposed for many generations to contain the bones of a certain baron, who, after ravaging with cut and thrust, and plunder in foreign lands, came back with a penitent and sorrowing heart to die at home ; but which had been lately shown by learned antiquaries to be no such thing, as the baron in question (so they contended) had died hard in battle, gnashing his teeth and cursing with his latest breath. He stoutly maintained that the old tale was the true one ; that the baron repented him of the evil ; had done great charities, and meekly given up the ghost ; and that, if baron ever went to heaven, that baron was then at peace. In like manner, when the aforesaid antiquaries did argue and contend that a certain secret vault was not the tomb of a gray-haired lady who had been hanged and drawn and quartered by glorious Queen Bess for succouring a wretched priest who fainted of thirst and hunger at her door, *he* did solemnly maintain against all comers, that the church *was* hallowed by said poor lady's ashes ; that her remains had been collected in the night from four of the city's gates, and thither in secret brought, and there deposited ; and he did farther (being highly excited at such times) deny the glory of Queen Bess, and assert the unmeasurably greater glory of the meanest woman in the realm, who had a merciful and a tender heart."

I love to wander with such a companion round the old structures of England ; listen to the wild legends he tells, and yield the heart up to the control of

associations that are linked with all the remembrances of childhood, and all that is interesting in history.

We entered the Abbey through the southern transept, denominated the "Poets' Corner;" and Captain Manners, with a delicacy which none but a cultivated mind ever displays, strolled off with the old verger to a distant part of the Abbey, saying, "I will do by you as I should like to be done by." Who has not sometimes felt it a luxury to be alone?

I think the eye of any man, in whose veins the Anglo-Saxon blood flows, and who learned to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue when he was a child, will first of all, as he enters the "Poets' Corner," seek the monument of SHAKSPEARE. And when he sees the tablet of the great poet, and stands where *he* so often stood, he will feel that it is a crisis in his life. Said Pope, who was one of the committee to whom Britain gave the charge of erecting this monument, as he was asked to write an inscription, "No! I cannot write it. Let us have some of his own lines. No other man's genius is worthy to record his fame. Let us say nothing: we cannot praise Shakspeare!" With great taste and judgment, they engraved upon an open scroll which forms a part of the tablet, these celebrated lines:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."

This is not only sublime, but true. There is an hour coming when every temple on earth shall be shaken to its foundations, and the walls of Westminster shall feel the universal shock.

What can a monument do for Shakspeare? It seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that the age which produces such a man never knows fully *what* it has produced. His own generation cannot do him justice. While he is walking in flesh among his fellows, they little know of the sacredness of such a gift from Heaven. When after generations have read his words, each leaving a tribute of more exalted admiration for his genius, and entering with a warmer feeling into his spirit, leaving in every book they write, and on every monument they raise to his memory, one more tribute of devotion—*then* it is that the world begins to know what kind of a being the great man was. This reminds us of a custom among the simple, but proud American Indians: they come, one after another, on pilgrimages from the far West, whither our injustice has driven them, each to cast a stone upon the spot where tradition says a great sachem of their tribe lies buried, and in time the monument becomes a mountain.

Did Sir Thomas Lucy send Shakspeare to the treadmill? This Lucy's fame will be imperishable, from being associated with that of the youthful Deer Stealer of Stratford. How has it been with great souls in all ages? Dante was sent forth from his country into banishment: his home, house, and gar-

dens sold by the government. They say, too, that there is still to be seen in the archives of Florence, a record which doomed Dante, wheresoever taken, to be burned alive !

Did not blind old Homer beg his bread, and sing for a crust at the gates of half a score of cities, which afterward fought for the honour of having given him birth ? No home for Homer or Dante in this world. But this is easy to be understood. They were not fallen far enough from the empyrean of God's first creation, to converse with the herd of mortals. They were too great to be understood—made poor companions for the rest of the world. Once Dante (so say Florentine books) spent an evening in the brilliant halls of Della Scala, where buffoons were playing their monkey tricks for the amusement of courtiers. Said the brainless Della Scala, addressing himself to Dante, "How is it that these fools can do so much to amuse the court, while you, a wise man, can do nothing of the sort : this is all very strange." "No," said the indignant Dante, "it is not strange, if you think of the old proverb, *like to like*."

It is one of the mysterious but wise arrangements of Heaven, that such great minds must battle, like the mountain oak, with storms : naturalists tell us that while the branches are striving with the winds, the roots are striking deeper into the earth.

The world is sure to do justice at last to every man : if the mass of mankind are forgotten, it is because



they have no claim to be remembered ; and if the ambitious, the selfish, the cruel are feared and courted by the men of their own times, posterity will reverse the decision.

It might not have been safe to have called Nero a bloody monster while he was Emperor of Rome ; but it has been safe for 1700 years. Men spake charily of the Virgin Queen while she wore the crown ; but since her death the world has not been afraid to say that “ she was a vain, selfish, jealous, proud tyrant.” Nor does it follow that a man has forfeited all claim to our regard because he has been gibbeted. How gloriously have the names of Sidney, Vane, Raleigh, Mary Stuart, and a thousand others, come forth from the eclipse which the dishonour of execution for a long time cast over their memories. Of Mary and her oppressor, Irving says, “ The walls of Elizabeth’s sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.”

Shakspeare was honoured by his own age, but not as he has been since. It seems to be the opinion of mankind in this generation, that Shakspeare was the greatest intellect that ever appeared in the world ; and the man who questions this fifty years hence, will probably excite the pity of his race. There was one who knew the Bard of Avon well ; often heard him rehearse his own plays upon the stage ; listened to his full musical laugh ; saw him buried in Stratford, and wept at his grave—“ Rare Ben Jonson.”

*He knew what Shakspeare was ;* appreciated his power ; revered his name ; and spoke of him as Johnson, Goethe, Carlyle, and others have since. Ben Jonson never wrote words for which his genius and his heart deserve more praise than for those

“TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,  
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

“To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou art a monument, without a tomb ;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.

\* \* \* \* \*

Triumph, my Britain ; thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe ;  
He was not of an age, but for all time.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sweet Swan of Avon ! what a sight it were  
To see thee in our waters yet appear—

\* \* \* \* \*

But stay ! I see thee in the hemisphere  
Advanced, and made a constellation there :  
Shine forth, thou star of Poets.”

It has been said that Jonson was envious of the fame of Shakspeare while living ; but after death had thrown its sacredness over his memory, he wrote these touching lines ; which he could scarcely have written had he not loved the man. Ben Jonson's mother married a brick-layer, who took Ben from Westminster school to lay brick ; and the

story is told, that at the building of Lincoln's Inn, he worked with his trowel in one hand and Horace in the other. The generous Sir Walter Raleigh, thinking Ben would be of quite as much service to the world in some other occupation, took him from his brick and mortar, and sent him to the Continent with his son. Many thanks to Sir Walter for that, as well as for other things.

And there is the monument of the great Milton, who died *poor*, leaving three daughters unprovided for, to the charities of Englishmen, to whom he bequeathed a legacy worth more to them than all their foreign possessions. But rest thee peacefully, Milton! Thou art above the need of mortal pity now; for although the Paternoster publishers have grown rich from thy "Paradise Lost," they cannot rob thee of thy "Paradise Regained;" nor can they buy it of thee for £5, paid in three instalments.

Under Milton is an elegant monument, lately erected to the memory of Gray, who has made every scholar weep as much for what he did not write, as over what he did. The Lyric Muse, in alt-relief, is holding a medallion of the poet, and, at the same time, pointing the finger to the bust of Milton, which is directly over it, with this inscription:

"No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns,  
To Britain let the nations homage pay;  
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,  
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

Here is Dryden's plain, majestic monument    *Shel-*

field showed much taste in the inscription : " J. Dryden, born 1632, died May 1st, 1700. John Sheffield, duke of Buckingham, erected this monument, 1720." Nothing more was necessary. And here, too, are Cowley's monument and grave. Says an English writer, " The chaplet of laurel which begirts his urn, and the fire issuing from its mouth, are expressive emblems of the glory he has acquired by the spirit of his writings."

There sleeps Chaucer, the " Father of English poetry," who died 440 years ago. His was once a beautiful Gothic monument, but time has hardly spared the inscription. Near it is the tomb of Butler, the learned author of *Hudibras*, another of the great writers of England so neglected by his age that he often suffered severely from hunger. " The English are a wonderful people," says a certain English author. Yes, they are a *very* wonderful people. They have erected palaces of gold for their oppressors, and left their illustrious authors to starve ! This is, indeed, wonderful ! John Barber, once Lord-mayor of London, a man distinguished for humanity, erected Butler's tombstone, "*That he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead.*" Here we have the glory and the shame of England, side by side.

Beneath Butler's monument is the dust of Spenser. The inscription is striking and appropriate. " Here lies (expecting the second coming of our Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmund Spenser, the

Prince of Poets in his time, whose divine spirit needs no other witness than the works which he has left behind him. He was born in London in 1553, and died in 1598." Not far from Spenser is the grave of one of those choice spirits that from time to time come to us on earth, and over whose ashes the tears of all good men fall—Granville Sharp. His record is in the hearts of all who love humanity.

In letting my eye wander back to Shakspeare's tablet, I saw near it the monument of the author of the "Seasons." "James Thomson, *Ætatis* 48, obit. 27th August, 1748. Tutored by thee, sweet poetry exalts her voice to ages, and informs the page with music, image, sentiment, and thought, never to die." The figure of Thomson leans its left arm upon a pedestal, holding a book in one hand and a cap of Liberty in the other.

On John Gay's monument is an epitaph written by himself, which is no less shocking to good taste than to religion :

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, and now I know it."

John Gay was considered a sensible man; but he has probably had occasion to change his opinion on this point.

There are the ashes of one of those brilliant stars which have risen in Ireland, to shed honour upon the *English* name—Oliver Goldsmith; and who does not love his name, Boswell notwithstanding? Said that little, obsequious, but, after all, very useful slave

of Johnson, one evening to Goldsmith, as he seemed to be attracting the attention of the company from the mighty lexicographer, "Oh, Goldy! you must not try to shine in the presence of Hercules." Goldsmith *did* shine, however, in the presence of Johnson, and every other man he met, when he condescended to.

A little farther on is a fine statue in relief, on a monument with a Latin inscription, calling upon the stranger, whoever he may be, to "Venerate the memory of Joseph Addison." Thou dost not need my praise, Addison; but my heart responds to the call: I *do* venerate thee.

Near this is the last monument Roubiliac lived to finish: it is Handel's. The left arm of the statue is resting on a group of musical instruments, and the attitude is expressive of fixed attention to the melody of an angel, playing on a harp in the clouds above. Before him lies the celebrated Messiah, opened at the sublime air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" beneath only this inscription: "George Frederic Handel, Esq., born Feb. 23, 1684; died April 14, 1769."

I feel a great reverence for Isaac Barrow, who has a fine monument here: the last man we should expect Charles II. would have chosen for his chaplain. There is a curious story told of Barrow. When he was a boy, as has often been observed of others who afterward become illustrious, he used to indulge in fancies and day-dreams of young ambition. Isaac's



parents felt no great admiration for such things ; and, besides, he would not work like his brothers ; and as his sire could perceive no value in a boy who would not work, the good man used to pray, that if it ever pleased the Lord to take away from him any one of his children, it might be Isaac ! It is a good thing that even good men's prayers are not always answered.

“ To the memory of David Garrick, who died in the year 1779, at the age of 63.” When one is passing for the first time around the solemn walls of Westminster Abbey, it is difficult to feel much reverence for an actor, even though he were the greatest actor the world ever saw. Garrick was *great* and generous ; but it is to be feared there was a part he never acted ; a part, too, it were wise in every man to play, before the last fall of the curtain.

I could not but stop for a few moments before the splendid monument of Major André. This monument is of statuary marble, and the figures were cut by Van Gelder. On a moulded panelled base and plinth, stands a sarcophagus, on the panel of which is inscribed : “ Sacred to the memory of Major André, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank of Adjutant-general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a victim to his zeal for his king and country, the 2d October, 1780, aged twenty-nine, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even

by his foes. His gracious sovereign, King George III., has caused this monument to be erected ;” and on the plinth, “ The remains of the said Major André were deposited, on the 28th November, 1821, in a grave near this monument.”

The sarcophagus has projecting figures ; one of them (with a flag of truce) presenting to Washington a letter André had addressed to his excellency the night previous to his execution, and worded thus : “ Sir, buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honourable purposes, and stained with no action which can give me remorse, I trust that the request which I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected : sympathy towards a soldier will surely induce your Excellency and a military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honour. Let me hope, sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem towards me—if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy, and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast, by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet. I have the honour to be, your Excellency, John André, Adjutant of British forces in America.”

All this is impressive : his fate was melancholy. But Washington must not be blamed, if we judge him by the code of military honour.

I have some indistinct recollection, I think, tha

when I was a boy, I somewhere read a story like the following: After the retreat of General Washington from Long Island, by which it was left in possession of the British, that great commander applied to Colonel Knowlton to adopt some means of gaining information concerning the strength, situation, and future movements of the enemy. The colonel communicated this request to Captain Hale, one of the most brilliant and best educated young men in America, who had left the halls of Yale University to die, if necessary, for liberty. Young Hale immediately volunteered his services; and, conquering his repugnance to assume a character foreign to his nature, in the hope of being useful to his country, passed in disguise to Long Island, and obtained all the requisite information. In attempting to return, however, he was apprehended and brought before Sir William Howe, who ordered him to be executed the next morning. This sentence (conformable, it is true, to the laws of war) was carried into effect in the most unfeeling and barbarous manner. He asked if he might see a friend (one he loved better than all things but liberty—one who had given him up to his country), and he was denied. He asked for a Bible: it was refused! He was soon to die; and even his last request that a clergyman might be with him for a little time, was rejected with *noble oaths, and blasphemy, and curses* (which we should not have mentioned but as furnishing a striking contrast to the conduct of Washington, who signed André's

death-warrant with tears, and, but for the advice of the court martial, would have granted his last petition); and, more cruel than all this, Hale's letters, written the night before his death, to his betrothed, his mother, and other dear friends, and committed to his lordship for delivery after his execution, were broken open, read and burned, (*noble conduct!*), in order, as was said by the provost-marshal, "that the rebels should not know that they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness." I have also read, that she who would have been his bride, went with her father at night through the British lines, and took his body from the gibbet, and carried it to their own house! Spartan woman! my only regret is, that thy country has not raised a monument to the memory of thyself and lover.

A lesson of wisdom may be learned at every grave; but a voice comes forth from the graves of some men buried here, which cannot but sink deep into the hearts of the living as they stand over the dust of the sleepers. The Earl of Chatham, William Pitt, and his great rival, Charles James Fox, Grattan, Canning, and Sheridan, all sleep close to each other: their strifes and heart-burnings, their lofty aspirings, their deep and subtle intrigues, all sleeping with them. In dying, these men woke from the gorgeous dreams of life for the first time.

While I was standing with one foot upon the grave of Fox, and the other upon that of Pitt, my friend came round from the north transept, and join-

ed me. As we raised our eyes to the grand statue of the great minister, he said, "It is not strange that England should have honoured the genius of William Pitt; but it is strange that we can forget *the prodigality of his administration*. He may have made the name of England more glorious than it otherwise would have been, but in accomplishing this he laid a burden upon the English people, which, it is to be feared, nothing but a revolution can ever throw off. The English people will endure more oppression from their rulers than any people in the world. But this system of things cannot last always; and when the national feeling of England is once roused, as ere long it most certainly will be by the progress of the democratic principle, a host of abuses will be hurled to destruction in a single hour. A disabused and indignant people are not apt to listen to the terms their oppressors offer them: when they rise in their strength to demand *justice*, they will dictate their own terms.

"Any man who is familiar with the English character, and the history of the world, must be wilfully blind not to foresee that this crisis will sooner or later come in England, unless the aristocracy restore to the people their rights. And who that knows of what stuff the old English aristocracy is made, supposes for a moment that they will do this, until it is too late.

"The elder Pitt was the greater and better man. I always admired the wisdom and the boldness of

those prophetic words of his to the English peers: '*To conquer America is an impossibility.*' He was familiar with the history of the injured colonies; he knew that justice and Heaven were on their side when the struggle began; and that love for homes they had reclaimed from the wilderness; love for liberty, their wives, and children, and for their posterity in all coming time, would nerve the arm of Americans as British gold never could the hired legions of England. One of the most preposterous notions which ever found its way into the human brain, was that the descendants of the men who built their cabins on Plymouth Rock could ever be conquered.

"It has always seemed to me that the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers must have been one of the finest spectacles ever presented. I have often thought that when the Mayflower weighed her anchor, she must have seemed like a life-boat bearing away a few noble hearts from a sinking wreck—another ark freighted with men saved to people a New World. I once read a stirring anecdote of that Mayflower. It appears that one man, who had intended to sail in her, manifested some indecision when they were about to haul in the plank: 'I don't know,' he said, 'as I had better go.' 'Well then,' exclaimed the brave commander, 'jump ashore; if you want to go you can go, and have our fare; if not, you can stay. At any rate, we want no faint-hearted men among this crew.' The



man jumped ashore ; the plank was the next instant hauled in, and in five minutes all her sails were set, and she was ' leaving Old England's shores behind.'

" England has never been trod by a nobler company of men than the Pilgrim Fathers. They did not leave England because they were unwilling to struggle and die for their principles ; but they saw the atmosphere of Europe was too cold and chilling for the growth of freedom, and they flung aside all but the hope that they might, in the fine language of Channing, ' transplant the tree of liberty to a new and more congenial clime.' There never had been a crisis in the world's history to call forth such men ; they had never been needed before. *They* were true heroes—not in the common use of that term, for such heroes had driven them from their homes ; but Christian, brave men, who could not be intimidated by the threats of tyranny, nor conquered by sword and cannon. They had no confidence in the weak panoply of the soldier, although they could fight when it became necessary. They afforded a strong proof of the truth of that wise saying of an old historian, ' No man ever yet failed who had faith in God, and a determination to be free.'

" The same despotism that oppressed the Puritans, urged their descendants into rebellion. There never was a greater outrage upon common sense, than the arrogant claim of England to tax the colonies, with no representation in the legislature which governed them. The Americans rejected that claim with scorn, and the conflict began.

“England could command the largest naval power on earth; and what had America as an offset? Only a few rusty firelocks, laid by from the old French and Indian wars; and, as old Starks said, a few kegs of powder, which ‘they were obliged to set fire to a week or ten days before they wanted to shoot.’ But then was raised the voice of Adams and Hancock, ‘To arms; for our chains are forged, and their clanking may be heard on the plains of Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill!’ What! subdue such men? England might as well have undertaken to chain the comets.

“I always feel my blood thrill when I think of the American Revolution. Rotteck says, that in the Declaration of Independence, ‘America planted herself between magnificence and ruin.’ It is a sublime idea. What a terrible thing it would have been if you had failed! Humanity would not have recovered from the disastrous blow in a hundred years. But to fail under such circumstances was impossible. The great Chatham foresaw all this; and England, who never takes advice from her friends until it is too late—England, who commenced the war for the glory of her name and the wealth of her empire, might have saved herself millions of money, and tens of thousands of lives, and the eternal disgrace of being whipped out of the fairest portion of the habitable globe, had she only listened to the voice of that tongue, turned to dust in this grave.”

“I hope, my dear Manners,” I replied, “for the

safety of England, that she has not many sons like you. It would be a wise movement, I think, to send you to the Tower: this sounds too much like treason. We will send for you to come to New-York, and deliver us a 4th of July oration; you would save us the trouble of saying these things for ourselves. You know we have the credit abroad of devoting that day to the work of self-glorification."

"Well," replied the captain, "it is right that you should be proud of the achievements of your fathers; and it is also quite natural that *we* should feel somewhat sensitive on these points. The pride of England was never more effectually humbled than in America."

We stopped a few moments before the superb monument of Sir Isaac Newton. It is grand and expressive; worthy of the illustrious man to whom it was erected. The inscription is in Latin, short, but full of meaning. It concludes with this beautiful sentiment: "Mortals have reason to exult in the existence of so noble an ornament to the human race."

After looking at the monuments of which I have spoken, I directed my attention to the architecture of the Abbey. It is an immense pile, built in the form of a cross, its length from east to west being 416 feet, and its breadth about 200. The two fine towers on the west end are 225 feet high. Around the choir of the Abbey there is a succession of small chapels, filled with curious antique monuments, and the effigies of royal families, lying in state.

We were led through every part of the Abbey by a pale old verger, who has been so long cloistered within these sacred walls that he seemed to have lost all sympathy with the external world. His face was pale as marble; his step as solemn and still as you ever heard in the chamber of death; and his voice seemed to come up as in hollow tones from the sepulchre: a fitting representative of the spirit of the place.

We passed several hours among the chapels. The verger seemed inclined to finish his explanations as soon as possible; but we did not like the idea of being hurried through these impressive chambers, and expressed a wish to remain a while: this we were denied. But knowing that in such cases there is one argument that never fails, I slipped a half crown into the old codger's hand, which settled the matter without farther words.

I will only speak of two of the chapels—St. Edward's and Henry the Seventh's. In the centre of the former stands the venerable shrine of St. Edward, which was once considered the glory of England. But the sepulchre was long ago broken open, and the ornaments stolen from his body. Edward was the last Saxon king of England. He died the year of the battle of Hastings (1066), and was canonized in 1269. Henry III. pledged the jewels belonging to the shrine of Edward to foreigners; being compelled, as the record still preserved in the Tower states, to take this course "by heavy emergencies." No very creditable way for a *king* to raise money.

6  
2 Here Matilda, queen of England, daughter of Malcolm, king of Scots, and wife of Henry I., is buried. It was her custom every day in Lent to walk from her palace to the Abbey barefoot, clothed in a garment of coarse hair, kissing the feet of the poorest people she met in her way, and dispensing charities. In this chapel, in a large plain coffin of gray marble, lies the body of the great Edward, called the English Justinian. He died in 1307. Four hundred and sixty-seven years after his burial his tomb was opened by the Dean of Westminster. "The body was perfect, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, and the other of crimson velvet; a sceptre of gold in each hand measuring near five feet; a crown on his head, and many jewels quite bright: he measured six feet and two inches."

Here, too, Henry V., of Jack Falstaff memory, and victor of Agincourt, sleeps. In this chapel are also to be seen the two coronation chairs. The most ancient of these chairs was brought with the regalia from Scotland, by Edward I., in 1297 (after overcoming John Baliol), and offered at St. Edward's shrine. In this chair the monarchs of England are crowned, and to this place they come for their sepulchres.

6  
2 Henry Seventh's chapel is called "the wonder of the world." It stands at the east end of the Abbey, and is so neatly joined to it that it seems to be part of the main edifice. It is adorned with sixteen Gothic towers, beautifully ornamented, and jutting

from the building in different angles. It is built on the plan of a cathedral, with a nave and side-aisles. The entrance to this chapel is through curiously wrought, ponderous gates of brass. The lofty ceiling is worked into an astonishing variety of designs, and you may imagine my surprise when I was told that it was all wrought in solid stone. A celebrated French architect afterward told me that one man could not complete the work upon that ceiling in a less time than *a thousand years*. The pavement is of white and black marble. This splendid chapel was designed to be a kingly sepulchre, in which none but the royal should sleep; and the will of the founder has been so far observed, that none have been admitted to burial here who could not trace their descent from some ancient family of kings. "But nothing is so universally and justly admired for its antiquity and fine workmanship, as the magnificent tomb of Henry the Seventh, and his queen Elizabeth, 'the last of the House of York that wore the English crown.' This tomb stands in the body of the chapel, enclosed in a curious chantry of cast brass, most admirably designed and executed, and ornamented with statues. Within it are the effigies of the royal pair in their robes of state, lying close together, carved on a tomb of black marble.

Here at last found rest the remains of the two young princes who were basely murdered by their treacherous uncle, Richard III. The story is faithfully told in a Latin inscription over their grave. You



remember that these poor boys were confined in the Tower, stifled with pillows, and then privately buried. One hundred and ninety years passed away before their bones were discovered, and then they were found among the rubbish of the stairs leading to the White Tower. Charles II. removed their remains to this spot, where their ancestors lie. One of these princes was born in the old sanctuary which once belonged to the Abbey, where his mother had taken refuge during the terrible civil wars of the houses of York and Lancaster.

“Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching picture of the equality of the grave, which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth’s sepulchre continually echo with sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing much corroded, bearing her national emblem the thistle. I was

weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary." These beautiful words you have read in Irving.

Time is the great regulator. How sure he is to do justice at last! Mrs. Jamieson has set this matter in its proper light. Mary Stuart needed no better defender of her fame. After waiting nearly 300 years, justice has been done to her name by the heroic and beautiful biographer of the imperious and hateful Elizabeth.

A great number of the tombs and shrines of the Abbey have been shockingly mutilated and defaced. Even the kings of England, not satisfied with grinding from their living subjects all that oppression could exact, have entered this temple, and robbed the dead of those few choice jewels and treasures which surviving affection had placed in their coffins. But this, perhaps, should pass without censure, as the English Constitution declares the king can do no wrong! The sceptre has been stolen from the mouldered hand of Elizabeth, and there is hardly a royal monument which has not been plundered or mutilated. The grave is a sanctuary for the dead in the peaceful country churchyard; but not so in Westminster Abbey. They who are buried here have found no security against the rapacity and insult of the living.

I pity the man who lives and dies in the hope of being long remembered, who has no more enduring

monument than the marble to perpetuate his fame. There are many inscriptions in the Abbey which cannot be read: they have faded away with the names and deeds of those they were intended to commemorate. Nothing ever appears to me so mournful as a gravestone with its epitaph obliterated by time. "Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin." This is one of those touching morals taught us by Irving, in writing about this hall of death.

One sees in Westminster Abbey almost as much as he would have seen had he lived in England for a thousand years. If a great person has died, or a great deed been done in this island for centuries, they have brought some memento, and placed it within these walls. Here we read the story of the virtues and the crimes of England's great men; here we find their monuments, their escutcheons, and their ashes. In different ages, and from different scenes of action, England's kings have come to these solemn cloisters at last, to forget in the deep slumber of the grave the troubles, the follies, and the guilt of the life just ended. No one of them, as he went to his sepulchre, stopped to listen to the clamours that swelled behind him; to the contentions of fierce and eager aspirants to his vacant throne. Even bluff Harry VIII. goes sturdily to his resting-place, without seeming in his dying moments to bestow a thought on his discarded wives or injured daughters.

But they are not all of royal or noble blood that rest here. Greater Englishmen than English kings have a name and a grave within these solemn chambers. Bucklers, helmets, and broadswords are spread over the tomb of the bold baron ; the cross and the crosier mark the sepulchre of some pious bishop ; and over this tomb are banners, streamers, and all the insignia of naval triumph, doing honour to some captain of the sea, who is here alike forgetful of the roar of the battle and the terrors of the wreck. As you pass along those aisles whose silence is unbroken save by your own footfall, and read the quaint epitaphs of heroes of olden time, insensibly will the impression steal over the imagination that it was but yesterday that all these dead were alive, and you, a stranger from the far future, have been carried back to the days of ancient chivalry to converse with walking shadows ; to think of the present as though it were a prophecy, a dream, or a hope, and of the past as though it were a reality.

And yet speak to that suit of armour which seems now to threaten as it once did in battle—it returns no answer ; the voice is still that once spoke through those iron jaws, and the cold moisture which gathers on its rusted face seems like tears shed over the hero who once wore it.

When the mind is full of thoughts suggested by these relics of antiquity, and the heart full of emotions ; when the images of great men who have long flitted around the fancy appear, and we see before us

the very sword they once used in battle, and the very banner that once floated over them, there is no room left for other thought ; we cannot contemplate modern times or our own existence. While we are lingering in a place where England has preserved all that she could of the great and the virtuous—a place of which we have read and thought from childhood, and around which so many bright recollections cluster—what marvel if hours on hours steal away ere we wake from the strong illusion.

The day had passed away as a night of rich dreams goes by, and we were unconscious how long we had been strolling around the walls, until the evening light began to stream in more and more feebly through the lofty stained windows, and a deeper gloom settled upon every part of the Abbey. And when increasing darkness had spread through all the cloisters, chapels, and passages, a more solemn and mysterious gloom, I could not but ask, what is night, deep, dark night—without moon, star, or taper—around these silent poets, barons, priests, sages, heroes, and kings !

Is never a sigh heard to come forth from these damp tombs ? a shout from some sleeping warrior ? or an “Ave Maria” from some crusader monk ? If we should stay here until midnight—the hour when spirits haunt these halls of the dead, if they *ever* haunt them—might we not hear the sound of revelry where the ashes of Harry of Monmouth are laid ; and a hollow voice calling out through the

stillness of night "Sweet Hal?" Around the tomb of "Queen Bess," should we not hear the flattery of gallant courtiers and the preparations of the stage; the voices of Raleigh, and Burleigh, and Essex, and Leicester, and the notes of the sweet bard of Avon sounding melodiously over all; or the plaintive sorrow of poor Mary Stuart?—Might we not hear from some part of the Abbey a faint voice as if it came from "the spirit land?"

No! these dead do never waken or walk: the battle-axe has fallen from the strong hand of the Saxon and the Norman, and they rest in stillness together. Genius, which lived in sorrow and died in want, here sleeps as proudly as royalty. All is silence; but here "silence is greater than speech."

This is the great treasure-house of England. If every record on earth besides were blotted out, and the memory of the living should fade away, the stranger could still in Westminster Abbey write the history of the past; for England's records are here: from the rude and bloody escutcheons of the ancient Briton to the ensigns of Norman chivalry, and from these to admiralty stars and civic honours. The changes which civilization has made in its progress through the world, have left their impressions upon these stones and marbles. On the monument where each great man rests, his age has uttered its language; and among such numbers of the dead there is the language of many ages. England speaks from its barbarity, its revolutions, and its newest civilization.



Each generation has laid some of its illustrious ones here, and it is no wonder that there is not a spot to which an Englishman turns his eye with so much pride as to Westminster ; nor a spot which the traveller so well loves to visit.

One cannot but feel both gratitude and indignation here : gratitude for every noble effort in behalf of humanity, civilization, liberty, and truth, made by these sleepers ; indignation at every base deed, every effort to quench the light of science or destroy freedom of thought ; every outrage inflicted upon man ; and every blow aimed against liberty by the oppressors of the race.

There is not a great author here who did not write for us ; not a man of science who did not investigate truth for us ; we have received advantage from every hour of toil that ever made these good and great men weary. A wanderer from the most distant and barbarous nation on earth cannot come here without finding the graves of his benefactors. Those who love science and truth, and long for the day when perfect freedom of thought and action shall be the common heritage of man, will feel grateful, as they stand under these arches, for all the struggles, and all the trials to enlighten and emancipate the world, which the great who here rest from their labours have so nobly endured.

And, above all, the scholar, who has passed his best years in study, will here find the graves of his teachers. He has long worshipped their genius ; he

has gathered inspiration and truth from their writings; they have made his solitary hours, which to other men are a dreary waste, like the magical gardens of Armida, "whose enchantments arose amid solitude, and whose solitude was everywhere among those enchantments." The scholar may wish to shed his tears alone, but he cannot stand by the graves of his masters in Westminster Abbey without weeping: they are tears of love and gratitude.

We passed around the walks on the south side of the Abbey before we finally left it. Here we saw a pretty girl, about fifteen, watering a York and Lancaster rose, which was growing by the Abbey wall. There was but one flower on the stock, and that was in full bloom. We always like to carry away with us, from such hallowed places, some memento; and though any one would have desired the flower, yet I ought not to have thought of asking for that solitary rose. And yet, "My dear girl," said I, "will you part with that rose to a stranger?" "Oh, no, sir! I have tended it for several months, and I cannot think of parting with it; and it's the only flower I have in the world, too." Judging from her appearance that I should not offend her, I threw down a half crown; she hesitated for a moment, and broke the stem; and as she handed me the flower a blush spread over her pale features: "I did not think I would let it go, sir," she said, "but you are so generous I must."

We turned to go away ; but in a moment I felt sorry for what I had done. It was a cold and selfish request : I had taken away from a poor, sick girl, shut up within the brick walls of London, where the fresh country air, with the fragrance it gathers in blowing over green fields, never comes, the only flower she had in the world. I stopped, and, turning round, saw the poor girl weeping over its stem : I would have given the best day of my life to replace it.

“ I am very sorry I took your flower,” said I ; “ will it be any comfort to you to have it back ? ” “ No, sir, it’s *picked now* ; I shouldn’t have cared a fig about it, if there had been another. But there is a *bud* here, I see, and I shall have another rose in a few days.” I handed her a crown. A smile lighted up her face again, and she said, “ You are so kind, sir, I had almost as lief you would have the rose as to have kept it myself. I don’t care anything about it now—indeed I don’t. I was very silly to cry about it ; but I had tended it so long, and it was *all the rose I had*.”

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THOUGHTS ON VISITING WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Old structure ! Round thy solid form  
Have heaved the crowd, and swept the storm,  
And centuries roll’d their tide ;  
Yet still thou standest firmly there,  
Thy gray old turrets stern and bare,  
The grave of human pride.

Erect, immovable, sublime,  
As when thou soarest in thy prime,  
On the bold Saxon's sight ;  
Thou holdest England's proudest dead,  
From him who there first laid his head,  
"The royal anchorite,"

To her long call'd the Virgin Queen  
(And oh ! what heroes pass'd between),  
Who, with a might her own,  
The kingdom's sceptre sway'd, and threw  
A glory, and a *shadow* too,  
Around her fearful throne.

Mysterious form, thy old gray wall  
Has seen successive kingdoms fall,  
And felt the mighty beat  
Of Time's deep flood, as thrones, and kings,  
And crowns, and all earth's proudest things,  
It scatter'd at thy feet.

And now, as 'neath this arch I stand,  
I seem upon the earth's wide strand,  
And round about me cast,  
Upon the dark and silent shore,  
The richest freights it ever bore,  
The glory of the past.

Oh ! how the pageants rise, and swim,  
And vanish round my vision dim !—  
I see the solemn funeral train,  
That bears a monarch to his tomb ;  
The tall plumes waving through the gloom,  
The mournful requiem train.

The priest's low chant, the mutter'd prayer,  
The tread of warriors, all are there ;  
And high above, the toll

Of the deep bell, whose heavy knell  
Blends with the organ's mighty swell,  
O'er the departed soul.

'Tis gone ! and through the portals wide  
Comes rolling in a living tide ;  
And hark ! far echoed out,  
Whence comes that high and deafening peal,  
Till e'en these steadfast turrets reel ?  
It is a nation's shout.

Oh ! how the gorgeous, proud array  
Is pressing through the crowded way,  
With drum and trumpet tone !  
But who now halts within the door ?  
A monarch's foot is on the floor,  
His eye upon a throne.

His lip is wreathing in a smile,  
As, passing down the foot-worn aisle,  
The banners droop around him ;  
But oh ! his thoughts are not on those  
Who hail him as he proudly goes  
To where the lordly crown him.

His heart in this exciting hour  
Doth dream exultingly of power  
The given crown shall bring ;  
And triumph sits within that eye,  
As, thundering round him, wild and high,  
Resounds, " God save the king !"

'Tis vanish'd ! " like a morning cloud"—  
The throne, the king, the shouting crowd,  
And here I stand alone ;  
And like the ocean's solemn roar  
Upon some distant, desert shore,  
A low, perpetual moan,

I seem to hear the steady beat  
Of century-waves around my feet,  
    As generations vast  
Are borne unto the dim-seen strand  
Of that untrodden, silent land,  
    That covers all the past.

I'm with the dead ; and at my feet  
The graves of two proud queens do meet—  
    One arch gives ample room  
For whom an empire was too small.  
Proud rival hearts ! and is this all ?  
    *A narrow, silent tomb !*

Here, too, are slumbering side by side,  
Like brother-warriors true and tried,  
    Two stern and haughty foes :  
Their stormy hearts are still—the tongue,  
On which enraptured thousands hung,  
    Is hush'd in long repose.

I see the poet's broken lyre,  
O'er which were utter'd words of fire ;  
    The hero's shiver'd sword ;  
The sage's tomes ; the wreath of fame—  
All drifting to the dark inane,  
    And no returning word.

Old Abbey ! on my thoughtful heart,  
A lesson that shall ne'er depart,  
    Thy silent walls have left ;  
And now, more wise than I have been,  
I step into the living stream  
    Again, and onward drift.

Faithfully yours, &c.,



London, June 12, 1840.

DEAR —,

THIS morning Mr. —, one of the distinguished philanthropists of Great Britain, called at my lodgings to go with me to Freemason's Hall, where the World's Convention was to assemble. He greeted me very cordially, and seemed disposed to render me those kind civilities which a stranger in a foreign land best knows how to appreciate.

In passing through Ave Maria, a small street that runs from Ludgate Hill into Paternoster Row, the great book emporium, we met two children, about eight years old, who prostrated themselves on their knees before us, and implored us to buy a penny book they held in their hand, for they had eaten nothing, they said, for two days.

The sidewalk was very narrow, and Mr. — pulled me by the arm, saying, "Let us cross over." "We will wait a moment, if you please," I replied; "I want to ask these children a few questions." "Oh, sir," he answered, "if we stop to talk with every beggar we meet between this and Great Queen-street, we shall find business enough for the day;" at the same time he pulled my arm a little harder than before, and manifested considerable impatience. I remarked, "If you are particularly anxious to go on, I must beg you to excuse me, for I cannot leave these children without knowing some-

thing more about them." "Oh, sir," he replied, "*certainly* we will stop if you wish." I *did* wish to stop.

The little children were still kneeling on the pavement. A coarse hempen sack, with holes for the neck and arms, constituted their entire dress, and this was falling from them by pieces. The countenances of both were lean and pallid, but there was great beauty, or, rather, would have been, in the features of the girl, if they had not been sharpened and deformed by famine. "Get up, little children," I said; "we don't want you to kneel to us." As they rose they left the fresh blood upon the stones where they had knelt. It was the first time a human being had ever bent the knee to me, and I pray it may be the last. I felt then what "*degradation*" means; and the sight of that fresh blood struck a chill to my heart. "What makes your knees bleed?" I asked. "Please, sir," said the boy, "'cause we gits down so much afore gentlemen to sell this book; and we is dreadful hungry." "How long have you gone without eating, children?" "We han't had nothing, please, sir, for two days, only a boy give us a roll yesterday." Their pale and famished countenances declared he spoke the truth. "Is that your sister, my little fellow?" "Please, sir, I don't know; I expect she aint." "Where is your *home*, children?" Both of them asked, "What did you say, sir?" "Where do your parents live?" "Don't know, sir, please." "Where were you born? Can't you tell

me?" "No, sir." "Where do you stay?" "Please, sir, we stays here all day, and nights we stays where they put us." "*They?* Who do you mean?" "The policemen, sir." "Where did you get the book?" Both of them began to cry. I repeated the question. "Oh!" exclaimed the philanthropist, "I can save you the trouble of asking that question. *They stole it, of course.* I never knew a beggar in my life that did not steal when he had an opportunity."

My soul was stirred with indignation. I never heard words which grated on my heart more like a file over the naked flesh. I was too much excited to answer him, and I went on talking with the children.

"Tell me, my dear boy, where you got the book; you need not be afraid, for I won't hurt you, if you *did* steal it: tell me." "Oh! sir," said the little girl, as her feeble form shook with fear, "we begged till we was so hungry we thought we couldn't live any longer, and we got nothing, and we see the book in a stall, and we didn't want to *steal* it, but we didn't want to *starve*, and Jimmy said he didn't dare steal, and so *I* did. But, please, we was so hungry, or we wouldn't done it."

"You see I am right, sir," said Mr. —, with some appearance of exultation. "Yes, sir," I replied, "I see you are; and would you blame your own child for stealing a penny book to keep him from starving?" I said nothing more, although it was almost impossible for me to control my feelings. "Why, it is painful," said he, "one must confess;

but then this is probably all *acting* ; they are most likely making begging a profession. There is so much of this in London, that I really refrain from giving anything to street beggars *from principle*. I am taxed for poor rates, and pay a good deal every year to the different charities, and, besides, the public authorities make provision for all such people." (This is not true.) "I think it countenances the whole system of street-begging to give them *one penny* ; and we should no doubt be doing a service to society by reporting such cases in the proper quarter." "I agree with you, sir," I answered ; "and I think the proper quarter to report this case is a *place where these poor sufferers may get some bread*." And seeing a bake-shop near, I told the children to follow me, asking the indulgence of my *philanthropic* companion for a few moments. "Don't let us be detained very long," said he, "for I fear we shall be quite late now ; I will wait for you at the shop on the corner."

It was a relief to my feelingstobe left alone with the poor little outcasts. "Please, sir," said the little girl, as she cast anxious glances behind her upon the receding form of the philanthropist, "won't that gentleman take us up ?" "No, child, come with me." We reached the shop, and I gave them as much bread as they could hold in their hands, and left a small sum of money with the man, that they might have more, as they needed, until I should call again. They took the bread and thanked me ; at the same

time tears of gratitude filled their eyes, from which they had just wiped away the tears of sorrow. We passed out into the street, and they sat down in a small open space, which let the light into a basement window, and ate their bread together, with that keen, ravenous appetite which famine only can give.

I hurried on to my companion. I told him that I hoped he would excuse me, for in my own country such a scene as that was never witnessed, and I could not contemplate it with that *fortitude* which he seemed to display. "Well," said he, "*any* one, I think, would be affected in the same way, until he learned what a vast system of imposition is practised upon the benevolent by the London beggars. The evils of mendicity and vagrancy had become so alarming a few years ago, that the House of Commons instituted a committee of inquiry on the subject, and their report developed such a mass of evidence, that no shadow of doubt can be left in the mind of any man who will read it, that gross and monstrous frauds are practised by mendicants in London, and on a scale which almost exceeds the belief even of those who have investigated the subject.

"This report stated that large sums of money were found about the persons of beggars who had been brought before the magistrates. A blind man, with a dog, collected thirty shillings a day; and multitudes of others, in the ordinary course of their pursuit, made from five to ten shillings daily. Two

houses in St. Giles's were ascertained to be frequented by more than two hundred beggars. There they met and held their clubs, had fine entertainments, read the London journals, and discussed the news. No one dared intrude into their assemblies, unless he was a beggar by profession, or introduced by one of the fraternity. Their average daily collections amounted to from three to five shillings for each person.

“Why, sir, a negro, who had taken advantage of the sympathy excited in favour of the African race, some time ago retired to the West Indies with £1500, which he had amassed by street begging. Only a year or two since, a female beggar died in London, and left in her will a large sum of money to one of the clerks in the Bank of England; and the reasons she assigned for making him the object of her benevolence were, that she had not a friend on earth; she could not take her money with her into the future world; and when *he* had given her anything, it was always *silver*.

“Beggars have been heard to say that they go through forty streets a day, and that it is a poor street which does not yield twopenœ, and a bad day that does not give them eight shillings or more. They make use of *children* extensively, in practising upon the feelings of the humane. These children are sent out in the morning, with an order not to return without a certain sum. The veteran beggars who employ these juvenile agents, often obtain them



directly from their parents, to whom they pay a stipulated price for their services; and instances have been known of their actually *buying* children for these purposes. Some of these children are horribly deformed; in consequence of which, their appeals are so successful that they command from their employers several shillings a day for their services.

“The committee reported an instance of an old woman who kept a night-school for the purpose of instructing children in the *street language* and the way to beg. The committee stated, also, that Mr. Martin’s calculation, which was made nearly forty years ago, that there were 15,000 beggars in London, was very much below the estimate which the evidence before them had compelled them to make. It is well known that the profession of begging has been brought to perfection. Every invention which experience and cunning can devise, is brought into requisition to carry out this infamous system. Strangers, and particularly Americans, I believe, are generally much affected by the *apparent* suffering they meet with in the various forms mendicity assumes in London. But a knowledge of the facts I have mentioned places them on their guard against imposition, and saves them from bestowing their generous sympathies upon ill-deserving objects.”

In replying to his statements, I remarked: “My dear sir, you do not mean to say, I suppose, that among the crowds of beggars who throng the 10,000 streets, courts, and lanes of the metropolis, there are

not thousands of cases of real distress? thousands who are worthy of charity, if misfortune and poverty, orphanage and degradation, can give man any claim upon the sympathy of his brother?"

"Well, sir," said he, "I think, nevertheless, we should be pretty careful how we are *duped* by such vagrants."

"It gave me great pain, sir," I replied, "to hear what you said before of those little children. They did not take you to be a philanthropist. The little girl trembled at your presence, and asked me if you would not have her taken up and punished for begging. Have I come to a country whose starving orphans dread the sight of its philanthropists? I must confess, sir, that I should give you very little credit for all your anti-slavery philanthropy, were I a slave-owner, and knew how you passed those hungry children, wandering in the great wilderness of London, with no one but a stranger to pity them, and no eye to watch over them but the eye of 'Him who feeds the young ravens when they cry.'"

"Let me tell you how I feel, frankly and honestly. I did not say much in reply to your remarks while we were with the children, for I did not dare trust myself to answer you then; but I am calm now. How would it strike those whom you call 'the oppressors of the world,' to whom you, as one of this great Convention, will make your appeal, if they knew all the circumstances connected with our inter-

view with those children ? Would your opinions have the least weight or consideration with them ? Suppose, if you please, that these children *are* of the number of those poor creatures forced into the streets of London to beg for masters more cruel than the slaveholder, inasmuch as they impose upon *their slaves* more degrading tasks ; and suppose the slaveholder aware of the fact ; would he be likely to listen to your appeal ? Would he give you any credit for getting up such a mighty sympathy for men in a foreign country, while you overlook the poor, naked, hungry orphan starving at your door ?

“ I really hope you will give me credit for too much common sense to suppose that I can doubt there are in this great city thousands who beg rather than steal, and at last, if need be, steal rather than die ; thousands compelled to depend upon the tender mercies of strangers who have not yet learned how to turn away the poor starving wretch with a frown, because, perchance, he may be begging for a living ; and for the reason that he cannot keep body and soul together in any other way. I greatly fear, sir, that in shunning to be duped by beggars, you are practising a *deception* upon yourself (which that day of trial we all expect to meet in the future will lay bare), in supposing that so large a proportion of these beggars are abusing the benevolence of the humane.

“ That there are *many* of the class you have described I do not doubt ; or that their number is very

large ; but I am quite as well satisfied that there are still *more* who make to you their unavailing plea, and whom it were far better to assist than to overlook for distant objects of charity, however noble your efforts for the oppressed of other nations may be. These ‘poor ones’ come to you with a claim which, one would think, philanthropy could not deny. Their famished looks and wasted forms are God’s *seal* upon the righteousness of their cause ; telling you in language which ‘he who runs may read,’ that *your brother at home* is dying for want of bread ; and that you cannot close your ear upon his cry, and hope for the blessing Christ has promised to bestow upon those who feed the hunger and clothe the nakedness of ‘one of the *least* of his children’ in this world.”

After I had said this we walked on in silence for some time.

I had reason to believe, from his manner, that what I had said was not very agreeable to him ; but I did not feel condemned for my words. I only discovered another illustration of that truth which has passed into a proverb : “Good men even do not always love to be reproved.”

I continued by saying, “I believe it is quite common for us all to be more affected by distress at a distance, than by the misery around our own doors. I have seen a minister of the Gospel punish a slave who was a member of his own church, on Sunday morning, for a trifling offence, and go into the pulpit

and deliver one of the most affecting discourses on the state of the heathen world I ever heard. His tears were a pledge of his sincerity." "But, sir, you would not call him a Christian, would you?" exclaimed Mr. —, with some astonishment.

"I would not hastily conclude," I said, "that he was not a good man; for I have known many instances to the same effect no less striking. We must make proper allowances for the power of custom and inveterate habits. I will not say that I am a better man than you because I was more deeply affected by the sight of those hungry children than you were. You have long been familiar with such scenes. But I *will* say, that I do not believe there are many slaveholders in America who would not have given them assistance.

"There is a circumstance connected with the state of society in England, which I find many good men here seem entirely to overlook, but which to me is inexpressibly painful: it is the cruel burdens under which that portion of your population which you call the 'lower classes' are suffering. I do not speak of the very *lowest class* who live by begging, although the London Quarterly estimates that *in Great Britain the paupers compose one sixth part of the whole people*. But I speak of that great class who are shut out from all intercourse with the better and more intelligent portions of society, and deprived of those high and powerful motives to exertion and advancement so necessary in elevating the charac-

ter. The emancipation of 800,000 slaves in the British colonies was very noble, considered as an act of humane legislation; and the result has been all that the friends of that act could have anticipated. This is the united voice of hundreds who have gone there to see the working of the experiment; and Parliament has confirmed their statements that freedom has worked well.

“But still there is a consideration connected even with this glorious act not a little painful. The £20,000,000 which were the price of taking off the fetters of colonial slaves, have only increased the burdens of the already crushed working classes of England. That great sum has swollen the national debt, before so enormous, still more; and there is some force in the saying of the Chartists, that the English people have paid the throne £20,000,000 for sending ships to the colonies to bring back cast-aside negro fetters, to be fastened upon themselves at home.

“These facts are known throughout the civilized world, and they detract from the credit of that act in the estimation of other nations. Consistency is one of the greatest reflex powers on earth; and you cannot get the world to give you all the credit you claim for West India emancipation, as long as oppression weighs so heavily upon your own people.

“I very well know that many who were the principal agents in effecting this emancipation, are labouring with equal zeal in overturning abuses at



home ; but during the few weeks I have been in England, I have been struck with the insensibility of philanthropists here, to those terrible oppressions which lie like an incubus upon the mass of your people, and which render England so odious in the eyes of other enlightened and free nations. I only wish that the reformers who have accomplished the liberation of the negro, would go on and subvert the great structure of East India despotism ; and at the same time deliver the *English people* from the galling fetters which bind them and their children.

“The government under which you live stands in great need of reformation. It is a government of privileges and monopolies ; ‘the few are born,’ as O’Connell says, ‘booted and spurred, to ride over the many.’ The working classes are degraded and oppressed. All but the privileged orders are taxed from their birth to their death. The midwife that assists in bringing the child into the world ; the swaddling clothes in which the infant is wrapped ; every mouthful of pap or of bread which it eats during its journey through life ; every rag of clothes it puts on, and, at last, the winding-sheet and the coffin in which it is laid in its mother earth : all are taxed to pamper a haughty aristocracy, a political church, and the privileged orders.

“And to the eye of an American there is something in all this as hostile to the great principles of human rights and philanthropy, as there ever was in West India or any other slavery. I do not say this

in a censorious spirit ; I would not justify slavery in any part of the world, by English oppression ; but I am sorry the world should have so far lost the beneficial influence of the great act of colonial emancipation by the inconsistencies of Great Britain."

"Why, sir," he replied, "there is much in the state of English society which we all lament ; but there is nothing like slavery ; nothing which can be called a direct violation of human rights ; nothing calculated to arouse the indignation or awaken the sympathy of a philanthropist, as in the untold abominations of American slavery."

"I differ from you," I remarked, "on these points. I can prove from English documents which I have read (the Evidence on the Factory Bill, for example), that there are multitudes of the English operatives who labour more hours a day, at harder and more prostrating work, with less food and poorer clothing, and subject to more abuse, than the American slaves."

By this time we had arrived at Freemasons' Hall. The venerable Thomas Clarkson was just getting out of his carriage, supported by two of his friends. He had come from his home in Ipswich, in his 81st year, to preside over "the World's Convention." The Hall was filled with delegates from every part of the civilized world, and many of the most illustrious men of Europe were present. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Blair, late

Mayor of Bath, who stated that the venerable Thomas Clarkson had arrived, and would soon enter the Hall. The name of Clarkson called forth loud applause. We were requested, in consideration of his age and infirmities, to refrain from any manifestation of our feelings when he should enter the Hall. The whole assembly was silent, and every eye turned towards the door. The scene which followed surpassed anything I ever witnessed.

This venerable patriarch of liberty had left his quiet home in his old age, to meet the representatives of the different nations of the earth, to devise means for "the emancipation of man everywhere from the thralldom of man," and then go back to his peaceful retreat, and await his summons to Heaven. As he entered the Hall, supported by two distinguished gentlemen, and accompanied by his daughter-in-law and grandson, the Convention rose and received him in silence. He seemed bowed down with age, and his hair was perfectly white. He was deeply affected by his reception; and when he was proposed as chairman, there was a gentle murmur of approbation which could not be suppressed: he took his seat and held his handkerchief to his face.

We all felt a veneration for the aged chieftain in our presence which words could not describe. We saw before us the man whose name had been associated for more than half a century with almost every great enterprise for the advancement of human liberty; the originator, and now the only surviving

member of the first committee ever instituted for the abolition of the slave-trade. Hoare, Smith, Dilwyn, Harrison, Phillips, and Wilberforce were all dead. This was probably the last great assembly in whose deliberations he would mingle; and feeling that his time on earth was short, and under the impulse of freedom's fires, which burned on the altar of his heart as brightly as ever, he had brought his little grandson, Thomas Clarkson, into the Convention, the only representative of his family and name now on earth, to lay the beautiful boy in consecration upon freedom's altar on this his ninth birthday. It was a beautiful offering to the genius of liberty: a nobler dedication than when his father brought the young Hannibal to the altar, and made him swear eternal hostility to the enemies of Carthage.

The gentleman who introduced the boy to the assembly laid his hand upon his head, and prayed that the blessing of Heaven might rest upon him, and that, with the descending mantle of his venerated ancestor, he might catch a double portion of his spirit. "I am sure," said he, "that this prayer will find a response in every bosom in this assembly (cries of amen), as well as the earnest hope, that when some of us shall be removed to that bourne where the wicked cease from troubling, and where all distinctions of clime and colour will be swept forever away, *he* may live to see the day when the divine blessing shall so eminently have crowned this great cause of justice and mercy we have this day assembled to

promote, that the sun shall cease to rise upon a tyrant or set upon a slave."

Clarkson then rose, and delivered a most affecting and eloquent address. Some parts of it were sublime. In alluding to himself, he said, "I can say with truth, I think, that although my body is fast going to decay, my heart beats as warmly in this sacred cause now, in the 81st year of my age, as it did at the age of 24, when I first took it up. And I can say farther with truth, that if I had another life given me to live, I would ask no better fortune than to devote it all with firmer resolution and warmer zeal to the same glorious work of redeeming humanity from oppression."

He closed with a benediction upon the assembly and the friends of human liberty throughout the world. When he sat down, I believe there was not a heart in the Convention that was not deeply moved, nor an eye that was not filled with tears.

After a few moments of silence, the following letter from Lord Brougham was read :

House of Lords, Thursday.

Gentlemen : I am much honoured by the request which you have made to me through your deputation this morning, that I would attend the meeting of delegates to-morrow. I assure you that it is very painful for me to be under the necessity of refusing. But the state of my health has been such for some time past, that I am barely able to discharge those

duties in this place from which I cannot withdraw ; and I have been compelled to lay down a rule against going to any public meeting whatever. Of all the instances in which I have been obliged to follow this rule, there is no one which has given me greater pain ; for I need hardly say how deeply I feel interested in whatever concerns the great cause which brings you together. I earnestly hope that all your proceedings may be guided by the same wisdom and animated by the same zeal which have, from the earliest period of the controversy, been displayed by the friends of humanity and justice ; and I trust that, under the blessings of Providence continued to their exertions, our earnest desires may finally be crowned with success.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,

Your faithful and humble servant,

BROUGHAM.

To the Committee of Management of Delegates.

I have not for a long time felt so much disappointed as when I learned that we should not have Brougham in this Convention. Such an occasion as this would have been a fine field for the display of his powers, and there was a general expectation that he would attend.

After considerable time spent in settling the manner of conducting the business of the Convention, the chairman called upon Daniel O'Connell, who rose and said :



“This was a Convention the most important that ever assembled. (Hear.) To it came men from hundreds and thousands of miles distant; not with a selfish motive, not even alone for the pride and pleasure of participating in the great and ennobling work, but from sincere philanthropy to the human race—(hear)—and it included delegates from all parts of the world, even from America; certainly from all parts of the British empire, and none ought to be exempt from co-operation. (Hear.) In the chair he was happy to see the patriarch of liberty. (Hear, hear.) He was glad that the venerable gentleman had lived to see the brightening of a day, the dawn of which the fervour of his youth could scarcely have hoped to see. (Hear, hear.) His was the purest of all fame, that of doing good. (Hear, hear.) They were not met here only to talk or display talent; that would be insufficient; they must direct their minds to some practical movement: Forward must be the word. (Hear, hear.) They must speedily adopt practical means for establishing corresponding and co-operating societies all over the world. (Hear, hear.) It was a gratifying thing to hear that Massachusetts had declared the first clause of American independence to be utterly inconsistent with slavery, and on that ground alone it should be abolished. (Hear, hear.) At present it was only in the East Indies that slavery, under the British rule, existed. *There not only the labourers were slaves, but the great mass of the population were serfs, com-*

*pletely under the sway of the East India Company, to be ground down by the 'land-rent' exactions at its will.* (Hear, hear.) There should be a glorious combination of anti-slavery societies all over the world, and no motives should be allowed to mar the disinterested sincerity of their efforts. He was rejoiced to see their chairman among them. He was happy to find himself in a Convention, to the members of which no selfish motives could by any possibility be attributed. Let them persevere in their efforts, and they would raise the entire of the human race from a state of slavery and degradation to that liberty which was the best preparative for receiving the truths of Christianity and the blessings of civilization."

At the close of O'Connell's speech the chairman was obliged to retire. The whole Convention rose, and as he left the Hall, leaning upon the arm of the Irish Orator, the feelings of the assembly were expressed by the most enthusiastic applause.

Then came up the "Woman Question;" for you must know that about a dozen ladies have come more than three thousand miles to "have a finger in the pie." Some of them, without doubt, are exceedingly sensible and clever, and all confessedly pretty, except, perhaps, some few who have passed into "the sear and yellow leaf" of no particular age. It had been the desire, I believe, of most in the Convention to have nothing said about "woman's rights." It was feared that, once introduced, it

would not be so readily disposed of. Several English and American gentlemen, apprehending the result, had waited upon the ladies with a request that they would not press their claims, and the Committee of Management had very politely given them tickets of admission, and showed them at their anti-slavery *soirées* the utmost attention. "We thank you, gentlemen," said they, "for all your civilities, but we cannot surrender our *rights* to British or American prejudices; it is an age of emancipation; and it is time for woman to break the fetters which have so long bound her. Shall we see our *sisters* enslaved, and not lift our voice for their redemption? *Woman* is in bondage! *woman* is bought and sold; and shall not woman's voice be heard in the ascending cry of the friends of humanity? Yes, it *shall* be heard. We have not come three thousand miles to sign the warrant of woman's degradation; to yield to that cruel spirit of proscription which shuts the mouth of woman when she thinks it her duty to plead for her enslaved sister. We can be gagged at home, gentlemen, without taking the trouble to cross the Atlantic. No! we will present our credentials, and throw upon the Convention the responsibility of denying us *our right* to a seat."

To the Convention they came; where the question came up on the docket, and received a full and boisterous discussion. Each side had some argument, considerable eloquence, and abundance of noise. The tumult and confusion exceeded all description.

Much of the time there were from ten to twenty persons trying to get the floor, screaming at the top of their voices. There were laughter, and smiles, and tears; there were groans, and shouts, and huzzas; there were beautiful faces pale with sorrow, and others flushed with passion; and yet I do not quite like to say so, but the honesty of truth requires many a disagreeable task of the historian.

Said the advocates of the fair philanthropists, "These ladies have come to this Convention with the same commissions as the men, signed by the same hands, and they have the same right to their seats."

"Well," replied the Conservatives, or Anti-Women-Men, or anything else you please to call them, "well, the committee who issued the call for the Convention did not intend to *embrace the ladies*."

"Well! pray who would you *embrace, then?*" (a very grave question, to be sure): "we have been admitted to Conventions in America."

"But here the case is different. Something is due to the customs of the country where you are. Englishwomen do not complain because they are not allowed to deliberate in our assemblies."

"They submit to it because they are slaves, then. Your customs are wrong, and we intend to correct them: *we will* have our *rights*."

"But it is not a question of rights, but of *propriety*. Is not something due to the usages of English society?"

“It is the custom of India to enslave women; of Turkey, to hive them up in harems! Would *you* submit to the usages of such society?”

“Well! well! we don’t call ourselves Hindus nor Turks: won’t you pay some regard to *our* customs?”

“Well, well! we don’t call ourselves slaves, and won’t you pay some regard to human rights; not man’s rights, but *woman’s* rights too?”

“And thus between one side and t’other,  
The words flew thick as Thracian arrows.”

Said George Thompson, “I see before me that Spartan band of women who stood between me and death while I was in America. I cannot deny them their seats. Let them participate with us in this great and glorious work. Let their advice direct us. Let their sympathy and smiles encourage us. Let their devotion make us faithful.”

“But” (from all sides except from the ladies) “they are out of their sphere; we would not exclude them from co-operating with us.” (“Well, why deny us our seats, then?”) “We don’t deny you your seats! Have you not got your seats? Are you not sitting in your seats?” (Certainly not: for they had all risen, to have a good point of observation to know what was going on.) “No! we won’t exclude them from this hallowed work” (“You *do*, you *do*!”); “but we would have them co-operate with us as do the women of England—silently, but powerfully.”

“*Silently*, indeed! You would have us tongue-tied, would you?”

“No! not if we *could*!” If you had been there, dear ——, you would have had no apprehensions that any member of the Convention was likely to be tongue-tied; though it would have helped the business of the meeting wonderfully if about five hundred tongues could have been tied.

Said Dr. Bowering, the accomplished Oriental scholar and elegant debater, “I blush to think that English philanthropists, who have had the sunshine of popular favour thrown around their path, and been loudly applauded for all their zeal, should so violate the high considerations of a lofty humanity, as to exclude from this Convention that noble band of women who have laboured so long and so faithfully in America for the down-trodden slave—opposed as they have been by a thousand obstacles we have never been obliged to contend with—assailed by violence and covered with abuse; yet boldly and bravely defending the sublime principles of justice, mercy, and truth. What! tell women who have displayed a magnanimity and a high daring that Sparta’s *sons* even might have been proud of in Sparta’s best days; women, who have been foremost in danger, leading the van in the battles of humanity, that they cannot be permitted to sit down and mingle in our sympathies and councils, and exult with us over our triumphs! God for’ld, that while all this is true, Englishmen, who have sung hozannas to their



sovereign queen, who is the mistress of the bravest of us, should exclude the fearless and beautiful daughters of free and glorious America from sitting with us, side by side, in this Convention. If we deny them their request, we shall, on the threshold of our proceedings, do violence to the spirit of liberty which brought us together, and draw down upon us the just indignation of the world."

Dr. Bowering's speech electrified the whole house. He resumed his seat amid loud and general cheering. The sympathies of the Convention were evidently on the side of the ladies; and if the question had been taken then, I am well satisfied they would have gained their point. But able and eloquent speakers followed on the other side, and they carried the Convention along with them.

The Rev. John Angel James, of Birmingham, was particularly eloquent. He closed by saying, "I hope, sir, the question will now be taken, that we may devote no more time to the discussion of a point which is, after all, a matter of little consequence. I am glad, and so is all England, to see the daughters of America in this Hall. I promise them, that wherever they go in their father-land, from Land's End to Jonny Groat's, they will find warm hearts, ready to welcome them, and in the name of humanity to thank them for leaving their homes to visit Great Britain, and cheer the friends of the negro race forward. Let us give the American ladies a post of honour in this Hall. Let us mingle our sympathies together over a prostrate race. Let us pour out our

prayers at the cross of a common Saviour, for the salvation of a world he died to save. We claim no superiority above them; we are always glad to be excelled by them in the noble work of making our fellow-men free. They have laboured long and well; and they have their reward in an approving conscience, the gratitude of enchained millions, the love of the whole philanthropic world, and the favour of Heaven. Let us now address ourselves to the great work before us—the rescue of prostrate humanity. And I hope and believe that this scene of confusion we have witnessed here to-day will in the end have the same happy effect as those discords which are sometimes introduced by composers into their best pieces, only to render the harmony the sweeter.” This was the substance of the speaker’s remarks.

The effect was irresistible. It soothed the feelings of all parties, like oil poured on the troubled waters. By a large majority the ladies were defeated. But they bore their misfortune with so much meekness and grace (most of them), it was confessed by all they had conquered, although for *once they lost their point*. Still, they ought not to complain; for the best historians in the Convention declared it to be the only instance of the kind recorded in the annals of the sex.

I was introduced to the celebrated Mrs. Amelia Opie, who is now enjoying a green old age. She lives in Norwich, about 120 miles east of London,

but, like everybody else, is spending "the season" in town. She long ago adopted the simple faith, and plain, rich costume of the Society of Friends, and suppressed several of her fictitious works, from conscientious scruples in regard to their influence. But she is possessed of unbounded cheerfulness, and is certainly a delightful woman. I do not know her age, but she must be over seventy, I think, although her cheek still wears the rich bloom of earlier years.

I conversed with her a few minutes. She asked me what I thought of the "decision." I replied, that the ladies certainly could not be offended, although they probably did not feel complimented by the vote ; but I thought they should not complain of this solitary instance of defeat.

"Indeed," said she, "I have a great sympathy for them, and hope their feelings are not wounded. I think they are very noble women ; but perhaps it was not very discreet to insist so strongly upon admission.

"It is very painful to think that your great and free republic should be desecrated by slavery. It is very lamentable. It is like some odious blemish on a beautiful painting ; the eye *would* contemplate the beauties of the picture, but it cannot : the blemish fills the vision. Oh ! I hope I shall live to see the day when there will not be a slave in all your beautiful land. It has been the home of freedom ; there is no such land on earth ; and this makes it so indescribably painful to think that it is a land of slaves."

“You have never visited our country, I think, madam?”

“No, I have not; but there is no part of the world I so much desire to see. It is a great pleasure to meet so many Americans here on this grand occasion. I never looked forward to a public meeting with so much hope. I well remember many years ago, when the first efforts were made by the friends of liberty for the suppression of the slave-trade. It was a dark day then for the world; and, although philanthropists are quite apt to be too sanguine, yet who in this assembly ever expected to see such a day as this? It is a very sublime spectacle to see this representation of the philanthropy and piety of the world. What can be more grand than to contemplate the object which has called this Convention together? And that idea of O’Connell’s was so fine—that we would elevate the whole human race to the possession of liberty—it is an affecting thought.

“But you will come and see me, I trust; I want to converse with you about America, your authors, your scenery, your great men. I shall be most happy to see you at any time you can make it convenient to call. Do not think that age has quite frozen up my heart. Indeed, if it had, I think this Convention would make it green as spring-time again.”

Affectionately yours,

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London, June —, 1840.

DEAR —,

TO-DAY Lady Byron and Mrs. Jamieson came into the Convention. I had the pleasure of an introduction to them, and also of listening to what was far more interesting to me than much of the business of the meeting—a deeply affecting account of the last illness and death of Lord Byron, from an American gentleman, who spent the winter of 1823, '24 in Greece.

Lady Byron resembles very much the picture which appeared a few years ago in Dearborn's edition of Byron's works, painted by Newton and engraved by Dick. I think she never could have been handsome, though there is an interesting and rather mournful expression upon her countenance. But her relation to Byron causes us to feel towards her as we feel towards few other persons. She is understood to be particularly intimate with Mrs. Jamieson. "Ada" a few years ago married Lord King, who has since become the Marquis of Lovelless. Mrs. Jamieson is finer looking by far than Lady Byron; indeed, she has one of the noblest countenances I ever saw.

"A sight of Lady Byron," said the American gentleman alluded to, "brings vividly to my mind the intercourse I had with Byron just before he

died. I can give you an account of his last days, which I think will interest you.

“I passed the winter of Byron’s death in Greece; and in the latter part of February went to Missolonghi to see him. He was then suffering from the effect of his fit of epilepsy, which occurred the middle of February. The first time I called at his residence I was not permitted to see him; but in a few days I received a polite note from him at the hand of his negro servant, who was a native of America, and whom Byron was kind to and proud of to the last.

“I found the poet in a weak and rather irritable state, but he treated me with the utmost kindness. He said, that at the time I first called upon him, all strangers and most of his friends were excluded from his room. ‘But,’ said he, ‘had I known an American was at the door, you should not have been denied. I love your country, sir; it is the land of *liberty*: the only portion of God’s green earth not desecrated by tyranny.’

“In our conversation I alluded to the sympathy at that time felt in America for struggling Greece. All he at that time said in reply was, ‘Poor Greece—poor Greece: once the richest land on earth; God knows I have tried to help thee.’

“You will remember that but a little while before this, Marco Botzaris had fallen. When I mentioned his name, Byron said, ‘Marco Botzaris? He was as brave as an ancient Spartan. Perhaps he had



the blood of Leonidas in his veins ; I presume he had. But of this I am certain, he had as *good* blood as ever wet this soil.'

"At his request, his servant then brought him a rose-wood box, from which he took a letter written to himself by that gallant chief. It was a warm-hearted welcome of Byron to Greece. 'There,' said the author of 'Childe Harold,' as he handed the precious relic to me, 'I would not part with that but to see the triumph of Greece. That glorious hero, but a few moments before he led his Suliote band forth to his last battle, wrote this letter to me in his tent.' As he spoke these words, a heroic smile lit up his pale countenance, and I am sure I never saw such an expression on the face of mortal man as at that moment flashed from Byron's.

"Soon he fell back upon his couch, and wiping the cold sweat from his lofty forehead, once more exclaimed, 'Poor Greece ! God bless thee and Ada ! I only ask of Heaven two things ; and Heaven *ought* to grant them—that Greece may become free, and Ada cherish my memory when I am dead.'

"I was surprised that Byron should so freely express his sentiments to a stranger ; but a little knowledge of the man explained it all. He was one who concealed nothing from friend or foe : he was fearless of the world, and open and independent to a fault.

"In a few days I received another note from him, requesting me to call and bring with me Irving's

Sketch Book, if I had it, or could get it for him. As that is a book I always carry with me, I took it in my hand and went once more to the illustrious author's residence. He rose from his couch when I entered, and pressing my hand warmly, said, 'Have you brought the Sketch Book?' I handed it to him, when, seizing it with enthusiasm, he turned to the 'Broken Heart.'

"'That,' said he, 'is one of the finest things ever written on earth, and I want to hear an American read it. But stay—do you know Irving?' I replied that I had never seen him. 'God bless him!' exclaimed Byron; 'he is a genius; and he has something better than genius—a heart! I wish I could see him; but I fear I never shall. Well, read—the Broken Heart—yes, the Broken Heart. What a word!'

"When I closed the first paragraph, 'Shall I confess it? I believe in broken hearts'—'Yes,' exclaimed Byron, 'and so do I; and so does everybody but philosophers and fools.' I waited, whenever he interrupted me, until he requested me to go on; for although the text is beautiful, yet I cared more for the commentary which came fresh from Byron's heart. While I was reading one of the most touching portions of that mournful piece, I observed that Byron wept. He turned his fine eyes upon me and said, 'You see me weep, sir; Irving himself never wrote that story without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears. I have not wept much in this

world, for trouble never brings tears to my eyes ; but I always have tears for the Broken Heart.'

"When I read the last line of Moore's verses at the close of the piece, Byron said, 'What a being that Tom Moore is ; and Irving, and Emmett, and his beautiful Love ! What beings all ! Sir, how many such men as Washington Irving are there in America ? God don't send many such spirits into this world. I want to go to America for five reasons. I want to see Irving ; I want to see your stupendous scenery ; I want to go to Washington's grave ; I want to see the classic form of living freedom, and I want to get your government to recognise Greece as an independent nation. Poor Greece !' I have always been anxious to see Irving, and describe this scene to him. He does not need even Byron's praise, I know ; still I think it would please him ; but in this wish I have never been gratified.

"I saw the Great Poet often, and never was with him half an hour without hearing him speak of Greece and his child—of both with the deepest feeling. Byron was a very strange man ; if he had only been as good as he was great ! But he *was* good sometimes ; and always better than the world have thought him.

"Those were the last days of Byron ; and I shall always consider myself happy that I was permitted so often to be with him. I have, day after day, watched the workings of his lofty imagination, while he lay upon his couch or sat by his window, and

deep, troubled thought lit up with an unearthly glow his beautiful features, or clouded them in gloom. It was a painful spectacle to see Byron's form wasting away by disease; and I never gazed upon him after we first met, without feeling as I think I should feel to see a powerful stream undermining in its progress the foundations of some classic temple.

"It was inexpressibly painful; but yet there was something very sublime in the struggle of his proud spirit with the advancing king of terrors. His full, bright eye, which sometimes burned so restlessly, revealed a spirit free, tameless, and unconquerable as the proud ocean.

"At the time I did not doubt, nor have I ever since, that his death was hastened, if not directly caused, by the injudicious treatment of his medical council. Byron had partly recovered from his first attack, and was in the habit of riding on horseback almost every day. On the 9th of April he got very wet during his ride, and took a severe cold, which was attended by fever; still he rode out again in the afternoon of the following day a few miles from town, on his favourite horse; and this was the last time he ever left the house. A slow fever set in, and his symptoms continually grew worse.

"His medical attendants confidently told him that he was in no danger; that his disease was only a common cold. Mr. Fletcher, his confidential and excellent servant, informed me, that in the early part of his master's illness he became alarmed, but that

Byron himself did not display much anxiety until he had been ill some days. The physicians were often consulted by Byron and his servant minutely about the symptoms, and they very confidently assured them that ‘there was no danger—it was but a common cold.’

“But the sick man knew it was *not* a common cold, and very often expressed the opinion that the doctors did not understand his disease. Mr. Fletcher said he was very anxious to send to Zante for Dr. Thomas; for his master was all the time growing worse under the treatment of Doctors Bruno and Millingen. This desire, with Byron’s approbation, was made known to the council; and, for a time, they partially quieted the well-grounded fears of Mr. Fletcher and his master. In a day or two Mr. Fletcher again supplicated the attending physicians to let him send for Dr. Thomas, and was solemnly assured his lordship would be better immediately. These stifled efforts were not again renewed until it was too late.

“But in regard to the treatment. I know it is common for friends of the dead to censure their physicians; and nothing can be more unjust when they do not deserve it. But the conduct of Byron’s physicians was exceedingly culpable in not permitting Dr. Thomas to be called. Besides, they dosed Byron from the beginning of his illness with strong purgative medicines; took a great amount of blood from him, which for a long time he firmly refused to have

done. His system wasted rapidly ; for during the eight days of his illness he took no nourishment except a small quantity of broth, at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrowroot the day before his death.

“ And yet it was only a ‘common cold.’ Well, if this were true, then the medical treatment killed him, and not the disease ; and the physicians told Byron they were prescribing only for a cold. In either case they are worthy of censure.

“ On the seventh day of his illness, after the most powerful purgatives had been resorted to, and he seemed to be rapidly declining, the physicians insisted upon taking blood ; he reluctantly yielded, and one pound was taken from his right arm. Mr. Fletcher then renewed his prayer to send for Dr. Thomas, and was met by the reply, that his master would either be much better, or a dead man, before Dr. Thomas could come from Zante, for his lordship was sinking every hour. The physicians insisted upon bleeding again that same night, and told him it would probably save his life. ‘ Oh ! ’ said Byron, with a mournful countenance, ‘ I fear, gentlemen, you have entirely mistaken my disease ; but there, take my arm and do as you like.’ Infatuation, as well as quackery, seemed to conspire against the life of the illustrious patient.

“ The next morning, although he was in a very feeble state, the doctors *bled him again twice* ; and in both cases fainting fits followed the operation. At



two o'clock this destructive operation was performed again; and thus he was hurried to the grave. No man could be expected to survive such treatment.

"From that time till his death, which occurred two days after, Byron often expressed great dissatisfaction with his physicians.

"The day before he died, the faithful Fletcher, for the last time, implored his master to let him, even at that late hour, and without the knowledge of his physicians, send an express to Zante 'Do so,' said Byron, 'but be quick; I wish you had sent sooner; for I know they have mistaken my disease.'

"Fletcher instantly sent for Dr. Thomas, and then informed the attending physicians, who said, 'You have done right;' for they had begun, when too late, to discover their mistake. When Fletcher returned to his master's room, Byron asked him if he had sent to Zante. 'You have done right,' he answered; 'if I must die, I want to know what is the matter with me.'

"In a few hours,' said the faithful Fletcher, as he related these facts to me, 'my master called me to his bedside and said, "I begin to think I am going to die pretty soon, Fletcher; and I shall give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular to execute, if you love me!"'

"Fletcher did love his master, and told him he would do everything faithfully, and expressed the hope that he should not be called to part with him. 'Yes, you will,' said Byron; 'it's nearly over; I

must tell you all without losing a moment. I see my time has come to die.'

"Fletcher went to get a portfolio to write down his master's words. Byron called him back, exclaiming, 'Oh, my God! don't waste time in writing, for I have no more time to waste—now hear me—you will be provided for.' Fletcher begged him to go on to things of more consequence, and Byron continued: 'Oh! my poor, dear child! My dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing, and my dear sister Augusta and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron and say—tell her everything—you are friends with her'—and tears rolled down his emaciated face.

"Here his voice failed him, so that only now and then a word was audible. For some time he muttered something very seriously, and finally, raising his voice, said, 'Now, Fletcher, if you do not execute every order I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible.'

"Poor Fletcher wept over his dying master, and told him he had not understood a word of what he had been last saying. 'Oh! my God!' said Byron, 'then all is lost; for it is now too late. Can it be possible you have not understood me?' Fletcher said, 'No; but do tell me again, *more clearly*, my lord!' 'How can I?' answered Byron; 'it's now too late, and all is over!' Fletcher replied, 'Not our will, but God's be done;' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done! but I will try once more;'

and he made several efforts to speak ; but, through the indistinct mutterings of the dying man, only a few broken accents could be distinguished, and they were about his wife and his child.

“After many ineffectual and painful efforts to make known his wishes, at the request of his friend, Mr. Parry, to compose himself, he shed tears, and apparently sunk into slumber, with an expression of grief and disappointment on his countenance. This was the commencement of the lethargy of death.

“I believe the last words the Great Poet ever spoke on earth were, ‘I must sleep now.’ How full of meaning those words were. Yes, he had laid himself down to his last sleep. For twenty-four hours not a hand or foot of the sleeper was seen to stir ; although that heart, which had been the home of such wild and deep feeling, still continued to beat on. Yet it was evident to all around his bedside that ‘the angel of death’ had spread his dark wings over Byron’s pillow.

“On the evening of the 19th of April he opened his fine eye for the last time, and closed it peacefully, without any appearance of pain. ‘Oh, my God !’ exclaimed the kind Fletcher, ‘I fear my master is gone !’ The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, ‘You are right—he is gone.’

“It is impossible to describe the sensation produced at Missolonghi by the death of Lord Byron. All Greece, too, was plunged in tears. Every public demonstration of respect and sorrow was paid to

his memory, by firing minute guns, closing all public offices and shops, and suspending the usual Easter festivities, and by a general mourning and funeral prayers in all the churches. His body was embalmed by the physicians, and preparations were made for taking it to England.

“A few days after his death, his honoured remains were borne to the church where the body of Marco Botzaris was buried. The coffin was a rude chest of wood; a black mantle was his only pall; and over it were placed a helmet, a sword, and a crown of laurel.

“Here the bier rested for two days; and around it gathered a thousand noble hearts who had loved the generous poet.

“I stood by that coffin a long time; and more tears were shed over it than I ever saw fall upon the dust of a great man. But the simple-hearted, grateful people who crowded the church loved him, not as the author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, but as the disinterested Benefactor of Greece. A detachment of his own brigade guarded his body. There was something indescribably more affecting and sublime in this spectacle than in the gorgeous display which usually attends the funeral obsequies of the great.

“I remained in the church until the shadows of night had fallen around that solemn place; and there could be seen the rude forms of the descendants of Plataea relieved against the walls, their armour

gleaming in the uncertain light of the wax candles burning before the altar, and in the centre of the church a group of emancipated Greeks bending over that illustrious dust. It was all in keeping with the poet's own wild, wayward soul.

“I have known but few I loved so well as Byron; and from his kindness to me, stranger as I was, I felt that I had lost a friend.”

After listening to this affecting story, I felt little like remaining in a crowd; and taking my companion's arm, we cast one glance upon her whom Byron once loved so well, and left the hall.—“Poor Byron!”

Affectionately yours,

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*To William Ellery Channing, D.D.*

Manchester, 1840.

SIR,

THERE is no man who feels a deeper or more generous sympathy than yourself for humanity in its sorrows, struggles, and advancement; no one who has more faith in its capacity for elevation, or respect for its greatness. I do not address this letter to you because I expect to be able to communicate any information of which you are not already possessed; nor have I supposed I could reflect any new lustre upon your genius or your fame: far from it. I do it because the matters upon which I shall speak so immediately affect the interests of millions of the race, to whose redemption you have devoted your best powers, and so large a portion of your life.

If we may judge of your heart by the spirit of your writings, that beautiful saying of Terrence is as true of you, as of him to whom it was first applied: *Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Besides, the philosophy which you have gained from no shallow meditation or common learning, will enable you to decide if my remarks are entitled to any consideration.

The deep depression of the mass of the English people has surprised and grieved me exceedingly



since I have been in Great Britain. In common with every other American, I had long known that great abuses existed in the government of this country, and that the poverty, ignorance, and suffering of the lower classes were extreme; but I was not prepared to find such a state of things as I have witnessed.

I think Americans, generally, have no adequate idea of the wretchedness of the poor of this island. Tourists have passed in stage-coaches, or in private carriages, over the smooth roads and along the hawthorn hedgerows of this beautiful land; they have seen the gray towers and pinnacles of old castles and churches rising from verdant lawns or crowning green hills; they have told us much about parks and pleasure-grounds, gardens and ruins; they have spoken of the moss-covered cottages of the peasantry—"Trellises nailed between the little windows; roses quite overshadowing the low doors; the painted fence enclosing the hand's breadth of grassplat; very, oh! *very* sweet faces bent over laps full of work, beneath the snowy and looped-up curtains: it was all home-like and amiable; there was an *affectionateness* in the mere outside of every one of them; and the soul of neatness pervaded them all;" and, to crown the picture, rosy-cheeked children were sporting away life's early morn amid fragrance and flowers. At every step the traveller witnessed some new landscape of rural peace and beauty. We have dwelt upon these de-

scriptions till the very heart ached to gaze on scenes of so much loveliness for ourselves.

England furnishes us with numberless luxuries ; we are clothed like princes in her rich fabrics ; and such bright images of commercial prosperity and agricultural plenty crowd upon the mind when we think of our "father-land," that we fancy it must be a paradise. A paradise indeed it is for the higher classes ; and a paradise it will be for them, until the sword of vengeance which now sleeps in the hands of an oppressed people, shall at length awake to its terrible work, and revolution establish her tribunal, not to hear causes, but to *decide* them.

In no country on earth is there such a field for enjoyment and luxury. Everything which wealth can purchase or ingenuity invent is brought to the doors of English magnates. Their houses are surrounded by gardens in which cool fountains are playing, and where flowers, brought from every land, are courted by artificial heat and the tenderest care, to bloom in this cold region. There is not a climate from the equator to the poles that does not send its delicacies to the homes of the rich. On every side the Englishman finds choice books, museums of science, and literary society. Nothing is left unsatisfied but the feverish desire for something which even an English home cannot gratify. And these are the pictures travellers have presented to us.

But it has been well said by an Englishman himself, that "To talk of English happiness is like talk-

ing of Spartan freedom—the Helots are overlooked.”

But the mass of hearts beat in the bosoms of the poor (the Helots of this country), whose every desire is ungratified but the wish to hide away in the still, kind grave, from

“ The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely.”

In no country can such wealth be acquired. But it is the one who grows rich by the labour of the hundred; and that hundred as wonderfully fashioned by nature; with hearts which can feel as deep anguish and as pure joy; all made by the same kind Father; and regarded with the same love by “ Him who is no respecter of persons.” To enrich the *few*, the many are *sacrificed*. One painful consideration affects the mind of every American whenever he contemplates the condition of the mass of the English people. The government, with its privileges and protection; the throne, with its power and patronage; the institutions for science and truth; and those facilities for happiness and elevation which have sprung from a high civilization, all are intended for the *few*. The majority receive no more advantage from these things than as though they had never been.

He must be a superficial observer of the state of society here, who does not discover that, just in proportion as the higher classes advance in wealth, power, and influence, are the poor depressed. What is gained by the few is lost by the many. If the landholder grows rich, his pockets are filled by the

odious and unjust tax upon the necessities of life, which falls chiefly upon the poor. If the Manchester manufacturer amasses a colossal fortune by underselling his competitors in every market in the world, it is because his dependant operatives do not receive a fair compensation for their labour. If the bishop rolls in wealth, his luxuries are the price of the hunger and nakedness of thousands in his diocese. If a Lord-lieutenant of Ireland throws up his commission after a month's administration, and retires to a *chateau* on the Continent on £5000 a year, this sum is wrung from the starving peasantry of that misgoverned Island.

It would have been far better for the *poor* of England if their country had never attained her present commercial eminence; for every step of her advancement has crushed them deeper in poverty. You will, of course, sir, not understand me to apply these remarks *universally*: I am speaking of a general principle.

One of the chief elements of slavery mingles in the condition of the English operative: he does not receive a fair equivalent for his labour; and, in addition, unjust legislation places a tax upon the necessities of life so high, that a very large proportion of his scanty wages goes to his oppressors.

The life of an English operative is a perpetual scene of suffering and wrong. He enters upon his task-work while he is yet a *child*. In his infancy he begins to fall under the curse which this state of soci-

ety inflicts. Let me here quote the words of Southey in *Espriella's Letters*—a work with which you are familiar: “They are deprived in childhood of all instruction and all enjoyment; of the sports in which childhood instinctively indulges; of fresh air by day, and of natural sleep by night. Their health, physical and moral, is alike destroyed; they die of diseases induced by unremitting task-work; by confinement in the impure atmosphere of crowded rooms; by the particles of metallic or vegetable dust which they are continually inhaling; or they live to grow up without decency, without comfort, and without hope; without morals, without religion, and without shame; and bring forth slaves, like themselves, to tread in the same path of misery.

“The dwellings of the labouring manufacturers are in narrow streets and lanes, blockaded up from light and air; crowded together, because every inch of land is of such value that room for light and air cannot be afforded them. Here in Manchester, a great proportion of the poor lodge in cellars damp and dark, where every kind of filth is suffered to accumulate, because no exertions of domestic care can ever make such homes decent. Those places are so many hot-beds of infection, and the poor in large towns are rarely or never without an infectious fever among them; a plague of their own, which leaves the habitations of the rich, like a Goshen of cleanliness and comfort, unvisited.

“Wealth flows into the country, but how does it

circulate there? Not equally and healthfully through the whole system; it sprouts into wens and tumours, and collects in aneurisms, which starve and palsy the extremities. The government, indeed, raises millions as easily as it raised thousands in the days of Elizabeth; the metropolis is six times the size which it was a century ago; it has nearly doubled during the present reign (1802). A thousand carriages drive about the streets of London, where, three generations ago, there were not a hundred; a thousand hackney-coaches are licensed in the same city, where, at the same distance of time, there was not one; they whose grandfathers dined at noon from wooden trenchers, and from the produce of their own farms, sit down by the light of waxen tapers to be served upon silver, and to partake of delicacies from the four quarters of the globe.

“But the numbers of the poor and the sufferings of the poor have continued to increase; the price of everything they consume has always been advancing, and the price of labour, the only commodity they have to dispose of, remains the same. Work-houses are erected in one place, and infirmaries in another; the poor-rates increase in proportion to the taxes; and in times of dearth the rich even purchase food, and retail it to them at a reduced price, or supply them with it gratuitously; still every year adds to their number.

“Necessity is the mother of crime; new prisons are built, new punishments are enacted; but the



poor become year after year more numerous, more miserable, and more depraved; and this is the inevitable tendency of the manufacturing system."

Perhaps it should have been added, "as it is now conducted in Great Britain;" for all true political economists know, that labour becomes valuable and productive, in proportion as the labouring classes advance in physical improvement. It is poor economy for a nation to wear out the bones and muscles of its labourers by oppressive taxes and prostrating toil; since it must in the end inevitably impoverish the people which inflicts the wrong.

Said one of the sages of Greece, "Show me a country where a people are happy, and I will at the same time show you one where they are virtuous." Said a celebrated forger, who was executed in London not long ago, in a letter to a friend before he committed the deed which cost him his life, "I must have money from you, or *do worse*; for God knows I cannot *starve*."

The words of Dr. Southey have a still deeper meaning now than when they were first written: "New prisons are built, and new punishments are enacted." The English government experience at last a reaction upon themselves for their oppression. Society feels in every part the pressure of the emergency. Millions are given in charity; thousands of poor children are educated in private schools by the benevolence of the good; hundreds of thousands emigrate to America, and the foreign possessions of

the empire ; waste lands are reclaimed ; a stupendous system of domestic industry employs millions of operatives ; every expedient individuals and government can devise is resorted to, except the only one which can ultimately avail—GRANTING THE PEOPLE JUSTICE. The poor are becoming “more numerous, more miserable, and more depraved.”

Chartism numbers its million and a half on one single petition to Parliament ; trades-unions are more numerous, and the revolutionary spirit is becoming more and more difficult to control : the national mind is heaving under a sense of outrage ; of violated rights ; of injustice to man as a creature of God, entitled to his share of God’s blessings in the world ; and these must continue to be the results of the present blind policy of the English government.

The aristocracy of wealth, birth, and influence (with a few exceptions), are unwilling to remove the heavy burdens they have bound upon the backs of the people ; and, appalled by the results of misgovernment and oppression ; by the crimes, suffering, degradation, and *discontent* of the lower classes, they are seeking every day for some new contrivance to counteract the effects of their own wrong-doing.

When the confused and maddened roar of the people becomes at length so loud that it can be heard in the palace ; and ominous signs which are not to be mistaken appear, *then* the government brings in some relief measure, *so called* ; passes a

reform bill, after the public feeling is so deeply stirred that some Macauley is heard to say in his place, "You can evade the question no longer ; for *through* Parliament, or *out of* Parliament, this bill must and will pass." But I believe Parliament has never on such occasions given to the people any more liberty or justice than they were obliged to ; conceding just enough to bribe the masses into silence *for the time*. This is the policy of men who tame wild beasts : they give them food to stop their savage ravings, but enfeeble them by hunger as much as they dare, that they may be the more easily controlled.

Would free Americans brook such a government ? Would you be able to stop the mouths of Lowell operatives by half a supply of bread ? You could, no doubt, if they had never been accustomed to more. Men may become so inured to oppression that they will endure a vast amount of injustice and wrong without complaining. What then must be the burdens under which the English people groan, when they who have for ages been accustomed to submit to oppression will bear it no longer ? Parliament has never yet granted the subjects of the British crown even what are called "inalienable rights" with us ; much less has it secured to them the quiet and permanent possession of those privileges which the Christianity and civilization of modern times ought to bestow. There are many of the middle classes, and a few among the aristocracy, who

do what they can to remedy the evils of imperial misrule. But what substantial relief can the starving millions of England experience from the charities of the few ?

These charities are often generous ; but when government assumes the protection of the people, is it expected that liberal individuals, by extending private aid to a few, can remedy the evils of the misgovernment of the whole ? A humane and Christian nobleman may employ five hundred of the idle and the poor who can buy bread with their labour nowhere else, in cutting down a hill to improve his landscape, and feed and clothe them and their wives and children ; this is well, for there is more benevolence in giving to the poor labour and its reward, than there is in supporting them in idleness. Some benevolent and rich lady may gather a hundred orphan or indigent children into a charity school ; it is noble, and the God of the poor will bless her for it forever.

Subscription-lists may tell of thousands of pounds raised to feed the needy in times of scarcity of bread, and of commercial distress ; and every town and village may have its charitable institution, in some instances patronised by the aristocracy ; but what does all this avail so long as five times the amount thus given to the poor is again wrung from them by a cruel bread-tax, which takes food from their mouths to swell the incomes of the land-owners ; or by church-rates and tithes, to support a worldly and

oppressive religious establishment ; or by poor-rates, to feed the millions who have been made paupers by this very taxation system ?

Show me a man who, in the decline of life, falls upon his parish for support in the workhouse, and I will show you a man who has been compelled to labour half his days to sustain the government which has made him a pauper at last—a man who, with the same labour and economy, would have accumulated in America an independent estate, and reared up a beautiful and well-educated family to smooth the down-hill steep of age, comfort him in sickness, and close his eyes in death's peaceful sleep. There can be no doubt that it costs the poor man five times as much to be a subject of Great Britain, if he lives on this island, as it would if he were a citizen of the United States.

Is there any benevolence in giving shelter to the broken-down operative to come and die in, when his overstrained muscles at length give way ? or in answering his cry for bread by telling him to emigrate to America ? Is there even JUSTICE in it ?

Says Carlyle, that acute observer ; that lover of the right and the true ; that hater of shams and wrong ; that strange being, “ who dares do all that may become a man ”—in his Chartism : “ The master of horses, when the summer labour is done, has to feed his horses through the winter. If he said to his horses, ‘ Quadrupeds, I have no longer work for you, but work exists abundantly over the world ; are you

ignorant (or must I read you political economy lectures) that the steam-engine always, in the long run, creates additional work? Railways are forming in one quarter of the earth, canals in another; much cartage is wanted somewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; doubt it not, ye will find cartage; go and seek cartage, and good go with you.' They, with protrusive upper lip, snort dubious, signifying that Europe, Asia, Africa, and America lie somewhat out of their beat; that what cartage may be wanted there, is not too well known to them. *They* can find no cartage. They gallop distracted along highways, all fenced in to the right and to the left; finally, under pains of hunger, they take to leaping fences; eating foreign property, and—we know the rest.—Ah! it is not a joyful mirth; it is sadder than tears, the laugh humanity is forced to at *Laissez-faire*, applied to poor peasants in a world like our Europe of the year 1839."

No; I am quite disposed to think, that the horse which has worked through his working life, is justly entitled to something to eat when he can work no more. So thinks the slaveholder, who supports his worn-out servants. One would laugh him in the face to hear him talk of the *charity* of the act. Indeed, in six Southern states I have never heard a word about the *charity* of it. I have heard some zealous advocate of slavery at the North say something about it, but never without raising a laugh at the misnomer.



The English workhouses are reckoned among the "Charities." Perhaps it would be well to find for them some other name. Some of these workhouses do, indeed, afford comfortable homes for the poor (as the word comfort is defined in the vocabulary of men who have learned to dispense with a greater part of what other men call the necessities of life). But there is nothing so painful, I find, to a man of spirit and sensibility, as the thought of being one day compelled to enter a workhouse. It is a dark cloud, that hangs on the vision of every poor man in England when he looks into the future.

These workhouses are often the scenes of great cruelty, privation, and suffering. The description which that master painter of human wo, Charles Dickens, has given of the workhouse, will not do, we all know, for the majority of them; but it will do for many. You have read Parliamentary reports, books, pamphlets, etc., on this subject; conversed with those who are familiar with it; perhaps witnessed the workhouse system in England with your own eyes. You are aware that in many instances the keepers speculate on the stomachs of parish paupers; keeping them upon short or damaged food; denying them many of the most common necessities of life, and all its comforts.

Instances are not a few in which the inmates of these houses die in lonely, filthy chambers by night, without medical aid; without an attendant; without even a rush-light to flicker over their pillows

while they are passing through death's struggles. The selfish avarice of the keeper combines with the *interest* of the parish to shorten the pauper's days, and rid themselves of the thankless burden as quickly as possible. To accomplish this, the cords of life are cut asunder by cold neglect and barbarous treatment.

All that is known about such cases is, that the prayer of the dying pauper is often denied, when he asks that the physician come may to him, or some one watch by his bed ; or the minister of religion be called to breathe out a prayer for his soul ; or, if he is to be left entirely alone while the soul is breaking away from its shattered house, that they will have mercy and bring a light, that the darkness of night may not mingle with the death shades of the grave as they settle over his bed of rags.

In the morning they go to his chamber, and find that he is dead. It causes no grief ; no friend was with him when he died—but God. A rough coffin is ordered—price 7*s.* 6*d.*—the body is taken away, and that is the end of the pauper ; his dying groan heard only by the ear of a merciful God ; over his grave no tear of affection is shed ; no monument ever rises ; and in a little while no one but He whose all-seeing eye notices the falling sparrow, can tell whose grave it is where the pauper sleeps.

The workhouse is a gloomy place for the poor to go to ; it is one of the most dismal places I ever entered. In the best of them England does not pay

back to the pauper half the law has taken from his former earnings. It would be a difficult matter, I apprehend, to find many persons in the parish workhouse who have not paid far more to support the government which has impoverished them, than the parish pays for their support when they can work no longer.

For any who may think I exaggerate the miseries of these places, I will quote a short description from the writings of Dr. Southey: "When the poor are incapable of contributing any longer to their own support, they are removed to what is called the workhouse. I cannot express to you the feeling of hopelessness and dread with which all the decent poor look on to this wretched termination of a life of labour. To this place all vagrants are sent for punishment; unmarried women with child go here to be delivered; and poor orphans and base-born children are brought up here till they are of age to be apprenticed off: the other inmates are those unhappy people who are utterly helpless—parish idiots and madmen, the blind and the palsied, and the old who are fairly worn out.

"It is not in the nature of things that the superintendents of such institutions as these should be gentle-hearted, when the superintendence is undertaken merely for the salary. There are always enough competitors for the management among those people who can get no better situation; but, whatever kindness of disposition they may bring with them to

the task, it is soon perverted by the perpetual sight of depravity and of suffering. The management of children who grow up without one natural affection, where there is none to love them, and, consequently, none whom they can love, would alone be sufficient to sour a happier disposition than is usually brought to the government of a workhouse.

“To this society of wretchedness the labouring poor of England look as their last resting-place on this side the grave; and, rather than enter abodes so miserable, they endure the severest privations as long as it is possible to exist. A feeling of honest pride makes them shrink from a place where guilt and poverty are confounded: and it is heart-breaking for those who have reared a family of their own, to be subjected in their old age to the harsh and unfeeling authority of persons younger than themselves, neither better born nor better bred. They dread, also, the disrespectful and careless funeral, which public charity, or, rather, law bestows; and many a wretch denies himself the few sordid comforts within his reach, in order that he may hoard up enough to purchase a more decent burial, a better shroud, or a firmer coffin than the parish will afford.”

No! let things be called by their right names; this is *not* charity. I love the generous spirit which prompts private individuals to do all they can to relieve the suffering and enlighten the ignorance of the lower classes; but the vast sum raised by private munificence is not worthy to be compared with the

enormous amount which the law wrings from these same classes.

It will be said that such persons should bear their share of burdens imposed by the state, for the protection of its citizens and the administration of its affairs. True: but I claim they bear *vastly more* than their share; and the sums which they pay to the government above what the government can justly draw from them, would in the aggregate make a fund more than sufficient for the comfortable support of all the paupers in England: a fund which would furnish them the comforts as well as necessities of life; would educate their children, and elevate the whole labouring class.

After all that is said, then, about the humane provision for the parish poor, they are great sufferers. All the charity they receive from private beneficence or the parish is no recompense for the injustice they endure, although great credit should, I admit, be awarded to their private benefactors.

I suppose there is no land where so much money is raised by voluntary contribution for humane objects; neither is there a land where the government imposes such heavy burdens upon its subjects.

But I alluded to her system of domestic industry. I have visited some of the principal manufacturing towns in the kingdom; and by spending two weeks in Manchester and its immediate neighbourhood, I have had an opportunity of somewhat carefully examining the Factory System, and the condition of the operatives.

I need not speak of the excellence of the machinery or of the work: it is well known that the English manufacturers have reduced almost every department of mechanism to what seems to be absolute perfection. But one cares little for the beauty of machinery or its creations when he sees the human frame in ruins. It cannot be forgotten, that as manufactures have gone up, the operatives have gone down.

This general principle may be applied to the whole system of British manufactures; and it is a truth no candid man, who has investigated the subject, will question, that WHILE THE WORK IS MADE PERFECT, THE WORKMAN IS DESTROYED.

But to be more particular. Manchester is the largest manufacturing town in Great Britain; and in size and population the second city in the kingdom, having nearly the same number of inhabitants as New-York. "Imagine this multitude crowded together in narrow streets, the houses all built of brick and blackened with smoke; frequent buildings among them as large as convents, without their antiquity, without their beauty, without their holiness; where you hear from within, as you pass along, the everlasting din of machinery; and where, when the bell rings, it is to call wretches to their work instead of their prayers: imagine this, and you have the materials for a picture of Manchester."

I went through several of the largest mills, and some of the smaller ones. In every instance the pro-



prietors and overlookers who led me round wished me to look through *their* eyes. But having a good pair of my own to which I was more accustomed, I chose to use them. In many of the mills there were certain large rooms crowded with operatives (I was told), which, for reasons best known to the proprietors, I was not permitted to enter. I can easily imagine that a person may go through many an English factory without seeing much of the evil of the system. An intelligent gentleman, who is familiar with it in all its parts, accompanied me, and pointed out many things which I should not otherwise have observed, and which I shall not soon forget; for I saw much that spoke of sorrow, ignorance, and gloom.

A certain writer says there is a plant in the East Indies, called *Veloutier* by the French, which exales an odour very agreeable at a distance, but which becomes less so as it is approached, until its smell is insupportably loathsome. Alcetas himself could not have imagined an emblem more appropriate to the manufacturing system of Great Britain. As we contemplate it from our side of the Atlantic, it seems to be the glory of England, ministering not only to our own luxury, as well as to the wealth of the proprietors, but to the comfort of vast multitudes who are by it furnished with labour and the reward which industry brings. But the deep poverty and the tears of the operatives we know nothing of.

Not a day in the year passes that the sails of

commerce are not unfurled to bear the manufactured goods of England to foreign countries. Of this England boasts. And well she might, if those astonishing creations of human skill were not the price of blood. The Lancashire manufacturers told us, with an air of exultation worthy of a better cause, "There is no idleness among us here ; you see the discipline, the machinery, the division of labour ; we are proud of our skill and industry ; we clothe the world ;" and they might have added, "strip and starve our labourers to do it."

But nothing has given me so much pain as to see the utter ruin this system entails upon *children*. The introduction of labour-saving machinery created a great demand for the labour of children. They can now accomplish as much for their masters in one day by machinery, as strong men could formerly in many ; and they work for a few cents a day, and board themselves. I have seen one estimate from high authority, stating that the number of children of both sexes under the age of 18, engaged in the cotton, wool, silk, and flax manufactures of *England alone*, is *over* two hundred thousand ; and the whole number of persons employed in the different branches of these four manufactures in Great Britain, is estimated at two millions. But Mr. Baines computes the number of persons directly employed in the manufacture of cotton alone, with those immediately dependant upon them for subsistence, at one and a half million. It should be remembered that this es-

timate embraces only the operatives in four branches of the great manufacturing system.

The number of persons engaged in the British coal-trade is said to be over 140,000 ; one third of whom spend their days under ground, working in the mines. They are a stunted and deformed race of men. Being obliged, in doing their work, to keep themselves in a cramped and unnatural position so much of the time, they become crooked, and even in their common gait walk as though they were crushed down with heavy burdens.

Accidents in coal-mines frequently occur, arising principally from explosions of inflammable gas. The Committee of the House of Commons appointed to examine into the condition of the colliers, reported they had ascertained that 2070 lives had been lost in twenty-five years by these explosions. In no instance had a person in the mines survived the accident to tell how it arose. Mr. Buddle, of Wallsend, an extremely well-informed coal engineer, says that "the number of persons employed *under ground* on the Tyne are, men, 4937 ; boys, 3554."

There are over 400 furnaces in Great Britain, employing directly in the production of iron 75,000 persons, and the business provides subsistence for a million. The aggregate amount of iron produced in the year 1839 was 800,000 tons. In the preparation of salt, alum, and other minerals, vast numbers of persons are engaged. The whole number employed in the production of all sorts of iron, hardware, and

cutlery articles, is estimated at 350,000. In the manufacture of jewelry, earthen and glass ware, paper, woollen stuffs, distilled and fermented liquors, &c., &c., the numbers employed are very great.

There is not a branch of this immense system of manufacture, in which there is not a painful sacrifice of health and life. The ignorance, vice, disease, deformity, and wretchedness of the English operatives, *as a body*, almost exceed belief. The philanthropists of England should relax nothing in their exertions for the emancipation of the millions still held in bondage in their foreign possessions; but I am persuaded the physical miseries of the English operatives are greater by far than the West India slaves suffered before their emancipation.

The hundreds of thousands of a tender age employed in all these various branches of manufacture, are in all cases the children of the poor: many of them the children of paupers, apprenticed to the proprietors of factories by the parish authorities; for when the father goes to the workhouse, he has no longer any voice in the management of his children. They are separated at the will of the parish. It is said that this class, which is very numerous, fare harder than any other, which can readily be believed.

They are, to all intents and purposes, as absolutely under the control of their masters as though they were slaves. There is hardly an instance in which the law ever interferes for their protection, let

the abuse be what it may. They are too ignorant to understand their rights, and too weak to assert them ; they are trained up to one single branch of labour, and forever disqualified for everything else ; they are neither instructed in science, religion, nor the common business and economy of life. Dr Southey relates the following conversation with the proprietor of a mill in Manchester :

“ ‘ We are well off for hands in Manchester,’ said Mr. — ; ‘ manufactures are favourable to population ; the poor are not afraid of having a family here ; the parishes, therefore, have always plenty to apprentice, and we take them as fast as they can supply us. In new manufacturing towns they find it difficult to get a supply. Their only method is to send people round the country to get children from their parents. Women usually undertake this business ; they promise the parents to provide for the children ; one party is glad to be eased of a burden, and it answers well to the other to find the young ones in food, lodging, and clothes, and receive their wages.’ ‘ But if these children should be ill used ?’ said I. ‘ Sir,’ he replied, ‘ it can never be the *interest* of the women to use them ill, nor of the manufacturer to permit it.’ ”

And so it could be said, that it is never for the interest of men to do wrong, and oppress their fellow-men. It is not for the interest of the English government, if they understood their true policy, to endanger the stability of the throne or the safety of

the people ; to enrage the lower classes by unjust legislation. It was not for the interest of Charles I. to urge the nation into a revolution, as his own headless trunk testified while it lay upon the scaffold by the upper window of Whitehall Palace. If there be a class of persons obtained for selfish purposes, and reduced to the condition of mere instruments in the hands of their masters, it is the English apprentices.

Some years ago the cruelties inflicted upon factory children aroused the indignation of several distinguished individuals, who brought the matter before Parliament ; and the Reports of the Investigating Committees, as well as facts brought out by others interested in the matter, convincingly show that the most shocking inhumanities are practised upon these poor children.

I will extract a few paragraphs from one of these Reports.

*Evidence of Eliza Marshall.*—"Eliza Marshall lives at Leeds ; worked at Marsi all's factory. Am seventeen years old. Father dead. Sister and self did what we could to support mother. Have cried many an hour in the factory. Could scarcely get home ; sometimes had to be 'trailed home. I have an *iron on my right leg*, and my knee is contracted. Worked in great pain and misery. I was straight before. Sister carried me up to bed many a time. The surgeon says it is with long standing at the mill, and that the *marrow is quite dried up*, and will never be formed again."



*Evidence of Stephen Binns.*—“Stephen Binns stated, I have worked in Mr. Marshall’s factory. The work produces deformity. It lames the children. The work exacted from the children is all that can possibly be done. It cannot be done without resorting to flogging. It is an offence for any one to speak to another. The water used for hot spinning is heated to 110 or 120 degrees. The children have almost continually to plunge their hands and arms in that water. The heat of the rooms and the steam almost macerate their bodies, and their clothes are steamed and wet. If they fall sick, they are turned adrift directly, without wages, without provision. If a girl complain of ill-usage, she is discharged immediately, without any redress. The present system is ruining the rising generation. It is sacrificing the children for a paltry consideration!”

*Evidence of Samuel Downe.*—“Samuel Downe. I was ten years o’d when I began to work at Mr. Marshall’s mill at Shrewsbury. We began at five in the morning, and worked till eight at night. The engine never stopped, except forty minutes at dinner-time. The children were kept awake by a blow or a box. Very considerable severity was used in that mill. I was strapped most severely till I could not bear to sit upon a chair without having pillows; and I was forced to lie upon my face in bed at one time, and through that I left. I was strapped on my legs, and then I was put upon

a man's back and strapped, and then I was strapped and buckled with two straps to an iron pillar and flogged. After that the overlooker took a piece of tow, twisted it in the shape of a cord, and put in my mouth, and tied it behind my head ; he thus gagged me. We were thus beaten. We were never allowed to sit down. Young women were beaten as well as young men."

*Evidence of an Overlooker.*—"The overlooker examined says: he walks around the room with a stick in his hand, and if a child falls drowsy over his work, he touches that child on the shoulder, and conducts it to an iron cistern which is filled with water. He then takes the child (heedless of sex) by the legs, and dips it overhead in the cistern, and sends it to its work. In that condition the child labours for the remainder of the day. That is the punishment for drowsiness! \* \* \* \* We have a vast number of cripples. Some are cripples from losing their limbs, many from standing too long. It first begins with a pain in the ankle ; after that they will ask the overlooker to let them sit down ; but they must not. Then they begin to be weak in the knee, then knock-kneed ; after that their feet turn out, they become splay-footed, and their ankles swell as big as my fists. I know many deformed in the manner described."

*Evidence of David Bywater.*—"Were you afterward taken to the steaming department?" "Yes."  
 "At what age?" "I believe I was turned thirteen

then." "Is that a laborious department?" "Yes."  
"At what age were you when you entered upon the night-work?" "I was nearly fourteen."

"Will you state to the committee the labour which you endured when you were put upon long hours, and the night-work was added?"

"I started at one o'clock on Monday morning, and went on till twelve o'clock on Tuesday night."

"You say you were taken to be a steamer; are not very stout, healthy youth usually selected for that purpose?"

"Yes; the overlooker said he thought I should be the strongest." \* \* \* "Were you perfect in your limbs when you undertook that long and excessive labour?" "Yes, I was." "What effect did it produce upon you?" "It brought a weakness on me: I felt my knees quite ache." "Had you pain in your limbs and all over your body?" "Yes." "Show what effect it had upon your limbs." "It made me very crooked" (here the witness showed his knees and legs). "Are your thighs also bent?" "Yes, the bone is quite bent."

"How long was it after you had to endure this long labour before your limbs felt in that way?" "I was very soon told of it before I found it out myself."

"What did they tell you?" "They told me I was getting very crooked in my knees; my mother found it out first."

"What did she say about it?" "She said I should kill myself with working this long time."

“If you had refused to work those long hours, and wished to have worked a moderate length of time only, should you have been retained in your situation?”

“I should have had to go home; I should have been turned off directly.”

These miserable young slaves have no power of choice; for if they, or their parents for them, *refuse*, they are instantly turned off to literal starvation; no parish assistance being allowed to those who resist the regulations of the manufacturers.

Says Mrs. Trollope, in the beautiful story of Michael Armstrong, “Whenever our boasted trade flows briskly, they are compelled to stand to their work for just as many hours as the application of the overlooker’s strap or billy-roller can keep them on their legs. Innumerable instances are on record of children falling from excess of weariness on the machinery, and *being called to life by its lacerating their flesh*. It continually happens that young creatures under fifteen years of age are kept from their beds all night. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen hours of labour out of the twenty-four, are cases which recur continually, and I need not say with what effect upon these victims of ferocious avarice. \* \* \* \*

“Two hundred thousand little creatures, created by the abounding mercy of God with faculties for enjoyment so perfect that no poverty short of actual starvation can check their joy, so long as innocence and liberty be left them! Two hundred thousand

little creatures, for whose freedom from toil during their tender years the awful voice of nature has gone forth, to be snatched away, living and feeling, from the pure air of heaven, while the beautiful process is going on by which their delicate fabric gradually strengthens into maturity; taken forever from all with which their Maker has surrounded them, for the purpose of completing his own noblest work; taken and lodged amid stench, and stunning, terrifying tumult; driven to and fro till their little limbs bend under them, hour after hour and day after day; the repose of a moment to be purchased only by yielding their tender bodies to the fist, the heel, or the strap of the overlooker!"

This is almost as shocking as anything Mrs. Trollope found in the "Domestic Manners of the Americans."

Let me ask your attention, dear sir, for a moment longer, to this terrible history of early suffering, developed in the evidence on the Factory Bill.

*Evidence of Elden Hargrave.*—"In attending to this machine, are you not always upon the stretch and upon the move?" "Yes, always."

"Do you not use your hand a good deal in stretching it out?" "Yes."

"What effect had this long labour upon you?" "I had a pain across my knees, and I got crooked."

"Was it in the back of your knees or the side of your knees?" "All round."

"Will you show your limbs?" (Here the witness exposed her legs and knees.)

“Were your knees ever straight at any time?”  
 “They were straight before I went to Mr. Brown’s mill.” \* \* \* \* \*

“You say you worked for *seventeen hours a day all the year round* ; did you do that without interruption ?” “YES.”

“Could you attend any day or night school?”  
 “No.”

“Can you write ?” “No.”

“Can you read ?” “I can read a little in a spelling-book.”

“Where did you learn that ? did you go to a Sunday-school ?” “No ; I had no clothes to go in.”

*Evidence of Mr. Thomas Daniel relative to the boys called Scavengers.*—“You have stated that there is considerable difference in the ages of the children employed ; are the younger or the older of the children employed those that have to undergo the greatest degree of labour and exertion ?” “The younger.”

“Those you call scavengers ?” “Yes, scavengers and middle-piecers.”

“Will you state their average age ?” “The average age of scavengers will not be more than ten years.”

“Describe to the committee the employment of those scavengers.” “Their work is to keep the machines, while they are going, clean from all kinds of dust and dirt that may be flying about, and they are in all sorts of positions to come at them ; I think that their bodily exertion is more than they are able



to bear, for they are constantly kept in a state of activity."

"Have they not to clean the machines, and to creep under, and run round them, and to change and accommodate their position in every possible manner, in order to keep those machines in proper order?" "They are in all sorts of postures that the human body is capable of being put into, to come at the machines."

"Are they not peculiarly liable to accidents, then?" "In many instances they are; but not so much now as they formerly were; spinners take more care and more notice of the children than they formerly did."

"Do you think that they are capable of performing that work for the length of time that you have described?" "Not without doing them a serious injury with respect to their health and their bodily strength."

"State the effect that it has upon them, according to your own observation and experience." "Those children, every moment they have to spare, will be stretched at their length upon the floor in a state of perspiration, and we are obliged to keep them up to the work by using either a strap or some harsh language, and they are kept continually in a state of agitation; I consider them to be constantly in a state of grief, though some of them cannot shed tears; their condition greatly depresses their spirits."

"They live in a state of constant apprehension,

and often in one of terror ?” “They are always in terror ; and I consider that that does them as much injury as their labour, their minds being in a constant state of agitation and fear.”

“You consider, then, upon the whole, their state as one of extreme hardship and misery ?” “So much so that I have made up my mind that my children shall never go into a factory, more especially as scavengers and piecers.”

“What do you mean by saying that those children are always in a state of terror and fear ?” “The reason of their being in a state of terror and fear is, that we are obliged to have our work done, and we are compelled, therefore, to use the strap, or some harsh language, which it hurts my feelings often to do, for I think it is heart-breaking to the poor child.”

“Do not you think that their labour is more aggravating to them at the end of the day ?” “I do ; for we have to be more harsh with them at the latter part of the day than in the middle part of it. The greatest difficulty that we have to contend with, in point of making them do their labour, is in the morning and after four o’clock in the afternoon. The long hours that they have laboured the day before, in my opinion, cause them to be very sleepy in the morning.”

“Have you observed them to be drowsy in the after part of the day ?” “Very much so.” \* \* \*

You cannot have failed, dear sir, to have examined most thoroughly a question of such deep interest

as this. You are also aware that I could multiply extracts like these from every page of what Bulwer calls "this huge calendar of childish suffering." "Thus prepared and seasoned for the miseries of life," says the humane author alluded to, "the boy enters upon manhood—aged while yet youthful—and compelled by premature exhaustion to the dread relief of artificial stimulus. Gin, not even the pure spirit, but its dire adulteration—opium—narcotic drugs; these are the horrible cements with which he repairs the rents and chasms of a shattered, macerated frame. He marries; and becomes in his turn the reproducer of new sufferers.—A government should represent a parent; *with us it only represents a dun with a bailiff at his heels!*"

These fearful pictures remind one of the outrageous tortures of the Inquisition. And yet these terrible results come legitimately from the oppressive policy of the English government. A vast amount of the sufferings and ignorance of the working classes are to be directly attributed to the tyrannical corn-laws; laws made to enrich the landholders at the expense of the poor. For it is impossible for the poor man in England to pay from his small income the enormous bread-tax, and have enough left to clothe his family and provide them other necessities of life.

Countries which would gladly exchange their agricultural productions for the manufactures of England, being denied a market in that kingdom for

them, are tempted to retaliate by prohibiting the entry of her cottons ; they devote their energies to the establishment of manufactures, first to supply themselves, but ultimately for export. England must undersell them in foreign markets or lose the trade ; and, consequently, cheapness of production must be attained, though children become cripples, and their little frames wasted by uninterrupted labour from five in the morning until eight at night. Thus the landed interest of England is protected (or supposed to be protected ; for it can be shown that the land-owners would not suffer by a free trade in corn) at the expense of misery through life, and a premature death, to thousands upon thousands.

Yet so mighty is the power of the English aristocracy, that it seems impossible to repeal this restrictive policy. It is understood that the present ministry will bring in a bill to regulate the introduction of foreign corn, so that the scale of duties shall no longer fluctuate as at present, and other nations be able, at a moderate duty, to import their surplus grain into England.

In a conversation a few days ago with one of the cabinet (Lord Morpeth, Secretary for Ireland\*), he

\* I have seen it stated that Lord Morpeth, late Secretary for Ireland, intends soon to make the tour of the United States. He is one of those men who have won the admiration of all true friends of liberty in England, by his bold and faithful defence of the rights of his oppressed countrymen. Let him be honoured by Americans if he comes among us ; not because he is a nobleman, for I would have no man honoured for being born with a silver spoon in his mouth, but because he is a friend of liberty.

expressed the opinion that the bill would be defeated by the Conservatives in both Houses; but the ministry were determined to introduce it; and if the people of Great Britain would not sustain them in so humane a measure, they could resign their places, with the consciousness of having done all in their power to relieve the poor from so oppressive an act. [This bill has been introduced and defeated. Parliament has been dissolved; an appeal made, not to the English people, for they have nothing to do with the laws, as Burke said, but to *obey them*; but to the electors, who are a small minority of the people; and through the basest bribery and the most corrupt management, a Tory majority has been returned to the House of Commons.

For a time Liberty seems to have left England; but in the end freedom will lose nothing. The indignation of the people will be more deeply inflamed than ever. The time has gone by when a Tory ministry can long administer the government of England. While they are in the transient enjoyment of their hard-earned, basely-gotten power, the great Liberal party will all rally round one common banner, on which shall be inscribed "The Great Reform Bill;" and gather strength from union, to plant that banner firmly and triumphantly upon the corner-stone of the British Constitution. The people of England were never more ripe for a revolution; and if it must come, the great majority of them are prepared to meet it.]

Heaven forbid that America should ever be cursed with such a manufacturing system as that which is now the curse of England. May the day never come, when any great proportion of the labouring classes of America shall be taken from her broad fields and rich soil, where the muscles grow strong and the frame sturdy by honest labour in the open air; where the wages of a few months will purchase the fee-simple forever of enough of the earth's surface to be dignified by the name of *home*, and which will produce the grand necessities of life for the working man's family.

Who that has ever known the luxury not only of breathing the free air of a republic, but a luxury greater still, of seeing millions of strong freemen around him, cutting down their own tall forests, and casting the precious seed into their own soil, and reaping their own harvests, ever would see the day come, when, in his own land, the masses of honest labourers shall know what it is to bow down under the dictation of idle masters to the wasting toil of the factory, or even the labour of the field? It is not because I would see my countrymen exempt from labour; it is not because I would wish to see the poor of England loitering idly around the streets and fields: I would have labour a blessing, as God designed it should be; and not have it made a curse by oppression.

I always admired those noble sentiments of your own, "I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone



can keep us alive. \* \* \* Manual labour is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character ; a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things ; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate, indulgent friend could do for us ; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. \* \* \* I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind, than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. \* \* No business or study which does not present obstacles, tasking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. \* \* The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is, I apprehend, one of our great preparatives for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connexions with their future existence ; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness in the world to come. You here see that to me labour has great dignity. \* \*

“ I do not, then, desire to release the labourer from toil. This is not the elevation to be sought for him. Manual labour is a great good ; but, in so saying, *I must be understood to speak of labour in its just pro-*

*portion.* It is not good when made the sole work of life. In excess, it does great harm. It must be joined with higher means of improvement, or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature, which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation should be mixed up with his physical toils. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles; and he is grievously wronged when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence. Life should be an alternation of employments, so diversified as to call the whole man into action.

“In proportion as Christianity shall spread the spirit of brotherhood, there will and must be a more equal distribution of toils and means of improvement. That system of labour which saps the health, and shortens life, and famishes intellect, needs and must receive great modification.”

In England it is lamentably true, “that the labourer can gain subsistence for himself and his family only by a degree of labour which forbids the use of means of improvement. His necessary toil leaves no time or strength for thought. He can live but for one end, which is to keep himself alive. He cannot give time and strength to intellectual, social, and moral culture without starving his family.”

In illustration of these truths, suffer me, sir, to relate a conversation I had with a railroad porter in Manchester. On my first visit to this town, I em-

ployed a porter to carry my carpet-bag to my lodgings, about two miles and a half. He was a temperate and sensible man.

In passing through one of the principal streets, we met a noisy procession of perhaps 20,000 persons that had collected to receive two celebrated Chartists just liberated from prison. We turned into a by-street to avoid the crowd, and walked on.

“Have you a family, sir?” I inquired.

“Yes, sir; I have a wife and nine children, and a pretty hard time we have too, we are so many; and most of the children are so small, they can do little for the support of the family. I generally get from two shillings to a crown a day for carrying luggage; and some of my children are in the mills; and the rest are too young to work yet. My wife is never well, and it comes pretty hard on her to do the work of the whole family. We often talk these things over, and feel pretty sad. We live in a poor house; we can’t clothe our children comfortably; not one of them ever went to school; they could go to the Sunday-school, but we can’t make them look decent enough to go to such a place. As for meat, we never taste it; potatoes and coarse bread are our principal food. We can’t save anything for a day of want; almost everything we get for our work seems to go for taxes. We are taxed for something almost every week in the year. We have no time to ourselves when we are free from work. It seems that our life is all toil; I sometimes almost give up.

Life isn't worth much to a poor man in England; and sometimes Mary and I, when we talk about it, pretty much conclude that we should all be better off if we were dead. I have gone home at night a great many times, and told my wife when she said supper was ready, that I had taken a bite at a chophouse on the way, and was not hungry—she and the children could eat my share. Yes, I have said this a great many times when I felt pretty hungry myself. I sometimes wonder that God suffers so many poor people to come into the world."

"Don't you go to church on Sunday?"

"No, sir; I am ashamed to say it, but I have been to no religious meeting for several years. I cannot get such clothes as would be decent without depriving my family of some of the necessities of life; and this I can't do."

"You spoke about being better off if you were dead. Do you ever think much about the interests of your soul, and what it is to die?"

"Why, sir, *I have not time to think much about those things; it's all I can do to get through this world, without taking any trouble about another.* If I had time to spare, I should like nothing better than to examine into religion, for I believe there is a good deal in it; but I long ago made up my mind that I would do my best in this world to make my family comfortable and happy, and when I came to die, make the best of that too."

"Have you a Bible in your family, sir?"

“No, sir; and if we had it would do us no good; for we can’t any of us read it. And, besides, if I had a crown to spare for a Bible, I should rather get a leg of mutton with my money, and that would do some good to my family.”

When I was about to leave him I gave him the sum he was entitled to, and a few shillings for a Bible.

“Yes, sir,” he said, “I will spend it for a Bible, after what you have said; and perhaps some day one of my children will be able to read it.”

As he turned to go, he said “I wish you would let me take your hand *once*.”

I gave it to him, and after holding it firmly in his strong grasp some time, he said, “If you will remember to pray for me once in a while, I shall be glad.” A few large tears came down his face as he said “Good by, sir.” I think I have met in your writings with the following sentiment: “That a state of society which leaves the mass of men to be crushed and famished in soul by excessive toils on matter, is at war with God’s designs, and turns into means of bondage what was meant to free and expand the soul.”

One feels the force of this observation in England, as he never can in America. No, I never desire to see any country exempt from labour. But I would have the labourer related to his employer by other bonds than those of want and stern necessity; for the moment you reduce a man to that condition, you begin to degrade him. He cannot feel that

he is a man, if he knows he is entirely subjected to the will of another. If he has all his physical wants supplied; his misery may still be very great ; for man can in no way suffer so keenly as in thinking that he is wronged : *I am treated with injustice !* That thought goes deeper into the soul than any other. It goes down and stirs the lowest stratum of man's nature, where God has laid broad and immovable the consciousness of his rights. That feeling, "*I am wronged,*" was the secret of the French Revolution. It has here gone no farther than Chartism yet ; but it *will* go farther, unless the people can be made to feel they are treated with justice.

England boasts of her manufactures ; that she supplies the world with her wares ; undersells all nations in foreign markets ; can even pay a heavy duty for the admission of her fabrics, and still rival the manufacturers of every land, and amass princely fortunes by the commerce. Let us consider this boasted superiority. The operative must be kept miserably poor and oppressed, or such a state of things could not exist. To maintain the system, there must be laws (made by the master) to regulate the poor man's work ; laws to prevent his removing from one place to another in the kingdom.

In Espriella's Letters we find this statement : " We talk of the liberty of the English, and they talk of their own liberty ; but there is no liberty in England for the poor. They are no longer sold with the soil, it is true ; but they cannot quit the soil, if



there be any probability or suspicion that age or infirmity may disable them. If, in such a case, they endeavour to remove to some situation where they hope more easily to maintain themselves; where work is more plentiful or provisions cheaper, the overseers (of the workhouse) are alarmed; the intruder is apprehended as if he were a criminal, and sent back to his own parish. Wherever a pauper dies, that parish must be at the cost of his funeral; instances, therefore, have not been wanting of wretches in the last stage of disease having been hurried away in an open cart upon straw, and dying upon the road. Nay, even women in the very pains of labour have been driven out, and have perished by the wayside, because the birthplace of the child would be its parish."

The suffering operatives of England would not be crowded together by hundreds into hot task-houses by day, and herded together in damp cellars by night; they would not toil on in unwholesome employments a whole lifetime; they would not sweat night and day before furnaces which are never permitted to cool, and breathe in vapours which must inevitably produce disease and death—the poor would never submit to this unless they were in that state of abject poverty which precludes instruction, and hope for the future, and reduces them, like the beasts of the field, to seek nothing beyond the gratification of their present wants. They must bow to the dictation of cruel masters, and endure all the

miseries of which I have spoken, and numberless others unknown to all but themselves—or *starve*.

Contrast these factory children, as they flock from the mills at evening to their gloomy homes, with the fresh, rosy-cheeked children of the middle classes; contrast them even with the children of the wandering gipsies: the traveller sees these singular and picturesque “squatters” on heaths, in lawns, and wild glens, scattered all over England. You may have read that touching paragraph about them in *Nicholas Nickleby*; for your love of the true and the beautiful must have led you to read that beautiful “history of the uprisings and downfallings of the *Nickleby* family.”

“Even the sunburnt faces of gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there; to know that the air and light are on them every day; to feel that they *are* children, and lead children’s lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of heaven, and not with tears; that the limbs of their girls are free, and that they are not crippled with distortions, imposing an unnatural and horrible penance upon their sex; that their lives are spent from day to day, at least among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines, which make young children old before they know what childhood is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmity of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send that old nursery-tales were

true, and that the gipsies stole such children by the score."

Who can tell, one thinks, as he looks on these little sufferers, in whose faces the deep lines of want and sorrow are drawn, like cruel gashes in some tender flower-stem, which would have been fresh and blooming; who can tell how many minds have thus been crushed—minds which might have made their own age an era, and future times proud of their names, if they had not been sacrificed on the altar of Mammon? How many hearts there are among them whose cheerfulness has been blasted forever; who, when told by the preacher that the kind Father of all made them to be happy, and watches over them in love, wonder how this can be true?

I happened to be wandering one evening through a dirty lane in the part of the town where the operatives are clustered. The factories were just opening their doors for weary thousands to go home; and I met crowds of ragged, pale men, women, and children. There was an air of abjectness and exhaustion, of servile degradation and feebleness, about very many I saw; among whom were persons of all ages—from the old and haggard to children of tender years. I may have been deceived about the ages of some of the children, but there were multitudes of them who did not seem to me to be more than eight or ten years old.

I stood at the corner of a street, and looked at the

crowds as they passed along. I observed a boy apparently about twelve or thirteen, holding up and dragging along a pale little girl considerably younger than himself. "Come along now, Meggy; can't you go for yourself a bit—I am about to give up, and I can't carry you again?"

I took the little creature's left hand, and the boy took the other, and we led her on to their home. The eyes of every one in the street were turned upon me, as though it were a strange thing to see a well-dressed person take a fainting child by the hand.

"What is the matter, my boy, with your sister?"

"She's tired out, sir; for she is not used to the mill-work yet, and it comes hard on her."

"How long have you worked in the mills?"

"Five years."

"Why don't your sister stay at home? She is too young yet to go to the mills."

"Mother did keep her out as long as she could; but after father died she was obliged to send Meggy to the mills too."

"How many brothers and sisters have you?"

"There's six of us in all. George is apprenticed in Preston; and Sarah, and Kate, and Billy work in Mr. ——'s mill."

We turned a corner into a very narrow, filthy lane, and the boy, pointing the way down into the basement, said, "Here we live." The steps were steep and narrow, and I took the little girl in my arms and carried her into the cellar.

The mother was lying upon a low bed of rags in one corner of the apartment. She rose up after one or two unsuccessful efforts, and sat on the side of the bed. The room was nearly dark; and what light there was came through the door we entered and fell upon her face. Her countenance looked sallow and consumptive; her cheek was feverish, and her eyes were sunk deep in her head. Her forehead was large and handsome; but there was an appearance of deep depression, and something like broken-heartedness in her looks.

I apologized for intruding. "Oh, sir," she said, in a low and hollow voice, "God bless you, don't apologize for entering my cellar; I am glad to see any one but my hungry children." Sobs shook her frame, and tears gushed from her eyes.

"I hope you have come to me for good; I am in great distress. No one has before entered the cellar to-day, except the officer, and he took my last shilling for taxes."

"God bless you, woman," I exclaimed, "what can a tax-gatherer have to do in your house? Come to rob a widowed mother and hungry orphans of their last shilling!!!" When I thought of Britain in this light, a shudder went through my frame as though I had been bitten by a serpent.

"I wish I had a chair for you, sir," said the widow; "but there is a bench."

The little girl climbed upon the bed and lay down, and the boy threw himself upon an old chest

at the head of the bed, and in a few minutes both of them were in a sound sleep.

The widow rose up, and, supporting herself by the wall, went to the corner of the room and brought a tin cup of gruel (oatmeal and water); and seating herself again on the bed, roused up her children to eat their simple meal. She had to shake them several times before they got up; and then she fed them with an iron spoon, giving to each a spoonful at a time.

When the gruel was gone, the still hungry children asked for more. "No, dears," said the mother, "you must go to sleep now; you can't have any more to-night." "It's my turn to-night, Tony, to have the cup," said the little girl; the boy gave it to her, and crawled over to the back side of the bed to his night's sleep. The girl licked the spoon, and then plunged her little hand into the cup to gather the last particle of the gruel left. When she handed the cup to her mother, she turned up her eyes with a mournful expression, asking for "one spoonful more;" which the poor mother refused.

"Have you no more in the house?" I inquired.

"Yes, sir," she answered, "but only enough for us till Saturday, when the children's wages come due; and I have laid the rest aside; for it's better to have a little every day, than to have enough once or twice, and then have nothing."

"My good woman," I replied, "I have money, and it is yours." We roused up the boy once more,



and sent him to the bake-shop to get something to eat ; and while he was gone the widow told me her pitiful story, which I will give you in her own language as nearly as possible.

“For a good many years my husband worked in a machine-shop ; and until my children were ten or twelve years old, we did not send them to the mills ; we wished to keep them at home as long as we could, for we knew they would grow sickly and feeble as soon as they began the hard life of the factory. His wages supported us all pretty comfortably ; and I stayed at home and took in what sewing I could get (for not one half of the factory people know anything about such work), and the oldest children went to the mills. Although they had to work hard and a great many hours, yet when we all came together at night we were very happy, and saw a great many good days. But about a twelvemonth ago my husband died ; and that was a dark day for us all. He seemed to care only for us while he was sick ; and when he came to die, after calling us all to him, and holding the children in his arms and kissing them, he said, ‘The only thing that troubles me, Mary, is, that I leave you and the children poor.’

“I almost gave up in despair ; for I could see nothing before me but the workhouse, where I pray God I may never go, if what they say of them is true. I saw nothing for my children but apprenticeship or starvation, and I could hardly choose between

them. The little comforts we had in the house I was obliged to sell to get us bread ; and the expenses of the funeral and the taxes soon swept away nearly all our furniture and my husband's clothes, and at last I was obliged to sell my own.

“Six hungry children were staring me in the face, asking for bread ; and I saw that in a little while I should have none to give them. It was as painful to me as to have laid them in the grave ; but I was obliged to apprentice my four oldest children, and they see hard times. My health had been poor for a good many years, for my constitution was broken down by working in the mills while I was a girl. My husband found me when I was at work in the —— mill ; and we loved each other ; and he provided me a home, where we were very happy ; and if he had not died——”

Here the widow was overcome with exhaustion and grief, and fell back upon her bed. When she had partly recovered she continued :

“But I thought I would not give up ; I knew I *must* not. I took in what little work I could get, and sent Tony to the mill. But I could get only a little work, and Tony got only two shillings a week, and we saw ourselves growing poorer and poorer every day. I knew I could not stand it long, but I went to the factory myself, and left little Meggy with a neighbour. I did not last long there ; the work was too hard for me. When I gave it up, I was obliged to send Meggy ; and it has been a sad work, sir, to

see how pale and thin she grows; to break her sound sleep in the morning and send her off to the mill; and then to have her come home at night so tired and hungry, and only half a meal to eat, and so worn out that she falls to sleep before she eats that! It's pretty hard, sir, then, to see an officer come into our cellar, and take the last penny we had on earth for taxes. Oh! sir, I wish we were all in our graves, and then we should be at rest."

Yes, blessed be God, there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest! To escape all the sorrows and struggles of earth, the stings of adversity, and the pains of hunger; to lie down peacefully in the tomb—oh! there is a rich consolation in the thought!

The little boy returned from his errand with brightened features; but the smile which played over his pallid countenance seemed like a faint light falling upon a grave: so little did the joy on his face conceal the deep-seated gloom that had been traced there by want and sorrow.

One thing was still wanting—a light. The boy lit up a small tin lamp, which stood on a shelf over the fireplace. "We don't use a lamp," said the widow, "only when we are sick in the night; but I keep one against a time of need."

And now little Meggy was wakened again, and the family gathered around the deal stand to eat, for the first time in many weeks, food enough to satisfy hunger. It was affecting to me to see the joy of the

children, and the gratitude of the mother. In my heart I praised the widow's God for guiding my feet to her damp and cheerless home.

I talked for an hour with the widow about the religion of the Bible, the love of the Saviour, and the hope of Heaven. Her ideas on these subjects were extremely vague.

Said she, "I used to go to church when I had clothes to wear, but I heard what I could never believe. When I heard the priest speak of a merciful God, who loves all his creatures so well that he does not let a sparrow fall to the ground without his notice, I could not forget that I, for no crime, had to toil on in poverty and wretchedness, and see the bread taken from the mouths of my hungry children to support the rich minister who never came near my cellar. If this is religion, I do not want it; and if God approves of this, I cannot love him."

"But, my good woman," I replied, "your Bible tells you of the abounding mercy of God."

"That may be, sir," she answered; "but I have no Bible to read, although I believe I could read one some if I had it."

I took from my pocket a small Bible, and read the story of the Saviour's love; his life, his works of mercy, his kindness to the poor, his ministry, his death and resurrection. I tried to have her distinguish between the corrupt abuses of the Established Religion and the Christianity of the Bible; between the unjust and cruel legislation of man and the just

and kind laws of God. I tried to point her to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world. I told her of the love of the Universal Father ; that she was his child ; that He loved her better than she loved those dear children who were resting from their toils by her side ; that if she suffered, it was all ordered in mercy, for God did not willingly afflict his creatures ; that he was as kind in what he withheld as in what he bestowed ; that it was the desire of the Saviour to take her and her children, with all the weary, and oppressed, and sorrowful, home to Heaven, when they had done with this world, its cares, and its sufferings. She had but to love her Father ; trust his goodness ; be sorry for all that she had done that was wrong ; give herself away in an everlasting covenant to him in confidence, and she should meet the compassionate embrace of her kind Saviour.

“ Oh, sir,” she said, “ I think I could love *such* a Being ;” and, as she spoke, a smile, that seemed almost unwilling to stay, spread its gentle glow over her once handsome features. “ But,” said she, after a moment’s hesitation, “ if there was such a Being as the Bible describes ; such a Being as you have told me of ; so powerful that He can do all things ; and so good that He is pained to see any of his creatures suffer, it seems to me He would help my children. He certainly would if He loved them as well as I do.”

I endeavoured to explain these things to her

mind in as simple a way as possible. She replied, "I wish I could see all this as you do ; but I am so ignorant, I am afraid I never shall." And then, after a few words had been said about death, she added, "Oh, yes, sir, there is much pleasure in thinking about death ; and if I and my children could all lie down and die to-night, I should be very happy. For if there is such a Being as you have read and spoken of, and we shall live after we are dead, He will provide us a home where the rich and the proud will trouble us no more."

"Only believe it, and trust in the mercy which has promised it, and adore the Being who made you, and it shall all be yours ; and there is one promise in the Bible specially adapted to you in your present circumstances. God has declared that He is *the widow's God* and *the orphan's Father*, and will hear their cry. He has given you a gracious invitation to come to Him in these tender words: 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"Oh ! sir," she answered, "I think I would go to Him ; but I am very ignorant, and I have been very wicked ; what shall I do ?"

"He will instruct your ignorance and enlighten your soul ; and all your sins He will forgive and forget—only trust in his mercy. He has declared He loves all who trust in his mercy. Be willing to obey Him ; to submit to your lot, though it be hard, without repining ; kiss the hand that afflicts you ; go to Him ;



give yourself and your children away to Him in confidence, and He will never forsake you or them. And if you are called to die soon, and leave these orphan children on the wide world, remember that in Heaven is the orphan's Father; that He loves your children better than you do, and will protect them more tenderly. He will watch over them with fidelity, and be a kind Parent to them when you are dead; and at last gather them all up into that bright world where there shall be no more sorrow, or sighing, or pain; where God shall wipe the tears of earth from every eye; and where the poor orphan shall never be heard to say, 'I have no father.' "

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow, as she clasped her hands together, and tears and smiles covered her face, "I *will* go to God; I *will* trust Him, and love Him forever; I think I see it. I can bear these things better *now*. It is hard to see my children suffer. I should not care much for myself if I could see these dear little things have bread to eat. But if it is God's will, I think I can bear it all now. I thank God, sir, that you ever came here. I never shall forget it. I wish you would pray before you go, sir, if it will not be asking too much."

We knelt by her bed, and I tried to pray. I felt that we need not pray to God as though He were in a distant heaven—*He was with us*. It was a holy scene, and we were forgetful that we were in that cold, damp cellar, for the atmosphere seemed like that we are told fills Heaven.

When we rose from prayer, the widow took my hands and pressed them with great earnestness, saying, "I have nothing to give you, sir; but I will remember you, and try to pray for you as long as I live." I felt in my inmost soul that the widow's prayer was answered. *I was blessed.*

One pleasure was still in store for me. I gave her what money I thought it would be right in my circumstances to spare, and left her home. It seemed unlike the room I had entered. \* \* \* \* \*

Oh! thought I, as I pursued my way through the dark, narrow streets to my lodgings, what have sin and oppression done in the world! How have they marred the fair works of God! It is a world of tears and broken hearts; but it *was* not always so—this bright Record stands upon the page of inspiration, "God has made everything beautiful in his time"—it *shall* not always be so.

How many hard-earned dollars has that poor widow paid to support the Established Church of England, and how much advantage has she ever derived from it? It matters not how much ecclesiastical dignitaries prate and write about "our Holy Religion," "Apostolical Succession," and the "Divine Rights of Kings and Bishops:" one such case as this cannot be disposed of by an argument as long as the Bodleian Library. It matters not how much they declaim from the pulpit about the mercy of God, and his regard for the poor. The poor are told that these men are the heaven-descended ministers of this

religion—men who afflict the poor ; who shoot widows' sons to get their tithes (for cases of this kind have occurred in Ireland), and at last become infidels. Gibbon, with all his philosophy, did not escape the same conclusion. He tells us the corruptions and abuses of Christianity made him a skeptic.

Let the clergy of the Church of England preach such doctrines to others than poor widows and hungry children, from whose scanty wages their princely incomes are filched. If there be a structure of tyranny and abuse more iniquitous in the Eye of Heaven than any other, it is the despotism of a state which converts the sublime religion of Christ into an instrument of avarice and ambition : of ambition, for the political elevation of the aristocracy ; and of avarice, which starves widows and orphans to array in gold those who are pompously styled "God's ministers." God's ministers they surely are ; and so are thunderbolts, tempests, conflagration, and death !

When I returned from my walk to the house of the gentleman with whom I was staying for a day or two, I related some of these circumstances. "Why, sir," said he, "that is very bad, to be sure ; but suppose I should tell you that just at this time there are 40,000 operatives in Manchester who are out of work, and obliged to depend upon charity for bread to keep them from starvation.

"I employ nearly a thousand hands in my mills in ordinary times ; but, owing to the general commer-

cial distress which now prevails, I am obliged to keep my hands upon half work; and their wages are not sufficient to provide them with enough of the coarsest kind of food to prevent their suffering most severely from hunger; and multitudes are dying by direct starvation, or diseases immediately induced by privation. During the last seven weeks I have contributed one hundred guineas a week to the fund for supplying the poor with bread, and it seems but a drop in the bucket."

I inquired what was to be done; who was to blame for this immense amount of misery. "Why, sir," he said in reply, "you have asked me two questions which involve the whole subject of political economy; and to answer them intelligently, one must be familiar with the whole fabric of English society. He must understand the history and government of Great Britain in all their branches; and he must be thoroughly acquainted with the character and condition of the manufacturing districts.

"I am persuaded that we have the most expensive and oppressive government in the world; that there is no nation which taxes its labouring classes so heavily; no government which does so much to provoke a revolution; and none where a revolution seems so likely to occur, or where it would be so violent and bloody when once commenced. It requires more to arouse the English mind than the French, but it also takes it longer to grow calm after excitement.

“But you inquire particularly about the manufacturing interests : with these I am familiar, as I have been a manufacturer myself for 25 years. The sufferings of the operatives are very great. English manufacturers, as a body, are not an inhumane or ungenerous class of men ; but the nature of their business is such, that they are obliged to conduct it with the utmost economy, in order successfully to compete with the manufactures of other parts of the world ; and they become so accustomed to the sufferings and privations of their operatives, that, as a matter of course, they are less affected by them than strangers. We are obliged to hire our work done as cheaply as possible ; and such are the fluctuations of our foreign trade, that our hands are often unemployed, and at such times must necessarily suffer.

“Parliament have passed laws to regulate the factory system, but it is all a dead letter. It is impossible that any should be so constructed that their provisions shall meet the exigencies of the case. A law that shall benefit the operative must injure our business, unless government remove some of the iniquitous burdens which they, and not the manufacturers, have imposed upon the poor. For I can convince any candid man that the operatives receive from us enough to make them comfortable ; enough to clothe and instruct them and their children well ; and elevate them a thousand fold above their present condition, if they were not robbed of the greater part of their wages to support the aristocracy.

“I will make this appear. The iniquitous CORN-LAWS take one third of all the wages of the operatives from them, and put it into the pockets of the landholders. The commonest necessities of life, in consequence of the bread-tax, cost as much again in England as they do on the Continent or in the United States. And the government receives no advantage from this enormous revenue ; it goes to the landed aristocracy.

“ Besides, the operative has other heavy burdens to bear : he is compelled to support the Religious Establishment ; and although I am a Churchman (from education, I suppose, like nine tenths of all its members), yet I feel deeply the impolicy and the injustice of taxing men to support a Church which they are opposed to in principle ; and, indeed, it has long appeared to me clear, that when Christ’s kingdom on earth cannot be maintained but by the legislation of man, then it is time to let it fall. If the Rock of Ages be not a firm and everlasting foundation for TRUTH, I am persuaded it will have no security in any foundation of man’s forming. This, then, is another item.

“ Then there are a multitude of regular or occasional taxes the poor are obliged to pay, which keeps them in a state of the deepest depression. Lord Brougham once wrote the following words on this subject : ‘ The Englishman is taxed for everything that enters the mouth, covers the back, or is placed under the feet : taxes are imposed upon everything



that is pleasant to see, hear, feel, taste, or smell ; taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion ; taxes upon everything on the earth, in the waters, and under the earth ; upon everything that comes from abroad, or is grown at home ; taxes upon the raw material, and upon every value that is added to it by the ingenuity and industry of man ; taxes upon the sauce that pampers man's appetite, and on the drugs that restore him to health ; on the ermine that decorates the judge, and on the rope that hangs the criminal ; on the brass nails of the coffin, and on the ribands of the bride ; at bed or at board—*couchant ou levant we must pay*. The schoolboy whips his taxed top ; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse by a taxed bridle, on a taxed road ; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid 30 per cent., throws himself back upon his chints bed, which has paid 22 per cent. ; and having made his will, the seals of which are also taxed, expires in the arms of his apothecary, who has paid £100 for the privilege of hastening his death. His whole property is then taxed from two to ten per cent. ; and, besides the expenses of probate, he pays large fees for being buried in the chancel, and his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble ; after all which, he may be gathered to his fathers to be taxed—*no more*.'

"This is all strictly true. The Englishman is taxed for everything ; and this enormous system of taxation impoverishes the labouring classes ; takes away

from them all the high motives of an honourable ambition, and keeps them continually in a state of discouragement and dejection.

“At different times Committees of Inquiry have been appointed by Parliament, and they have presented shocking reports of the miseries of the labouring classes, particularly of the operatives in the factories, which have roused the public indignation; and laws have been passed to do away the abuses of the system. The attention of the committees was principally called to the condition of the factory children, in regard to whom, without doubt, the greatest abominations existed.

“No statutory restrictions respecting the employment of children in the mills and factories of the United Kingdom existed until the year 1802, when an act of Parliament was passed for the preservation of their health and morals, directing the magistrates to report whether the factories were conducted according to law, and to adopt such sanitary regulations as they might deem fit. This act was followed in 1816 by one generally known as Sir Robert Peel’s Act; imposing various regulations on the employment of children in cotton-mills. Both of these acts proved inefficient, and under them the abuses they were designed to remedy were found to have enormously increased.

“In 1831 they were both repealed by what is called Sir John Hobhouse’s Act, which provided that in cotton factories, to which it alone related, no

child should be employed till it had attained the age of nine years; and that no person under the age of eighteen years should be suffered to remain in the factories more than twelve hours in one day; and that on Saturdays they should work only nine hours. This act was repealed in 1833 by an act containing the following provisions, and comprehending all the statutory regulations at present applicable to the factories of the United Kingdom.

“ 1. That after the 1st of January, 1834, no person under eighteen years of age shall be allowed to work in the night—that is, between half past eight P.M. and half past five A.M., in any cotton or other factory in which steam or water, or any other mechanical power, is or shall be used to propel the power of the machinery, excepting in lace factories.

“ 2. That no person under eighteen shall be employed more than twelve hours in one day, nor more than sixty-nine hours in one week.

“ 3. That there shall be allowed in the course of every day not less than one and a half hours for meals to any person restricted to the performance of twelve hours' work.

“ 4. That after the 1st of January, 1834, no child, except in silk-mills, shall be employed who shall not be nine years old.

“ 5. That after the 1st of March, 1834, no child, except in silk-mills, shall be employed in any factory more than forty-eight hours in one week, nor more than nine hours in any one day, who shall not

be eleven years old ; nor after the 1st of March, 1835, who shall not be twelve years old ; nor after the 1st of March, 1836, who shall not be thirteen years old ; and that these hours of work shall not be exceeded, even if the child has worked during the day in more factories than one.

“ 6. That children whose hours of work are restricted to nine hours a day, shall be entitled to two holydays and eight half-holydays in every year.

“ 7. That children whose hours of work are restricted to nine hours a day, are not to be employed without obtaining a certificate from a physician or surgeon, certifying that they are of the ordinary strength and appearance of children of the age before mentioned, which certificate is to be countersigned by some inspector or justice.

“ 8. That it shall be lawful for his majesty to appoint, during pleasure, four persons to be inspectors of factories, with extensive powers as magistrates to examine the children employed in the factories, and to inquire respecting their condition, employment, and education ; and that one of the secretaries of state shall have power, on the application of an inspector, to appoint superintendents to superintend the execution of the act.

“ 9. That those inspectors are to make all rules necessary for the execution of the act, and to enforce the attendance at school for at least two hours daily out of six days in the week, of children employed in the factories ; from whose weekly wages

a deduction not exceeding one penny in every shilling, for schooling, shall be made.

“ 10. That no child shall be employed who shall not, on Monday of every week, give to the factory-master a certificate of his or her attendance at school for the previous week.

“ 11. That the interior walls of every mill shall be whitewashed every year.

“ 12. That a copy or abstract of this act shall be hung up in a conspicuous part of the mill.

“ 13. That the inspectors shall regularly once a year report their proceedings to one of the secretaries of state.

“ The act also contains regulations extending the hours of work where time shall be lost by the want of or an excess of water in mills situated upon a stream of water, &c., &c.

“ Now this, you will say, is a humane and just bill: it must remove the worst evils. But this is not the case; and I can show that as great, if not greater, evils now exist. *It is impossible for this law to be observed*; for many families would starve to death, unless they worked more hours a day than it permits. Many operatives could not maintain themselves under its operation. Parliament might just as well have voted that all the colliers in the mines should dig their coal on the surface of the ground.

“ It has been of great service, I doubt not, to the apprenticed children; but of little service to others. For Parliament may pass as many humane regulations

as they please, to protect the operatives: they will all be in vain, so long as these same men groan under the weight of the corn-laws and the vast burden of taxation.

“I think there are fewer instances of brutal violence and abuse, and that there is not as much night-work done. Some of these regulations have been carried into effect; and perhaps a general advantage has been derived from the act. But, should I give an opinion, I should say that there never was a time when disease, suffering, ignorance, and crime were so rife among the English operatives as at present.

“The manufactures have been greatly improved, and immense fortunes have been made; but it has all been at the expense of the operative. Never was there a time when the philanthropist and the Christian had so much cause to mourn over the condition of the working classes as now.”

I am aware, sir, there are many persons seemingly well informed on this subject, who differ widely from the opinions here expressed; though I fear the judgments of such are not a little swayed by interest. But I cannot doubt that the statements of this gentleman were made with candour, and may be relied on as very near the truth. “No people,” says the old proverb, “are better than their laws.” The stranger, in reading this factory bill, would suppose that it throws a broad shield of protection over the labouring poor; *but in England the prevailing influences are stronger than the laws.*



[Since my return I have conversed with a large number of persons in this country who are familiar with the manufacturing system, and the condition of the operatives of England, and they have all concurred, in the main, in the opinions contained in this letter. Some of them have thought the picture in some respects, perhaps, overdrawn ; but I am bound, in justice to myself, to say that a much greater number, and among them the most intelligent, have assured me that they did not consider one feature of it exaggerated.

I have recently had several conversations with a superintendent of one of the largest cotton factories in the State of New-York, who returned in the spring of 1840 from Great Britain, where he had spent several months in collecting information in regard to the English manufactories, for the benefit of the company which employed him. He is a native of Scotland, and perfectly familiar with the practical operation of the system on both sides of the Atlantic. He gave me his opinion upon every point I have dwelt on in this letter.

“ Wherever I went, in the manufacturing districts,” said he, “ I saw extreme poverty, ignorance, and suffering. I did not find a factory in England where the operatives seemed to be *comfortable* ; no one where there was not much that was painful to witness. As a general thing, the overlookers are stern and tyrannical, and the operatives expect few favours : the poor are very degraded in England, or they would not bear such treatment.

“Said an overlooker of a factory in the north of England to me, ‘How do you manage to get along with republican operatives? *I* never would superintend a factory where I could not do as I pleased with my hands. Here we can *make them behave*; they know they are in our power, where they ought to be, and they *walk straight*. I never would go round the mill and *request* a hand to do this or that; I would give him my order, and if that didn’t do I would give him something else. I have been in the United States, and I wouldn’t stay there. You can’t find a man, woman, or child there, that don’t feel as good as his employer.’

“This same spirit pervades the whole body of proprietors and overlookers: there are some exceptions to the general rule, but, as a class, they are overbearing and exacting. I have many times seen a child knocked to the floor by a blow on the side of the head, which stunned him. I have often seen little girls and women *kicked* unmercifully in the mills, for the slightest mistakes, that an American superintendent would overlook, or only reprove in a kind way. Beating and kicking are the most common ways of administering reproof; and, of course, you will find a down-cast look and a slavish air about the operatives.

“The children never have a stool or chair to sit on, when they have a short moment of rest from their work. In our factories we let all the hands have a chair to rest in during these intervals. When we

think, that in following a pair of spinning-mules in Manchester, a child must walk over 20 miles in a day; and with the improved machinery recently introduced, the distance is increased to 25 or 26 miles; and that the child has frequently to walk several miles to and from the factory, we see the cruelty of not allowing them a seat to rest on when their work is for a moment suspended.

“And I think the morals of the English operatives must be very depraved. I saw multitudes of women with their persons most immodestly exposed, at their work; and heard a good deal of lewd conversation between the different sexes. Many of the children, also, in some of the mills, are nearly naked. Indeed, it is impossible, I think, to preserve much purity among persons accustomed to such habits.

“Some of the English operatives receive nearly as high wages for their work as we pay; but they work harder to get their money, and it will not go more than half as far (nor that, I think) in procuring the necessaries of life. I went into the houses of many of the hands, and, almost without exception, they were filthy, gloomy places. Few of the comforts of life were to be seen there; and the stench was dreadfully offensive. Animal food they seldom eat, potatoes and the coarsest bread being almost their entire food; and but few of them have enough of this.

“The operatives nearly all look unhealthy—pallid, sallow, and worn-out; destitute of spirit, and enfee-

bled by privation and hard work. The apprenticed children are very often treated with greater cruelty than slaves, and are, perhaps, much worse off." (This, too, is the language of a warm *abolitionist*.)

"The hand-loom weavers are as bad off as they can be : they work nearly all the time they are not asleep, and, being obliged to compete with powerful labour-saving machinery, receive only a few pennies a day for their work. They are a very miserable class of labourers.

"I saw no factories where the work seems to cut down the operatives, and bring them to the grave *so quick* as the worsted mills. The rooms are heated up to 120 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer ; they are not ventilated, as the fresh or cool air would injure the fabric in its process of manufacture ; and thus the hands are obliged to work in apartments heated like furnaces. I am a pretty strong man, but I never step into these rooms without feeling the perspiration start in one second from every pore. I could stay in none of them more than two or three minutes ; and as soon as I came out into the fresh air again, even in the warmest days, a chill went over me. No person can live long in these factories. The children nearly all die of consumption in a short time ; and I never cast my eyes upon so pale and emaciated a set of human beings in my life.

"I would lay it down as a general principle, that the English operatives are *sacrificed to the spirit of trade*. I think the English people are as much in-

fatuated with it, and will practise as much cruelty and injustice towards their operatives in securing the interests of *trade*, as do the Southrons in raising cotton. The truth is, that in England, while the rich and the noble have all that the heart can desire, *the poor man there is a slave*. It is an insult to the spirit of freedom and to the common sense of mankind, for England to talk about the *liberty* of her people. *In England, nothing makes a man free but money.*”]

Perhaps I have already dwelt upon this subject too long ; but I cannot dismiss it without extracting a few words from the Essays of Elia. They speak of the early years of the poor, and were written by one who knew how to sympathize with the unfortunate :

“The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man’s poverty. But the children of the *very* poor do not prattle ! It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. ‘Poor people,’ said a sensible old nurse to us once, ‘don’t *bring* up their children ; they *drag* them up.’ The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel, is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it ; no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to sooth it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten.

“It has been prettily said, ‘that a babe is fed with

milk and praise ;' but the aliment of this poor babe was thin, unnourishing. The return to its little baby tricks and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurgation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses ; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child ; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present suffering, and awakens the passion of young wonder.

"It was never sung to ; no one ever told to it a tale of nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die, as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the *very* poor, as any object of dalliance ; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival till it can be the co-operator, for the food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace ; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times.

"The children of the very poor have *no* young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl ; a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery-books, of summer holydays (fitting that age),



of the promised sight or play, of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clear-starching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say that the home of the *very* poor is *no home*?"

So true is it, that "man thinks of the few, God of the many." In the midst of a world which has been blighted by oppression, it would be gloomy to live, if we could not spend our lives in making it better.

I have the honour, sir, to be

Your obedient servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Chelmsford, —, 1840.

DEAR —,

YESTERDAY I came to this place, which is thirty miles northeast of London, chiefly to see John Thorogood, who is a victim of the tyranny of the Established Church. I have spent several hours with him in the Chelmsford Jail; and I have seen no man for a long time for whom I feel more sympathy and admiration. I found my way to the jail, and asked permission to see Mr. Thorogood. The keeper reluctantly turned the key and unbarred the door.

“Yes, sir,” said he, “you must come in, I suppose, but I wish the authorities would take this Thorogood away; for once in a few minutes, day after day, and month in and month out, some one comes to the door, ‘Can I see John Thorogood, sir?’ ‘Can I see Mr. Thorogood, sir?’ ‘I have come to see this famous Thorogood;’ and I have got sick of his very name. Why, if you were to stay here one week, you would think there was nobody in all England worth seeing but John. But I don’t complain of him or his wife—*that’s* all well enough; still I don’t want to be bothered with John any longer.”

The jailer led me to Mr. Thorogood’s apartment, and I introduced myself. He seemed to be about thirty-five or forty years old, with a stout and well-made person. His countenance wears a kind but resolute expression, and his forehead denotes a con-

siderable degree of intellect. He is a mechanic, and has always moved in the common walks of society; but he is a man of extraordinary intelligence and great firmness of character. I told him that I had come to Chelmsford to see him; that I considered him a persecuted man, and wished to know something of his history.

“Yes, sir,” said he, “I *am* a persecuted man, and I thank you for coming to see me. I am an obscure and unworthy individual, but the Providence of God has placed me in circumstances very trying, and I have endeavoured to act like a freeman in Christ. I said I was glad to see you, and I am; and I thank you for the sympathy you manifest in my behalf: not because I begin to grow irresolute and faint-hearted; for I should be just as firm, I think, if I stood alone; but then, you know, it does one good to see the face of a friend, and take hold of his hand, when one is in trouble or persecution for conscience’ sake.”

“How long have you been confined here, sir?”

“Eighteen months, sir; and all for what some consider a very small matter. They say John Thorogood had rather lie in jail eighteen months than pay five and sixpence church-rate. Just as though I cared anything for that five and sixpence. Why, I will give any of those gentlemen half a sovereign or more any time for a good cause; but I am not in Chelmsford Jail for five and sixpence at all. I am here because I will not surrender my liberty of con-

science. That is the highest and most inviolable of all human rights. I can bear oppression until you invade the sacred ground of native moral rights; and then I cannot, and will not, give way to the wicked claims of despotic civil rulers.

“But I will tell you something about the history of this matter, and then you can judge for yourself. I am, as you well know, a Dissenter. For many years I felt it my duty to oppose the Established Church. I wept over its corruptions, its abuses of power and truth, its tyrannical oppressions of the consciences of good men; but still I paid my church-rates, although I received no advantages whatever from the institution I supported. I regarded this payment of church-rates rather as a civil duty.

“But after suffering a good many trials of feeling, at last I became satisfied it was wrong for me in *any* way to give my countenance to the Establishment, and I refused to pay five and sixpence church-rate. I was summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court to be tried, and, of course, condemned by my enemies; for in England, when the Church prosecutes a suit at law, you must know that they are both judge and jury. I thought and prayed over the matter, and concluded it was best for me to pay no attention to it.

“The result of it all was, that for contempt of court, as it was called, I was thrown into this jail, the 16th of January, 1839, where I have remained ever since, and where I *will* remain *till I die*, rather

than surrender the principle for which I am contending. That principle is no less than that for which Protestant reformers in all ages have contended: the very principle for which England broke away from her allegiance to Rome; for which Huss and Jerome, and ten thousand others, went to the stake; the same principle for which John Bunyan lay twelve years in Bedford Jail; the greatest, the dearest principle for which man ever contended—the high and sacred right of conscience.

“I cannot believe that I owe religious allegiance to any man: God is my only master. No man, or body of men, have a right to place any restrictions upon my religious liberty. The free exercise of conscience in matters of religion is a right which man can neither give nor take away. Religion is sacred to conscience; conscience is sacred to God, and all human interference is sacrilege. Religion is seated in the *will*; it is essentially *voluntary*; exaction either of profession or payment is destructive of it. To *establish religion by law*, is first to corrupt and then to destroy it. The Established Church is one of the greatest structures of *wrong* the world ever witnessed. Why, who does not see this? it is as plain to me as a self-evident truth.

“The other day Sir Robert Inglis, the zealous advocate of the High Church party in Parliament, came to pay me a visit; and I asked him a few questions which perhaps he did not expect, for he was not exactly prepared for them. I said to Sir

Robert, ‘Is it not *a wrong* to refuse Dissenters interment in the national burial-grounds, except their friends are willing to have the deceased Dissenter give the lie in his death to all he had said and done while living, which he would do if he consented to be buried with the forms of *the Church* ? Is it not *wrong* to exclude him from the national schools and universities, except he conform to the Church ? Is it not *wrong* to compel the Dissenter to contribute to support a Church which he conscientiously disapproves ? Is it not *an act of oppression*, the greater because it comes from the *stronger* and *wealthier* party, and because, too, he has to support his own Church ?

“ ‘ And is not his Church as dear to him ; are not his church privileges, his liberty of conscience, the religious rites and worship of his own Zion, the affection and comfort of his pastor, and wife, and children, all as dear to the Dissenter’s heart as to the Churchman are his ? Do you not, sir, commit great wrong when you take from *me* those rights and privileges which *you* prize so dearly ? If the golden rule is to be our standard of action, you cannot outrage it more palpably than by throwing me into jail because I will not quietly give away my highest rights as a man and a Christian.

“ ‘ Do I not suffer the *greatest wrong*, when *any party* seeks to prescribe to me in religion, either *what* I shall believe or *how* I shall express my faith ? Has not *compulsory* payment produced nearly all the evils



which the best friends of the Establishment acknowledge and lament? Has it not placed its ministry *beyond the wholesome influence of the people*? Has it not dishonoured religion by making the Church the creature of the State? Has it not attracted the *worldly*, and the *indolent*, and the *inefficient* to the Church as it ministers? Who does not know that the Prayer-book contains little besides the Mass-book translated into English? That the pope offered to confirm it, if the Church of England would join that of Rome? That Episcopal clergymen of great reputation have declared such a union of the two Churches *practicable*? That the efficiency of Episcopal ordination is derived entirely through the popish prelates? That at the accession of Elizabeth, NINE THOUSAND AND ELEVEN CATHOLIC PRIESTS, out of NINE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED, joined the Church of England; and who supposes that they gave up their papacy by doing it? The Papists and Protestants worshipped together in the English Church until they were prevented by the pope; and at the Reformation, Parliament transferred the entire powers exercised by the pope in this country to Henry VIII. and his royal successors.'

"I spoke to Sir Robert about a good many other things. I thought I would tell him something that he would not be very apt to forget; and I expressed myself with great freedom. There was a trap laid in London by the High Church party the other day, and Sir Robert was sent down here to spring

it. My friends there had said I was not *comfortable* here; and the Tories wished to get a confession from me that I was. I had received intimation that I might expect certain persons down here about the time of Sir Robert's visit, and I was on my guard when he came.

"He asked me if I was not comfortable here. Said he, 'Mr. Thorogood, you seem to be surrounded by a good many conveniences and comforts.' 'No, sir,' I answered, 'I am not comfortable, and never can be, so long as my liberty is taken away. You degrade a man; you trample on a man's highest rights, and then ask him if he is not *comfortable*.'"

"Well, Mr. Thorogood, how long do you expect to remain here?" I inquired.

"That, sir, is a question I cannot answer. My friends in Parliament are constantly bringing the matter before the House; they are labouring manfully and zealously in my cause, and keep me advised of all their proceedings. I receive scores of papers and pamphlets on the subject. They will do all they can; but I do not expect relief for a good while. For if the Church party should give up and consent to my liberation, they would abandon the whole question: they would never be able to heal the wound such a decision would inflict upon the Establishment.

"They are right in saying, 'The question is not whether we shall let an honest and worthy man go out of his prison and enjoy his freedom;' for they all

would be glad, undoubtedly, to see me liberated; but the question is, ‘Shall we surrender the rights of the Church? Shall we concede the great question of church-rates, tithes, and government patronage? If we let this man go, we must give up the Church; and the consequence of it would be a dissolution of the union of Church and State.’

“It has always happened, I believe, that every great question which has ever yet been disposed of has been settled in this way. Nothing has pained me so much as to see how insensible the great mass of the Dissenters are to the infinite importance of this question. Why, sir, multitudes of them have come to me, and besought me to give it up; they said, ‘Why, John, you are only *one* man!’ So was Luther only *one* man; and suppose *he* had given up.

“Look back on the history of the world, and you will find that *one man* has worked a Revolution. One man is enough to *start* a Reform; but he must have help to carry it on. Oh! brethren, I say to them, if you would all come along with me; if the millions of English Dissenters would take the same stand that I have, what a spectacle would be presented! Why, we would gain our cause *at once*. To assert our rights would be to *secure* them; it would be a pretty sight, surely, to see half the people of England in jail! Oh! would to God the faint-hearted and policy-bewitched Dissenters would go along with me. I want to see no violence; none is needed. We could dissolve that Unholy Alliance

of the Cross and the Throne as peaceably as we effected the Revolution of 1688.

“It is a mystery which I cannot unravel, why the Dissenters submit to these abuses. They will get up great meetings; they will make enthusiastic speeches; they will write flaming pieces about the corruptions of the Church; they will clamour violently about *rights of conscience*, and yet not a soul of them has the courage to take the stand that poor, ignorant John Thorogood, the shoemaker, has. But they will have to do it before they ever get their liberty.”

While he was speaking his wife came into the room. “Here, Mary,” said he, “I want to introduce you to Mr. ——. He lives in the United States, that blessed land where there is no Established Church, no church-rates or tithes, except what a man is willing to tax himself.”

She is a very neat, pretty woman, and worthy to be the wife of John Thorogood. I asked her if she was not almost discouraged and disheartened.

“Oh! no, sir, far from it,” she answered. “I was at first of a mind that my husband should pay the five and sixpence, and not go to jail; and it came very hard not to have him at home with us nights; and I thought I could not bear up under it. But he talked to me a good deal; and we prayed about it; and at last I could agree with him; and I feel now that I would rather see John Thorogood die than to give up his religion. He don’t need any

cheering up ; his courage is as strong as it can well be. But if he ever gets down-hearted, I can raise his spirits for him. No, sir, he shan't give up now. It's cost too much already to have nothing come of it. I can come and stay with him from morning until nine o'clock in the evening ; and the children can come too. We have a good many kind attentions from friends and strangers, and we are working for *liberty of conscience for all England*. No, sir, we can't give up."

It was a sublime spectacle to see two humble, simple-hearted Christians taking such a lofty stand : a spectacle which may challenge the admiration of the world. If I were an Englishman, I think I should be more proud of that sight, than of the glorious structure they call St. Paul's Cathedral.

They gave me a large collection of papers and pamphlets on the subjects which had occupied our attention ; and I purchased two very fine lithographic prints of Mr. Thorogood, on the bottom of which he wrote his autograph, in a bold style ; the likeness is perfect. Before I left he asked me to pray ; and we all knelt together in prayer. As I rose to go they both pressed my hand affectionately, and called down the blessing of God upon my head. Mr. Thorogood promised to write to me in America, and tell me of his fortunes, when any favourable or adverse change should occur.

John Thorogood has all the elements of a reformer. If his learning and rank corresponded with his

resolution, he would work such a revolution in England as it is to be feared will be effected now only by violence. But so long as idolatry of rank prevails so extensively among all classes, it is out of the question; "it would be in bad taste" to let a man who has moved in John Thorogood's humble sphere lead on a great reform. I must confess that I have seen no spectacle on this side of the water, which has so excited my surprise and indignation as this. Let the world, who have so long dreaded the power of the English government, and admired its philanthropy in breaking the chains of negro slavery, and its zeal in sending missionaries to barbarous climes to tell the glory of the Saviour's love, contemplate the British lion with his paws upon John Thorogood in Chelmsford Jail.

After I left the jail I called at the sign of the —, and found Miss — waiting for me. I had engaged to visit at her cottage that evening. Our ride was along one of those smooth, hawthorn-bordered roads, which everywhere traverse this beautiful island. We turned from the main road down into a green lane, to visit the house in which it is said Goldsmith wrote his "Deserted Village." The old hamlet bears the name of Springfield. It is supposed by many to be the spot which Goldsmith describes in his "Deserted Village;" and that in the early history of New-England, its quiet and liberty-loving inhabitants emigrated from their homes to the banks of the Connecticut, and there founded the town of Spring-



field. But the common opinion seems to be, that

“Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,”

was in Westmeath county, Ireland—quite a difference!

The carriage stopped at the gate, and we walked through a beautiful yard of flowers and shrubbery, which surrounds the house. A very sweet girl came to the door, and we asked if we could see the room in which the “Deserted Village” was written. Permission was cheerfully granted.

“Are you quite sure,” I inquired, “that the ‘Deserted Village’ was written in this room?” “Why, sir,” she answered, as a slight blush, mingling with a smile, passed over her features, “we are quite sure that some of the *old people* are quite sure that it was. We don’t like to dispute them; and it’s very delightful, too, to think that Goldsmith once sat in that old oak chair, and wrote his verses there. I suppose some time ago there was a little doubt about it; but we all so firmly believe it now, we should be quite shocked to hear it questioned.”

What a magical power there is in genius! The possibility that the ground on which we stand was once pressed by the feet of such a man, makes the spot as holy as the shrine of a departed saint.

“Perhaps,” said the girl, “you would like a flower to carry away with you; here is a rose growing by the window where Goldsmith used to sit. Some have even said that it sprung from the stem of the one he planted; and if you will promise to believe

this too, as well as the rest of my story, you shall have it."

"Oh! you are very kind: I will believe anything you say; I have a great horror of unbelief. Yes, I do believe it—thank you."

After strolling leisurely over the grounds where the writer of the *Vicar of Wakefield* once lived, we parted with our fair cicerone, and drove round the old church through the village. The quiet shadows of evening twilight were gently falling over the scenery; the rusted hands of the old clock (what a charm there is in old clocks since Dickens has written about Master Humphrey's) were slowly wandering over the defaced dial on the gray tower, which was overhung with the greenest ivy, clambering from the ground to its top; a few old trees stood near the church, and the rooks were flying from the tower to seek their homes for the night in the branches. Under their deep shadows the generation that animated this scene in Goldsmith's days, had long ago lain down to their last repose.

Over the graves of some who had been distinguished, handsome monuments were placed; rude old stones marked the spot where most of the villagers had been buried; while a green mound, covered with a few weeds or flowers, was the only memorial that rose over the ashes of the humble and the poor. All we knew of the company of sleepers there was, that they once lived and moved in this lovely hamlet; heard offers of mercy from that old temple; and were gathered to their fathers.

We passed over the village green, where the noisy urchins were playing, and across which the cows were going to the farm-houses with "the tinkling bell." It was one of those lovely rural scenes which abound in England, of whose cottages and hedge-rows, churches and graveyards, the old poets have so often told us. When we had left the village a mile behind us, the mellow tones of the bell came musical by over the fields.

Before us we had a single peep through the trees at "Quiet Home," the cottage of my friend. It was all English; you could not find the like of it but in this island. I wish I could tell you all about that "Quiet Home." My visit, which I intended should be confined to two hours, lasted as many days; and it will be a long time before I forget that sweet little cottage, which stands nestled there among the green trees and shrubbery.

It is not so dreadful a thing as might happen, after all, to be an old maid, you would say, if you could for once step across the threshold of "Quiet Home." The sisters have passed what in common parlance is called the sunny side of thirty; but their hearts are just as fresh and buoyant, warm and generous as ever. If fortune, beauty, wit, and accomplishments can gain "a settlement for life," they could have been married long ago. But, in truth, as they said, "they were as happy in each other's society as they had any desire to be; earth was a Paradise to them; it might *not* be, if any change should occur." (I beg you will not think, dear

—, that *I* proposed any ; though I know not what I might have done, had I not been already blessed.) Books, music, gardens, fountains, flowers, rich landscapes, fortune, health, confidence, sisters' love, which cannot be selfish, a house in town, and friends everywhere ! How few on earth have all this !

We all gathered around the hospitable board, and passed away the evening in conversation about France, and Spain, and Italy, where they had travelled ; our own land of the Pilgrims ; of friends, some of whom were in distant countries, some on the wide sea, and some in Heaven—who cannot tell of loved ones who are dead—who are in a brighter world than ours ; and who does not love to speak of them ? “ Oh ! the grave ! the grave ! It buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment ! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections.” Who knows how to speak to the heart better than Irving ?

One of the ladies put these lines into my hand in manuscript :

## ABSENT FRIENDS.

Oh ! when the heart is lonely,  
Musing on joys gone by—  
When memory's mournful tribute  
Is the whisper of a sigh—  
Still, still, all is not sorrow ;  
With sadness pleasure blends,  
As from the past we borrow  
The smiles of absent friends.

How oft, when gently stealing  
Alone 'neath twilight ray,  
When every harsher feeling  
Is chasten'd by its sway,  
Will memory softly ponder,  
As o'er the past she bends,  
And erring fancy wander  
To greet our absent friends.

When joy and pleasure lighten  
The bosom by their power ;  
When peace and comfort brighten  
The social evening hour ;  
The heart, still true to friendship,  
Its kindly wishes sends  
To those by distance parted,  
Our much-loved absent friends.

We think on those who've left us ;  
We see their vacant seat ;  
We feel, had they been with us,  
Our bliss had been complete.  
To hours by sorrow shrouded  
Their presence joy could lend ;  
We would that skies unclouded  
Still brought each absent friend.

But oh ! the sweet emotion  
This thought will oft excite,  
That in the heart's devotion  
With us they may unite ;  
That the same arm which guards us,  
O'er them in love extends,  
That the same eye beholds us  
And cherish'd absent friends.

And when stern death hath summon'd  
Some loved one from our sight;  
When joy is changed to sorrow,  
And morning into night,  
That arm can still sustain us,  
Can kind assistance lend,  
Can teach us that hereafter  
We may rejoin our friend.

Then, oh ! thou gracious Saviour,  
When earthly comforts flee,  
May our souls find an anchor,  
A resting-place in thee :  
Be Thou our hope, Redeemer,  
Our guide unto the end,  
Our solace and protector,  
Our ever-present Friend.

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Who does not feel happy after a gorgeous dream ? Who does not love to have the mind break away from the base thralldom of matter, and assert her empire in the spiritual world ? I read the lines I have copied for you, and retired to my chamber. I had a delightful dream of home and kindred. Around our old ancestral hearth, on which burned a bright wood fire, I saw gathered every friend, living and departed, we ever truly loved : such a group as cannot now be assembled, but in defiance of matter, on earth or in heaven. Those same kind voices, which have long been hushed in death's sleep, I heard again. I felt once more the warm pressure of hands that have mouldered away. The old wainscoted halls echoed the music of gay voices which once



rung there, now heard no more on earth; and the same generous hearts that had so often on Christmas and Thanksgiving-day evenings clustered around that old altar of home, were now beating by that happy fireside as in other days. I did not think, as I saw them all gathered there, how they had been scattered like chaff upon the summer threshing-floor. No, they were all there then, as we shall yet see them in some bright circle in Heaven. Oh! I would as soon surrender all belief in a future state, as I would that it will be a world where ties which death has severed shall again be united; where the associations of friendship shall again be renewed, and those long separated shall meet to part no more.

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The next morning I took a walk before sunrise, and heard, for the first time since I have been in England, the notes of the lark. I found some old ruins on a hill-top, near the bank of a stream; an old graveyard, the inscriptions all faded: old Mortality himself could not restore them. The horn of the London coach came winding up the valley; and the sun spread its rich beams on the hill-tops, while the meadows through which the stream wandered were covered with a deep mist that concealed half their beauty, only to make them the more lovely.

One must have breathed the close and murky air of London many days; mingled in its restless crowds;

been wearied with its everlasting din, to prize such a morning walk in the country, with its pure air and green fields. When I returned breakfast was ready.

An English breakfast is one of the best things in the world—coffee and toast. This, you will say, is nothing very extraordinary : true ; but this is not the breakfast. The London papers left on your table by the news-boy, fresh from the cylinder : with the voice of the universal world they come to your dwelling ; and then something better still—conversation : these make up the breakfast.

I have formed a great liking for some of the domestic usages of England. I think there can be no question that the English surpass us in the true economy of life. By the English I mean just what every one does : not the mass of human beings ; of hearts, nerves, and sympathies ; but that portion of society in prosperous circumstances, constituting, perhaps, about one twentieth part of the population. This class have reduced the economy of living to a perfect system. They know how to enjoy life better ; and they live longer. They cluster more comforts and attractions around their homes ; and devote more time to intellectual and social improvement. There is an air of comfort and enjoyment in their houses you seldom find in America. They love their homes better ; they seek their happiness there. Their children are more neatly dressed ; they have more finished educations ; exercise more in the open air ; their morals are better guarded ; their manners more agreeable ; they have better taste

An Englishman takes a bath in the morning; walks with his children in the garden; eats leisurely his cheerful breakfast; learns all the news; goes to his business and works hard till two o'clock, and then his work for the day is done. He spends a full hour at his dinner-table; rides a few miles with his wife and children; and devotes the evening to society. He is satisfied if he is slowly accumulating; takes life easy, and enjoys himself as he goes along.

The American rises earlier; eats a hasty and hearty breakfast without speaking; has no time to converse, for he is *planning* for the day. He plunges into business; catches a bite at one o'clock "if it comes handy;" works on till dark; goes home worn out; drinks a cup of tea, and sits down to his desk to *calculate*. If his children climb his knee, "the envied kiss to share," the mother is summoned to take them away and send them to bed, for their father cannot be interrupted: *he must attend to his business*.

The wife sits in the corner the livelong evening, communing with herself. If her husband takes his seat on the sofa by her side (which is actually sometimes done), she says, "Well, hubby, I'm glad you've got through with your business. Now I must read you a word in this charming new work of Irving's."

"Oh, fudge, Mary, don't bother me with such trash. I'll buy books, as many as you please" (which is true as holy writ), "but *you* must read them. But

now throw aside your book, and we will talk about something of more consequence. I've made five hundred dollars to-day as sure as fate."

"Why, my dear, I'm very glad. Pray tell me all about it." The book is thrown upon the table, and the dutiful wife listens to her lord's report.

"There's young ——, you know, has been out to Iowa. Well, he's made an independent fortune in six weeks. He took away only \$2500, and he holds the deeds of fourteen thousand acres of land, besides twenty-seven lots in the new city just laid out in —— County."

"Well, dear, but tell me how you've made your \$500 to-day."

"Why, I bought five of his city lots for \$500; and I could sell them to-morrow for twice the money."

"But, my dear, have you ever *seen* them?"

"Why, no! I've not seen them exactly, but—bless my soul, only think of it—buy five splendid city lots for \$100 apiece. I don't want to see them. I know I can sell them for double the money—yes, treble—but I won't sell them at *any price*; I'll keep them; and I've been thinking we had better sell out, and move to Iowa—it's only two thousand miles out there."

"Oh! Clement, I beg you won't think of it! We have just got ready to enjoy life now. You have money enough; we are rich; we have the prettiest house in town; all our friends are here; our garden, and

trees, and flowers, and our good old New-England home. Give it all up! Why, you will break my heart, so there.”—So the plan don’t work very well. He goes to bed in silence, and she sits up to weep a while; but at last, consoling herself with the thought that

“As long as a woman’s bless’d with a tongue,  
She’ll be sure to have her own way,”

she dries her tears, and takes up her book.

Go there in six months, and you find the house deserted: the family have “gone to the West.” On arriving at his destination, Clement finds his city lots two hundred and fifty miles in the woods, fifty from a clearing, and twenty from any house, in the midst of a dense forest, somewhere between the farthest settler and the jumping-off place—the whole city occupied by trees, and ruled by a Common Council of bears, wolves, “coons, and other varmint,” their silent sway disturbed only by the plaintive notes of Mary as she sings of her old New-England home; the sound of Clement’s axe cutting his own wood *now*; or the sharp crack of the wild Indian’s rifle—you know the rest. Of how many thousand stories like this we have heard! Of how many Americans can it be said, they started on nothing—worked hard—got suddenly rich—became dyspeptic—just got ready to enjoy life—lost their fortune by speculation, or—were blown up in a steamboat!

There is with us, among all classes, a feverish desire to be suddenly rich. There are strong bilious tendencies in our climate, and the whole American people are nervous, excitable, and characterized by great cerebral activity. The American launches upon a wild, foaming current the moment he enters the business world. Money is his object. in the restless pursuit of this, he gives himself no leisure for literature, none for society, except at some great, vulgar jam, ycleped a party. At forty he is an old man; and in five years more he is dead. it is nonsense to expect such men can live long—as soon look for a long-lived race-horse. We are the least practically philosophical of any people in the world.

If a Wall-street banker were to leave his office at two o'clock, to spend the rest of the day with his family, he would be hissed on 'Change. Go into any town in the United States, and you will find elderly men in the full zenith of acquisition, and octogenarians who have not yet made enough. *It is lamentable.*

No, there can be no comparison instituted between the English and Americans in regard to the economy of domestic life. And I think that while our girls, from fifteen to twenty, are far more beautiful and lovely than English girls of the same age ever are, yet their *women* quite as strikingly surpass those of our own country in personal appearance. The American girl is beautiful as a wild flower, but almost as fragile. She marries before her form has



gained its fair and full proportion ; the cares of a family press heavily upon the young mother ; the brilliant colour goes from her cheek ; and in a few years she dies of consumption. I should think that, as a general fact, the American ladies marry at least five or six years younger than the English. They confine themselves to the close air of ill-ventilated apartments ; are not in the habit of walking any distance, or of riding on horseback ; have the cares, generally much of the hard labour of the parlour, nursery, and kitchen, thrown upon them ; seldom know what a bath means—why, it is a wonder they live so long.

The voices of the English women are much sweeter—their laugh is music ; they have a fine sense of propriety, but are not fastidious : neither are they *prudish*. Captain Marryat, or some one else, tells a story of an American girl who dressed the legs of her sofa in *pantalettes*. I never have met with just such a case ; but should not wonder if there were such ; for it quite shocks an American girl to hear an insinuation that ladies have those shocking things, called “legs” and “knees”—in England. She would fain have us believe her pretty feet are *pinned to*——. This is prudery ! You cannot find it in England ; and no man will say it is because Englishwomen are not modest and virtuous.

But you will not understand me to speak aught against my fair countrywomen. I think England deserves the praise in these things, and I cheerfully

award it. But there is a circumstance not to be forgotten. These statements are not intended to apply to every case ; for I have seen homes in America as well regulated ; women with as fresh and healthful countenances ; as cultivated, many of them, as any I have seen here. And the proportion they bear to the whole of society is much greater.

In this country, the wealth, the power, the learning, the cultivation, the comfort, are all confined to the few. England never mentions the wide and sterile desert where the masses, like the children of Israel, are wandering ; where the fiery flying-serpents, the bitter waters of Meribah, the scorching sun, and the wild beasts make their journey terrible—Englishmen never write or speak of these things—oh, no ! They are forever talking about the *oases*. But in America streams and rivulets flow by every man's dwelling ; the poor sit under *their own* vine and fig-tree ; all have competence, and there is “ none to make afraid.”

We have but two classes : the working men, who are advancing in wealth and improvement ; and those who have elevated themselves to opulence and refinement.

True, we have in some of our cities a few trying to ape the aristocracy of Europe—to get up a livery, and all that ; but their number is not sufficient to be dignified with the title of a class ; they are only a small *clique*. Such efforts, too, are generally failures. They make a dash for a while ; but it is

a *shinplaster* aristocracy. A "specie circular," a "panic," a "bank suspension," a "veto," dissolves the charm. A mortgage of their *gewgaws* is made out to *the usurer*; the family rusticate, and become republicans once more: we forgive them for their folly, for they have—"paid dear for the whistle." Their furniture is sold at the auction room for a few good hard dollars; and their neighbours learn wisdom from their example, as imperishable as the stars: a buoy tells the story—"Ah, I see! some bark has gone down here—I will tack!"

Yes, England boasts of her *oases*. True, they are beautiful; but it is not a very delightful idea to a plain republican, that the fields for five miles round have been robbed of their soil to beautify a few green spots. The farmer understands matters better than to scrape the rich mould into heaps, and then raise a fine crop from a *patch*, and impoverish his whole plantation to do it. I think it quite likely his brother farmers would be more apt to laugh at his folly than admire his *oasis*.

Oh! no, that is the best government which secures to all the greatest amount of happiness. Show me a very *learned* man in England, and I will show some thousands around him to match the spectacle, who cannot read the Bible nor write their names: a *rich* man, and I will show you a thousand beggars; a polished and beautiful woman, who seems to have only enough of the *earthly* mingled in her constitution to say that she is mortal; one who, in her

grace and loveliness, would almost make you believe she had sprung, like the fabled Muses, from heaven ; and hard by, yea, following her carriage, I will show one made as beautiful and as good as she, who is driven to sell her virtue for a bit of bread ; who hunts the filthy drains for a morsel of castaway food ; and who, in default of that, is gathering with her naked hands the vilest filth of the streets into her apron to sell for manure, to enrich that “beautiful creature’s” estate, that her degraded sister may, for her labour, get a crust or a bone before she dies.

Blessed be God, such sights are not to be found in our own land. Diffuse the wealth, the learning, the cultivation of the few in England over the mass of society, and it would be poverty, ignorance, and ill-breeding, in comparison of the United States. Should an Englishman, by any strange casualty, ever glance over this letter, he will shake his head ; ten to one he will say it is not so ; for this is the way an Englishman generally disposes of unpalatable truths. But I am quite inclined to think the old adage true : “Facts are stubborn things.”

Most truly yours,

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Liverpool, —, 1840.

DEAR ———,

TO-DAY I have whiled away a few hours in St. James's Cemetery. It is a quiet, green burial-ground in the upper part of the town; a difficult place to describe, and yet I want you to have some idea of it.

The Cemetery is enclosed by a massive stone wall, surmounted by a handsome iron railing, and has four entrances. It is on the site of an old quarry, from which immense quantities of stone have been excavated for the public buildings and docks of the town. These excavations have left a wild, beautiful glen, fifty feet deep, ninety yards wide, and one fourth of a mile in extent—nearly in the form of a crescent.

The eastern side presents a wall of masonry almost perpendicular, in which one hundred and five catacombs have been excavated. The western side and the two extremities are bordered by sloping banks, planted by the smaller classes of forest-trees; and the level winding plane below is tastefully disposed in shrubberies, serpentine walks, and plots of grass bordered with flowers.

There is always a pleasure mingled with the sadness we feel in wandering among the resting-places of the dead, when we see flowers and shades planted around them. Half the melancholy is forgotten as we associate the memory of the departed with

the delicate and beautiful works of nature. We love to forget the decay and dishonours of the tomb, and among the emblems of hope and life think only of immortality.

And there is something very delightful, too, in wandering through such a holy and tranquil spot in the midst of a large town. It seems like a triumph of poetry and the sublime interests of the soul over the restless spirit of gain and business. The progress of wealth and commerce has been onward, but one spot has been spared. It is true, as Irving says, "Few pageants can be more stately and frigid than an English funeral in town. It is made up of show and gloomy parade: mourning carriages, mourning horses, mourning plumes, and hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief." I have witnessed to-day such a scene in this Cemetery; but there was a peaceful, rural calm spread over it when the pageant had disappeared.

Many visitors, particularly at evening, resort here. The natural effect of this must be to refine and elevate the mind. We cannot turn away from the ceaseless whirl and excitement of the world, and wander among the solemn homes of the dead, without being made better.

The oratory, where the funeral service is performed, stands on the brink of a perpendicular rock, overlooking the green Cemetery below. It is a classic gem of Doric architecture, and a perfect specimen of a Greek Hypaethral temple.



As I was strolling about the Cemetery, a funeral procession came in; and I followed it to the new-made grave. The utter heartlessness with which the officiating clergyman read the burial service shocked me. He hurried away from the band of mourners clustered around the grave, humming to himself a light air, and apparently as little affected with the solemn scene as though death were a dream, and the eternal world a fiction.

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This morning, in company with a friend, I went to see the house of Roscoe, "The Father of Liverpool;" the noble philanthropist, and the elegant historian of the Medicii. Through Irving's Sketch-Book the name of Roscoe has been transmitted to every hamlet, and almost every house in America.

It arouses the indignation of the man of letters, to think of the ingratitude of the people of Liverpool towards their generous Benefactor. The town whose monuments were associated with his benevolence and genius, and which he had embellished with his own private fortune, saw the home where he had clustered around him everything that could impart happiness to himself or render him useful to others, and from which he came forth every day to cheer and adorn his native city, entered by retainers of the law; and the halls that had been hallowed by the voice of the Muses, desecrated by the auctioneer's hammer.

Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of riding a hundred miles through the north of England, in

company with a lady who was a relative of Roscoe ; and she related to me many interesting circumstances connected with the history and last days of that illustrious man. She said that the most painful scene she ever witnessed was when she saw him go into his library for the last time. He was deeply attached to his books ; and when he was called to part with them, it seemed like giving up his old familiar friends. Several days had elapsed since legal processes had been instituted against him ; and during this period he expected that assistance from his friends which would have been so grateful to his heart, and which he had reason to look for in this painful crisis.

When the unaverted stroke of the law at last fell, he went into his library, walked restlessly around it a few times, and seemed deeply agitated. Then seating himself in his favourite chair by the window, which looked out upon the green meadows through which the Mersey winds its quiet way, he wrote these lines :

TO MY BOOKS.

As one who, destined from his friends to part,  
 Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile  
 To share their converse and enjoy their smile,  
 And tempers as he may Affliction's dart ;

Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,  
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile  
 My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,  
 I now resign you ; nor with fainting heart ;

For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,  
And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,  
And all your sacred fellowship restore;  
When freed from earth, unlimited its powers,  
Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,  
And kindred spirits meet to part no more.

Good Roscoe!—yes, those “few short years” have passed, and thy pure spirit has gone to the generous embrace of the great and the good who went before thee to that world where “kindred spirits meet to part no more.” What a cheerless world this has always been for genius, and what a cold reception such noble spirits meet from it, till they have passed beyond the reach of its praise or its censure.

To my friend, who said to me as we left this spot, which was once the elegant home of Roscoe, “Now let me show you some other places”—“No,” I answered, “I will see nothing to-day but Roscoe’s grave.”

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Last Monday evening I attended the monthly concert of all the Dissenting Churches in town at the Crescent Chapel. A very beautiful address was delivered by Mr. Birrell, of the Free Baptist Church, on the genius and history of David Brainerd; and on Tuesday evening I met an interesting circle of friends at his house; among others, the lady of the minister of the church where Wickliffe, “the morning star of the Reformation,” preached nearly five hundred years ago. That venerable edifice is still standing, with the same pulpit from which Wickliffe

preached, and the old stone chair in which he used to sit in the vestry.

After tea, Mr. Birrell handed down from the ceiling a picture of Edwards, whose name is cherished on this side the Atlantic with the deepest veneration. I related to him the unpublished history of the affection of Brainerd and Jerusha Edwards, which presents a beautiful illustration of "love stronger than death."

You remember that it was the desire of President Edwards, as well as of his daughter, that she should be with Brainerd in his last illness. She stood by his sick-bed, and was his ministering angel till he died. In a little while they met again in Heaven.

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I think this has been one of the happiest days of my life. I always had a great desire to see the old Roman city of Chester. It is thought to be the most interesting old town in England; and I will endeavour to give you as correct an idea of it as possible. We crossed the Mersey at Liverpool, and took a post-chaise at Woodside to Chester, sixteen miles. It was delightful to get away from the din and smoke of the city, and ride through the garden scenery of England.

We passed several quiet villages and hamlets, and on every side plantations were stretching away, broken into numberless little fields by green hawthorn hedges. One of the sweetest things in English scenery is the irregularity and naturalness of

these hedgerows and fields. They are wholly without plan, and seem the work of chance. The English villages are little sheltered clusters of white-washed cottages, reminding us, by their appearance, that they were built in troublous times, when their dwellers sought to be near each other for mutual protection : for it is said that there is not a village in England which has not at some time or other been disturbed by the wild and barbarous echoes of war during the days of her civil commotions. Almost all the dwellings stand immediately on narrow, winding streets, their low and moss-grown roofs and projecting casements coming nearly to the ground—all overhung with ivy and honeysuckle, and children playing by the door. A little farther on you see some more venerable and spacious mansion, where the great man of the little village lives ; and, last of all, in some quiet spot, the abode of the pastor, overshadowed by the lofty and time-worn church ; and all around it “the rude forefathers of the hamlet” sleeping. Oh ! you would not believe, to ride by these English homes, that this beautiful island could be the abode of so much heart-breaking wretchedness. But many of those little children are hungry ; and many who once dwelt here were glad when they could lie down by that old church to their final sleep.

In two hours we had passed fifteen miles over the smooth road from Woodside, and before us lay the venerable city of Chester. We felt strange emo-

tions; for we were approaching the gates of a walled town, which had been the camp of the 20th legion of the Roman army for 400 years. When the City of David was falling under the cruel arm of Rome, those mailed warriors were here erecting their fortifications, and extending the bounds of an empire which embraced nearly the whole known world.

Chester stands on the bank of the River Dee, and is surrounded by a massive wall two miles in circuit, entered by four gates, one on either side of the city. It has been the crowded abode of successive generations for seventeen hundred years. In some places the walls have mouldered to the ground, while on the north side they still lift their time-blackened ramparts one hundred feet high, as if bidding defiance to the storms and shocks of time, which long since laid the great empire which reared them, in the dust.

The finest tower still standing is on the northeast part of the city; and it was from this that the unfortunate Charles I., in 1645, saw his noble army routed on the neighbouring fields of Rowton Moor. The Castle still lifts its proud front, and overhangs the waters of the Dee. This castle has been the scene of many a bloody tragedy in former ages. It was the prison of Richard II. before he resigned his crown to Henry of Lancaster; and while he was here locked up, Chaucer was writing his poems, and Wickliffe making the first English translation of the Bible. There is, also, a massive round tower yet



standing, built by the Romans, and still bearing the name of Cæsar. It inspires one with a strange awe, to wander over these monuments of that great empire, which for ages made the world tremble at her name.

Where now are those mailed columns which once moved through these streets? gone! Where those brave knights who met on yonder tournament ground in days of chivalry, to contend for the love of the fair and the applause of the brave? Where the conquerors who have, one after another, for a brief hour, hung out their flag of victory from these old towers? gone—all gone. It is among such ruins, if ever, that we feel “what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.”

As we passed down from the walls, we entered the solemn Cathedral. It is a spacious, irregular pile of red stone. Some parts of it were built by the Saxons 1200 years ago; some are in the style of the Norman conquest; and the rest in the rich Gothic of the fifteenth century. This great temple of God stands on the ground once occupied by a temple to Apollo.

We were most interested in that part designated as the monastery, and which was dedicated to St. Werburgh, a beautiful and pious daughter of the King of Mercia. It subsequently became the abbey church of a monastery of Benedictines. In passing through the cloister and chapter house, we seemed to hear voices from the old walls, telling their mel-

ancholy story of dark deeds and cruel self-tortures, committed by monks whose religion consisted chiefly in the belief that they could best win the love of the Deity by lacerating his image ; of noble hearts whose fountains of sympathy and social love were here frozen up ; of the wreck of sixty generations.

Here we were shown a stone coffin of Hugh Lupus, a nephew of William the Conqueror, and first Earl of Chester, which was discovered a hundred years ago ; the body wrapped in an ox-hide for a winding-sheet : it lies in the midst of Gothic grandeur and monkish relics. The Marquis of Westminster, who resides at Eaton Hall, four miles from Chester, is the lineal descendant of Hugh Lupus ; and probably there are few men in the world besides him, who can tell the exact place where rests the dust of an ancestor who died seven hundred years ago.

We drove out of the city on the south side, over a magnificent bridge of light freestone, which spans the Dee in a single lofty and graceful arch of two hundred feet. The Dee winds beautifully through a range of luxuriant fields, and is overshadowed by stately elms. Two miles from the bridge we entered Eaton Park through a pinnacled and richly-ornamented octagon lodge, over a smooth road of gravel, where not a spear of grass is permitted to grow. This sweeps gracefully, for the first mile, through thickly-set plantations of every diversity of growth, imbosoming at this time of the year, amid their va-

ried tints of green, the bud and the blossom of every flowering shrub and tree known to the climate.

We then passed for half a mile over open ground which commands distant views of the country, and, through a vista behind, a beautiful perspective of Chester and her antique towers. This part of the park is finely ornamented with groves, clumps, and solitary trees, under whose shade several hundred deer were reposing. We soon came to an embattled gateway of stone, flanked by towers, sculptured with the armorial bearings of the Grosvenors, and passed into the pleasure-grounds which surround the Hall. In a few moments we saw the turrets of the Hall peering through the dense wood which guards it on the north; and in coming into an inner lawn the whole western front of this splendid pile burst upon the view. It is built of light freestone, in the richest Gothic style, and is four hundred and fifty feet long, exclusive of an extensive range of offices, coach-houses, &c., of the same elegant architecture. The whole is adorned with sculptured heraldic devices, and surmounted by pinnacles, turrets, and embattled towers.

The grand entrance is through a Gothic portico of clustered pillars. A complete harmony of design reigns through this entire mass of architecture. The freestone, marble, oak, and mahogany, down to the most minute fixture, are all wrought in the same ornamental Gothic style. The entrance-hall is very noble and lofty. The floor is a tessellated pavement

of fine marble, and cost ten thousand dollars. A magnificent chandelier is supported by a pendant in the centre. The chimney-pieces are of the finest Italian marble, flanked on either side by niches, in which stands the ancient armour of four knights ; and you would be astonished that a human being could move with such an immense weight of metal about him.

In passing a gallery at the farther end, you find yourself in the midst of one of the most extensive and beautiful open corridors on the globe ; extending the entire length of the edifice, the perspective either way terminating at a distance of more than two hundred feet, where a stream of glowing and brilliant light is pouring in through stained windows. The suites of rooms on the east and west fronts communicate directly with this corridor, and the bedrooms in the same manner with a corresponding corridor above. We were first led into the Chapel, which is a chaste and beautiful room, receiving its light from a large, finely-painted window, where the scholar reads the name of Jehovah in Hebrew. Here the whole household assemble for prayers every day, and worship on the Sabbath.

I learned a fact of much interest in regard to the chaplain. In walking through his gardens a few years ago, the marquis inquired of one of his gardeners, who was a serious man, where he attended church. He replied that he went to hear Mr. —, because he liked his preaching better than any he ever heard ;

and he expressed a wish that his lordship would take occasion to hear him. A few Sabbaths after, the marquis invited the clergyman referred to to officiate in the Chapel of the Hall, and was so much pleased with his services that he made him his private chaplain. The marquis is understood to be a sincere friend to religion, and is distinguished for his philanthropic spirit. I was struck with the affectionate mention of his name by all of his servants with whom I conversed.

The great apartments are on the east front, and look out upon the gardens. They consist of a state bedchamber, with suites of dressing-rooms; dining and billiard rooms; a music saloon; two drawing-rooms, and a library. They contain paintings of great value by the old masters, and portraits of the most distinguished of the Grosvenor family, from Hugh Lupus to the marquis and his lady. There are several fine scripture pieces in the drawing-room, by West.

One of the drawing-rooms is in blue and silver, and the other in crimson and gold. The state bedstead is a rich piece of work of carved oak, with hangings of blue and silver, and is an exact model of the portico of which I have spoken. From the ceiling of each room hangs a superb crystal chandelier, and immense pier-glasses reflect from either side the splendour of the whole.

The library and Chapel, however, interested me more than all the rest. The former is the most

beautiful room I ever saw. Here you find everything that curiosity and literary taste can desire. If I were condemned to remain for ten years in a single apartment, and were permitted to choose that apartment myself, I would select this. Everything is chaste and classic. The south windows command a view of some of the richest landscapes of England, from the woody parks and gardens around, to the Welch mountains in the distance; and from the east front a sweet prospect opens, with a broad terrace gently descending to the Dee. I will not attempt to describe the gardens; they are too much like the magical visions that come to us in dreams.

As we left this scene of enchantment, it seemed to us strange that its noble possessor could exchange the quiet shades, the cool fountains, and balmy breezes of Eaton Hall, for the heated air, the dissipated scenes, and the eternal din of London.









JOHN W. BERRY AND SHAW, N. Y.

THE  
GLORIOUS REIGN  
OF  
ISABELLA II.

IN TWO VOLUMES;

By

*Wm. Chambers, Esq.*



*New York: Harper & Brothers.*



THE  
GLORY AND THE SHAME  
OF  
ENGLAND.

“In England, those who till the earth, and make it lovely and fruitful by their labours, are only allowed the slave's share of the many blessings they produce.”

BY C. EDWARDS LESTER.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:  
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THE GLORY AND THE SHAME  
OF  
E N G L A N D.

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*To Washington Irving, Esq.*

London, July —, 1840.

SIR,

UNDERSTANDING that you have often expressed your admiration for the genius and character of Charles Dickens, I have thought that some account of this celebrated author might not be uninteresting to you. I have had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Dickens at his house, and I trust that this letter will not be considered an ill return for his kindness to one whose only claim upon him was an introduction from Thomas Campbell. I believe there is no English author now living who is so much admired and read by our countrymen as Mr. Dickens, and, consequently, no one respecting whom Americans may be supposed to have so great a desire for information. I will therefore give a brief sketch of some of his conversations with me, and speak of his character and history, so

far as I may be permitted to do so, with proper regard to his private feelings. If he should ever write his autobiography, giving a full picture of his early history, it would probably be one of the most interesting books in any language. The last injunction I received from several of my friends when I parted with them in America, was to tell them in my letters something about "Boz."

There were many persons in our country who could not be prevailed upon to read his works for a long time after the publication of the *Pickwick Papers*. So many vulgar representations of Sam Weller had appeared on the theatre bills at every corner of the street, that the name of "Boz" became associated with all that was offensive in the burlesque and low farce of the American stage.

In this feeling I once participated. But a year ago a friend brought *Oliver Twist* to my room, to help while away a night of illness. He had not read many pages before my prejudices against the author all gave way; and, after my recovery, I was glad to read that charming book *by myself*, where I could enjoy the full pleasure of those feelings which the kind-hearted writer so well knows how to excite. On closing the work, I felt an interest in the "Work-house Hero" which no fictitious char-

acter ever awakened in my heart. Immediately I collected all the writings of Dickens, and read them with a new and strange delight. There was no gloom which his wit and humour could not drive away ; no hilarity which I was not glad to exchange for the scenes of suffering, sadness, and triumph, in the histories of the generous but unfortunate Oliver ; the proud-spirited, kind-hearted Nicholas ; the confiding Madaline ; the beautiful Kate ; and, above all, sweet little Nelly, that child of heaven. I promised myself a higher gratification in seeing the author of these works than from intercourse with any other man.

I was expressing to Campbell, whom I met last evening at Dr. Beattie's, my admiration for Dickens. He inquired if I had ever seen him. I answered I had not, and that I should consider it a misfortune to leave England without seeing him. Immediately Campbell left the room, and, returning in a few moments, took my hand and said, "I am glad you like Mr. Dickens. Here is a letter of introduction to him. I want you to read it, and then I will seal it, for I consider it a mark of ill-breeding to present an unsealed letter ; and the one to be introduced may perhaps feel some desire to glance over it : this he should be permitted to do, and then it should be seal-

ed." Campbell persisted, and I read it. It was warm-hearted and generous, like everything that comes from Thomas Campbell. I gave back the letter with many thanks. "Oh! don't thank me, sir: of what use would it be to live in this world, if we could not gratify our feelings by *once in a while, at least*, doing some good to others?"

This morning I called on Mr. Dickens. I felt the same reverence for the historian of little Nelly when I entered his library, that I should for the author of Waverley at his grave. Yea, more: for there is more Christian philanthropy in his heart than ever dwelt in Sir Walter's; and would to God there were no worse men than was Sir Walter. I thought I would withhold Campbell's letter until after my reception. I felt assured that the heart of Charles Dickens had not been so chilled by the cold spirit that reigns in the higher circles of English society as to prevent him from receiving me with genuine kindness. I sent in my card, after writing on it with a pencil, "An American would be greatly obliged if he could see Mr. Dickens." In a moment or two the servant returned and showed me to the library. The author was sitting in a large arm-chair by his table, with a sheet of "Master Humphrey's Clock" before him. He came forward and

gave me his hand familiarly, and offered me a chair. I told him I was an American, and hoped he would pardon me for calling without an invitation, and, if he was not particularly engaged, I should be much gratified with a short interview. He begged me to make no apologies; he was always glad to see Americans; they had extended such a generous hand to the oppressed of England, that they ought to feel no delicacy in introducing themselves to Englishmen. I at once felt at home, and remarked that I trusted I was prompted by a better motive than mere curiosity in coming to see him. I wished to see the man who had so faithfully delineated the human heart, and shown so much sympathy for the poor and the suffering: it was the philanthropist even more than the author I was anxious to see. He replied, nothing could be more gratifying to him than to receive demonstrations of regard from American readers. "American praise," said he, "is the best praise in the world, for it is *sincere*. Very few reviews are written in this country except under the influence of some personal feeling. Do not understand me to complain of the treatment I have received from the reviewers: they have awarded me more praise than I deserve." I expressed a desire to know something of the history of his authorship, at the same time say-



ing that, of course, I did not expect him to communicate to a stranger anything he would not freely make known to the world. "Oh, sir," he replied, "ask as many questions as you please: as an American, it is one of your *inalienable rights* to ask questions; and this, I fancy, is the reason why the Yankees are so intelligent."

I inquired if, in portraying his characters, he had not, in every instance, his eye upon some particular person he had known, since I could not conceive it possible for an author to present such graphic and natural pictures except from real life. "Allow me to ask, sir," I said, "if the one-eyed Squeers, coarse but good John Browdie, the *beautiful* Sally Brass, clever Dick Swiveller, the demoniac and intriguing Quilp, the good Cheerbly Brothers, the avaricious Fagin, and dear little Nelly, are mere fancies?"

"No, sir, they are not," he replied; "they are copies. You will not understand me to say, of course, that they are true histories in all respects, but they are real likenesses; nor have I in any of my works attempted anything more than to arrange my story as well as I could, and give a true picture of scenes I have witnessed. My past history and pursuits have led me to a familiar acquaintance with numerous instances of extreme wretchedness and of deep-laid villany. In the haunts of squalid poverty

I have found many a broken heart too good for this world. Many such persons, now in the most abject condition, have seen better days. Once they moved in circles of friendship and affluence, from which they have been hurled by misfortune to the lowest depths of want and sorrow. This class of persons is very large.

“Then there are thousands in our parish workhouses and in the lanes of London, born into the world without a friend except God and a dying mother. Many, too, who in circumstances of trial have yielded to impulses of passion, and by one fatal step fallen beyond recovery. London is crowded, and, indeed, so is all England, with the poor, the unfortunate, and the guilty. This description of persons has been generally overlooked by authors. They have had none to care for them, and have fled from the public gaze to some dark habitation of this great city, to curse the cold charities of a selfish world, and die. There are more broken hearts in London than in any other place in the world. The amount of crime, starvation, nakedness, and misery of every sort in the metropolis surpasses all calculation. I thought I could render some service to humanity by bringing these scenes before the minds of those who, from never having witnessed them, suppose they cannot exist. In

this effort I have not been wholly unsuccessful; and there is nothing makes me happier than to think that, by some of my representations, I have increased the stock of human cheerfulness, and, by others, the stock of human sympathy. I think it makes the heart better to seek out the suffering and relieve them. I have spent many days and nights in the most wretched districts of the metropolis, studying the history of the human heart. There we must go to find it. In high circles we see everything but the heart, and learn everything but the real character. We must go to the hovels of the poor and the unfortunate, where trial brings out the character. I have in these rambles seen many exhibitions of generous affection and heroic endurance, which would do honour to any sphere. Often have I discovered minds that only wanted a little of the sunshine of prosperity to develop the choicest endowments of Heaven. I think I never return to my home after these adventures without being made a sadder and a better man. In describing these characters I aim no higher than to feel in writing as they seemed to feel themselves. I am persuaded that I have succeeded just in proportion as I have cultivated a familiarity with the trials and sorrows of the poor, and told their story as they would have related it themselves."

I spoke of the immense popularity of his works, and remarked that I believed he had ten readers in America where he had one in England.

“Why, sir, the popularity of my works has surprised me. For some reason or other, I believe they are somewhat extensively read; nor is it the least gratifying circumstance to me, that they have been so favourably received in your country. I am trying to enjoy my fame while it lasts, for I believe I am not so vain as to suppose that my books will be read by any but the men of my own times.”

I remarked that he might consider himself alone in that opinion, and it would probably be no easy matter to make the world coincide with him. He answered, with a smile, “I shall probably not make any very serious efforts to do it!”

It happened, as, indeed, it always has in my conversations with literary men I have met in England, that your name was mentioned. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Dickens is no less an admirer of your writings than we are ourselves. Nor is it unpleasant to your countrymen abroad to hear the same opinions expressed by foreigners of your works, that we have so long cherished. No man has done so much to win from the European world respect

for our literature as yourself; and for it you deserve our gratitude. It is in the memory of many that, before the Sketch Book was written, American literature was treated with utter contempt by Englishmen.

True, it is still matter of great surprise to English ladies and bishops to learn that we speak English, and even write "Sketch Books," "Thanatopses," "Odes on Marco Botzaris," live in framed houses, and manifest other symptoms of civilization. Said Lady —, who is sister to a celebrated noble authoress in London, "Pray tell me if you have not such a man in America as Irving Washington, who has written a book? they call it a Book of Sketches, I think: he must be a son of the general of that name. Or was it *George* Washington? Pray tell me something about these men: I suppose you must be acquainted with them." I had the impudence to laugh her ladyship in the face before I told her something about "these men," and then read her a chapter upon American history, and another upon American authors.

Mr. Dickens spoke on every matter about which we conversed with a freedom and kindness that showed he spoke from the heart. The windows of his library look out upon a garden. I saw several rosy-cheeked children playing by

a water fountain; and, as the little creatures cast occasional glances up to us while we were watching their sports from the window, I thought I saw in their large, clear, blue eyes, golden hair, and bewitching smile, the image of Charles Dickens. They were, in fact, young Bozzes!! I was greatly surprised, for I had never heard that there was such a lady as Mrs. Dickens.

I think Dickens incomparably the finest-looking man I ever saw. The portrait of him in the Philadelphia edition of his works is a good one; but no picture can do justice to his expression when he is engaged in an interesting conversation. There is something about his eyes at such times which cannot be copied. In person he is perhaps a little above the standard height; but his bearing is noble, and he appears taller than he really is. His figure is very graceful, neither too slight nor too stout. The face is handsome. His complexion is delicate—rather pale generally; but when his feelings are kindled his countenance is overspread with a rich glow. I presume he is somewhat vain of his hair, and he can be pardoned for it too. It reminded me of words in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "His fair auburn hair, which he wore in great length, gave him at that time a most delightful show." His forehead, a phrenologist would say (especially if he knew



his character beforehand), indicates a clear and beautiful intellect, in which the organs of perception, mirthfulness, ideality, and comparison, predominate. I should think his nose had once been almost determined to be Roman, but hesitated just long enough to settle into the classic Grecian outline.

But the charm of his person is in his full, soft, beaming eyes, which catch an expression from every passing object; and you can always see wit, half sleeping in ambush around them, when it is not shooting its wonted fires. Dickens has almost made us feel that

“Wit is the pupil of the soul’s clear eye,  
And in man’s world, the only shining star.”

And yet I think his conversation, except in perfect *abandon* among his friends, presents but few striking exhibitions of wit. Still there is a rich vein of humour and good feeling in all he says.

I passed two hours at his house, and when I left was more impressed than ever with the goodness of his heart. I should mention that during my visit I handed him Campbell’s letter: it produced not the slightest change in his manner. I expressed, on leaving, the hope that little Nelly (in whose fate I confessed I felt a deeper interest than in that of most real characters) might, after all her wanderings, find

a quiet and happy home. "The same hope," he replied, "has been expressed to me by others; and I hardly know what to do. But if you ever hear of her death in a future number of the Clock, you shall say that she died as she lived."

Mr. Dickens is certainly one of the most lovely men I ever saw; and I wish that they who have formed the mistaken idea that his works are destitute of high moral sentiment, and written merely to amuse the vulgar, would only look into *Oliver Twist* or *Nicholas Nickleby*. I wish, too, that they who refuse to read his works because they are *fictitious* (for a novel is not necessarily a vicious book—sometimes they are the best books—*Pilgrim's Progress*, *Paradise Lost*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield* could be but poorly spared), had as much of the milk of human kindness in their hearts as he.

I believe there is no author doing so much for humanity in the British empire. Nor am I alone in this opinion. I have met with a short notice of *Nicholas Nickleby*, which is attributed to Sidney Smith, the well-known advocate of the repeal of the corn laws. If the reviewer has formed a just estimate of Mr. Dickens, the author of *Nicholas Nickleby* is to be ranked among the greatest benefactors of the

race. The article is written with consummate ability, and I am anxious it should circulate as widely as possible. It is farther valuable, as it throws much light upon the present condition of England. It depicts in a graphic manner the wretchedness and suffering of the poor, and boldly charges their miseries upon the oppressive laws which have been framed to support a proud and overbearing aristocracy.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

It may appear somewhat strange that we should introduce to *our* readers a subject which appears, at first sight, to have about as much to do with the corn laws as Alexander the Great with Alexander the Coppersmith. Yet we do not know any man who has done more for the poetry and the picturesque of the bread tax than Mr. Dickens. For wit, perception of character, graphic delineation of those ephemeral human phenomena which elude the grasp of a less delicate perception, he has hardly any rival. Above all, the sort of photogenic quality of his mind, by which every shade and hue of the most neglected and insignificant portions of the moral landscape are made as instinct with interest, truth, and life as the most important and striking, is a feature of it which we do not remember ever to have seen ap-

proached by other writers. "It is his nature's plague to spy into abuses." He reminds us of cinder gatherers, who find something by which they can profit in the rubbish that society casts away. He catches up the dross, and makes it shine like pure gold. Nay, he is a sort of moral alchymist, that can convert the worthless into the precious, and show the uses and the significancy of everything that lives, and moves, and has a being. He "gathers up the fragments" of our nature, that "nothing may be lost." With miraculous touch he can feed, out of the most lenten entertainment, the perishing multitude, and convert water into wine. Like Goldsmith, there is nothing which he does not touch, and nothing he touches which he does not adorn.

But "more than that, than this, than these, than all," we like him for this, that his big heart is in the right place; that he is a man of large humanities; that his moral sympathies are catholic, and his affections universal. He is, as it were, a watchman for heaven. Not a sparrow falleth to the ground but he registers it in his great history of life. His genius, his wit, his graphic power, and the interest which he gives to all that he sketches, these give him ready access to every circle of society, and make his writings relished equally by the peer

and the peasant ; the little milliner in her back parlour, and the great duchess in her boudoir. Scenes that the great cannot even imagine, he carries straight into their drawing-room. Phases of human life, which the rich and powerful either never have an opportunity of observing, or carefully avoid all chance of bringing within the sphere of their observation, he presents to them in their most striking aspects, without offending their delicacy by the hideous accessories of their actual condition. While he causes the most abject and loathsome carcasses to come between the wind and their nobility, they are made picturesque and interesting rather than horrible, and stand before the mind rather to teach it a wholesome lesson, and to make pomp take physic, than to disgust without instructing, or wound without amending.

It is a mighty privilege this of genius to make itself heard equally in the kitchen and the hall ; to enter in at the strait gate of supercilious rank, or proud and fastidious fashion, and yet to be a welcome passenger in the broad thoroughfare of the vulgar, commonplace, working-day world. It is, as it were, to be the conductor that connects the positive and negative poles of society ; to be the ambassador from poverty to pride, or the mediator between the abjectness of hopeless penury

and the superbial magnificence of affluent aristocracy. This, we say, is a mighty privilege, and this great writer has used it well and wisely. He hath a noble and a Christian heart. He looks upon a human being, simply as such, as something inexpressibly great, and upon an immortal creature as of infinite value and significance. He feels that a man is more precious than many sparrows, and that blurred, and marred, and vitiated though the likeness be, yet there stands the image of his heavenly Father. In his kind and manly breast every fellow-creature finds a willing advocate ; the wailing of the desolate catches his ever-listening ear, and the despairing look of the familiar child of wretchedness meets his mild, keen glance, although there should be none other to register its sullen grief.

He makes the cries of the poor to be heard in the palace, and gets the miserable an entrance into the great man's house. The poor orphan, that finds what it is to be in a solitary desert in the thick-peopled city ; that, surrounded by a million of professing Christians, is yet alone, and without hope in the world ; that tells his dreadful story with patient sadness, but gets no one, in that dense, bustling, busy, money-getting crowd, to hear him for his cause ; why he, of all that populous cavalcade,



arrests one passing stranger, and he, pen in hand, proclaims his brother's wrongs through the wide extent of broad Britain.

And that same cunning penman, how strange his taste ! He finds a forlorn infant so desperate in fortune that even its miserable mother has left it on the steps to do or die ; and of all the cases for the genteel humane, the drawing-room Christianity, the silk-stockings-and-pumps philanthropy of the times, it so turns out that he will have none other, but only this. He walks straight into the workhouse, and when other men see only some parish brats that are to be abused, and poisoned, and sickened with insult and bad usage into early death, why there he sees the soft, innocent, ingenuous, grief-shaded countenance of thoughtful boyhood, and his sound heart yearns the more to him that he has neither father nor mother, nay, none other to take his part in all this selfish, money-getting, civil-barbarous age and nation, save this one great and glorious oak that flings out its fantastic branches to temper the wind to the shorn lamb. And when none other can plead for forsaken humanity, he, with the authority of omnipotent genius, knocks at the portals of greatness with a firmness that will not be said nay, and tells, with an eloquence that cannot be denied, "the spurns that patient

merit of the unworthy takes." God bless that good man ! the God who stilleth the cry of the young raven, and who visiteth, in their affliction, the fatherless and the widow.

Listen to him ; hear his words of truth and soberness ; learn of one who hath been taught by him who was meek and lowly of heart. " Now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round ; how youth and beauty died, and ugly, griping age lived tottering on ; how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly, honest hearts were poor and sad ; how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them or the energies of one single man directed to their aid ; how, in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades ; how ignorance was punished and never taught ; how jail doors gaped and gal-

lows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread, and lived in peace; how many died in soul, and had no chance of life; how many, who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they had they done ill; how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it; when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight cause on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.

‘ Take physic, pomp !  
Expose *thyself* to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayst throw the superflux to *them*,  
And show the heav’ns more just ! ’ ”

Can the *great ones* of the earth calmly read  
but this one passage out of the thousand stir-

ring appeals which everywhere meet them in these extraordinary volumes on behalf of the *little ones* of this weary world, without some misgivings that all is not right? Is there not something in their feeble but plaintive cry, as here supported with the word of power; is there not, we say, something in it (like the pressure of an infant's little hand round the finger of the strong man), that sometimes spoils a fine dinner to those whose hearts are not just yet a piece of shrivelled parchment? Think, peer, for a brief moment; we say, think. As you read such a picture as this, do the springs of your carriage not feel more uneasy under you as you call to mind that it is built upon the morsel of the beggar? Are there no compunctious visitings of nature that "steal on you ere you are aware," when you feel that the little shivering, street-abandoned wretch that gets his loaf by selling small ware, is robbed of the half of it to put diamonds in your shoe-buckles? Is it possible that you can see that skeleton, with the keen, sharpened, abject features of starvation, with two naked children and the famishing antic at her breast, whose unnatural, hideous caricature of humanity hardly admits it a place in the classification of the infancy of man, cowering at the foot of some deserted lane to eat their first meal for two days; can

it be that you can see this, and forget that even such beings as these pay to you, by a law made *by yourself for yourself*, the half of every penny that they beg from some kind being but a little way less poor than themselves ?

See that beautiful young duchess, so encompassed with the odour of refined aristocracy that, as she passes us like the flitting of a cloud, the very sense aches at her ; she seems to disdain the very ground she walks upon, and, like the sensitive plant, to shudder and contract into herself at the very contiguity of the poor ; although, mayhap, she has sometimes heard, in her crimson velvet pew, that, eighteen hundred years ago, some one declared them to be her brethren and sisters. She will fly the very sight of these horrid wretches, and swear “a pretty oath by yea and nay,” because her coachman did not drive the other way, that her eyes might not be offended by the very look of these terrible creatures.

A word in your ear, madam ; ay, in your ivory-turned ear, where hang those diamond drops. Why, these sparkling pendants were bought with money robbed from those same beggars. That glittering necklace, “which Jews might kiss and infidels adore,” believe it or not, is wrung from the hard hands of starving peasants, and every ring on those taper fingers

has famished a family of your fellow-creatures. Woman! bright, beautiful, and gentle! in all whose steps is grace, and in every gesture dignity and love! Woman! pure as beautiful; kind as dignified; virtuous and noble, with fair religion “emparadised in form of that sweet flesh,” is it possible you do not know, and yet are we *sure* you do not, that every birthday dress has driven a sister to the streets, and that there is not a ball at Almack’s which is given at a less cost than alone fills the brothel? “List, ye landsmen, all to me!” There are three half-naked urchins *thrust out of their mother’s house to steal for bread!* that is *your* doing. There are ten thousand patients in the metropolis perishing of typhus, actually more fatal than the plague; every hospital is full, and private houses are turned into fever-wards to meet the exigencies of the case. The fever is the fruit of *famine*, and that famine is *your* doing.

There is an infant in a sweet sleep lying in a basket at the work-house door; the night is cold, and it hath sucked at its kind mother’s breast until the want of food for two days hath brought her milk to its last thin drop. Merciful God! that hath taught us to address thee as our kind parent, and is it indeed possible



that the yearnings of a mother's heart can be stifled, and that she should no longer

“Know what 'tis to love the babe that milks her?”

Yet there is no other way, for bread is high, and wages thereby small, and a family of dear little ones, that should be a blessing, if ever a blessing were, is a curse; for they have mouths, and their mouths are filled with sad cries because they cannot be filled with food. Will the landowners not “mark, learn, and inwardly digest?” Let them reflect in time, “ere the night cometh.” Let them give with grace and good will what may at last be wrung from them with nothing of either. The people, like the sibyl, will come upon them every hour with harder terms, demanding more and offering less in exchange, until that mighty *vox populi*, which, when combined in majestic harmony, is truly *vox Dei*, will ascend to heaven and meet its response, return to earth, and teach the proud, when too late, that the “glory of his great house is departed.”

I have the honour to be, dear sir,

Your humble servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

*To the Hon. John C. Calhoun.*

SIR,

WELL knowing that you never fail to be interested in anything that relates to the prosperity of the American people, I have thought you would pardon me for addressing you a letter on the probable influence of the commerce of British India upon the staple productions of the South. I know this is a question which more directly concerns the Southern States than the rest of the Union, but I trust I feel as deep an interest in that portion of the country as in any other. I desire to see the great states of the South, under a wise and humane policy, develop their mighty resources, and become, as they may, one of the fairest, most desirable, and opulent portions of the confederacy. So long as our Union continues, and may Heaven preserve it through all coming time, we cannot separate the interests of one part of it from those of another. While it subsists, no blow can fall upon an individual member of it without being felt by the whole body.

Perhaps there is no question now before the British people in which our country is so deeply concerned as the commerce and agriculture of the East Indies; none which will so direct-

ly, powerfully, and permanently affect the whole of our Southern and Southwestern States. My attention has been turned to this subject for a considerable time with deep interest; and although I cannot admit the truth of all the statements which have been made, or feel the force of all the conclusions which have been adopted in regard to the India question, yet I am fully persuaded there is much in this matter worthy the candid and careful investigation of the Southern States; much which our statesmen had better look to, when they can find leisure from the *paramount duties* of party squabbles and cabinet cabals. There is something in this East India business which, in my humble opinion, is of more consequence to the Republic than even the question whether or not it is in order for an honourable member to read Mr. Botts's letter to the keeper of a coffee-house, or whether President Tyler will in the end turn out a "Locofoco" or a "Federalist."

While I was in England I collected many facts in relation to this subject, and since my return I have been no careless observer of what has subsequently transpired. I feel desirous, therefore, to lay before my countrymen a few brief statements which seem to be of immediate concern to them.

I do not address you this letter, sir, because

I suppose I can say anything on this subject which has not already been discovered by so keen-sighted and sagacious a statesman as yourself, particularly as it is so intimately connected with the prosperity of the South ; but I do it because you represent one of the most opulent and respectable of the Southern States. And you may be assured, sir, that in what I say I am influenced only by a desire to render some service to my country, and that not the slightest hostility or prejudice against the South mingles with my feelings.

It is well known that, since the invention of the cotton-gin, the increase in the growth of cotton has been rapid beyond all precedent, and that it now forms by far the most important article of our exports. For this England is our largest customer ; the total amount of her imports of cotton from the United States being annually not less than 300,000,000 lbs. If there be a prospect, then, that the British market will be in a great measure closed against this important staple, is it not well for us to consider what must be the result ?

For distinctness, I will arrange what I have to say under separate heads. I think any man who has paid the least attention to this matter will perceive, 1. That British India is amply capable of producing almost any quantity of the

very commodities which form the principal articles of export from the states of the South ; and that these commodities can be procured from thence, not only at a less price than is now paid for our productions, but so low that we cannot, at the cost of slave-labour, compete with them.

British India comprises a tract of country nearly as large as the whole United States, with 150,000,000 of people, and can easily be made to supply the entire demand of Great Britain for cotton, rice, and tobacco ; and, at the same time, more adequately provide for her own population.\* The evidence I adduce below will convince every reader that I speak advisedly. This evidence has been subjected to the closest scrutiny, and I am not aware of any interest or prejudice to sway my judgment.

In his History of the British Colonies (a

\* When this letter was written, which was several months ago, I made some use of an article which appeared in a London journal last spring. In course of reviewing my letter for the press, I met with a paper in the September number of Hunt's valuable Commercial Magazine, which was so much like the London article that I had the curiosity to inquire of Mr. Hunt if they were both written by the same author. I understood him that they were. The article is written with candour ; but the author should have taken the precaution to state that something very like it had already appeared in London. He would in this way have saved himself from the imputation of being indebted more than he seemed to be to the production of another.

most valuable work), Montgomery Martin says, "The British possessions in India are rich to overflowing with every product of vegetable life which an all-wise and ever-beneficent Providence could bestow to gratify the sight and contribute to the happiness of his creatures." Professor Royle, of King's College, says, "In the peninsula of India, and in the neighbouring Island of Ceylon, we have a climate capable of producing cinnamon, cassia, pepper, &c. The coffee grown on the Malabar coast is of so superior a quality as to be taken to Arabia and re-exported as Mocha coffee. The Tinnevelly senna brings the highest price in the London market. The common potato has been introduced into almost every part of India with great success and benefit to the people. The continent everywhere produces indigo, *cotton*, *tobacco*, sugar, and opium. The first, hardly of any note as an Indian product 30 years ago, is now imported in the largest quantities into England: the *cotton* is *indigenous* to India; many provinces seem peculiarly adapted to its culture. The tobacco brought home by Dr. Wallach was pronounced by competent judges to be equal to the best from America. The quantity grown in India is enormous: very rich lands produce about 160 lbs. per acre of green leaf." "If," says a distinguished English wri-



ter, "we do thorough justice to India, we can draw from these vast and favoured regions, as the products of free cultivation—with the blessing and full requital of the Indian labourer—more than *twice* the consumption of *all* the sugar we *import*, and *more than all the cotton sent to us from the slave states of North America.*" "The valley of the Ganges," says Secretary Trevellyan, "is a tract of alluvial country of extraordinary fertility, about 1000 miles long, and from 150 to 300 miles broad, and is capable of producing sufficient sugar for the consumption of the whole world. This valley is densely populated, and *might be given up entirely to the growth of cotton, sugar, tobacco, and other valuable productions, getting its grain and provision from neighbouring provinces.*"

It appears from parliamentary reports I have examined, that the importation of sugar from India has trebled in the last nine years. "I have no doubt," says the estimable Zachary Macaulay, "that sugar could be produced in India *profitably at a penny a pound.*" Towards the end of the first quarter of 1841 the increased quantity of India sugar in the London market brought the price down \$2 50 the cwt.\*

\* I have recently received a letter from a gentleman in London, in which he states that there will probably be two million cwts. of sugar imported this year from India.

But, as the chief dependance of the Southern States is upon cotton, it is a question of more interest for us to inquire what effect the competition of the India planters will have upon this great production. This matter the South should look to. Says Montgomery Martin, already quoted, "Cotton everywhere abounds; but sufficient care has not been bestowed, so as to render it, as in America, a triennial instead of an annual, or in the picking and cleaning it for export. *The Decca cotton is unequalled*, and the Sea Island cotton, from Saugur Island, near Calcutta, promises to be a valuable article for export. The East India government have made several attempts for the extensive introduction of the cotton-plant into Guzerat, near the Persian Gulf, *which seems well adapted for its culture.*" Royle says "the best cotton is procured from the coast of Coromandel." Says a writer who has resided long in India, "The natural internal navigation is most extensive. There are vast tracts of land so near the Hooghly, Ganges, and other large navigable rivers, that, without the delay of making roads, the produce can be brought to Calcutta at the moderate cost of transportation of from four to ten shillings a ton. The presidencies of Madras and Bombay likewise contain land capable of growing cotton to an *illimitable extent.*"

“Rangoon,” says the London writer already referred to, “at the mouth of the great River Irawaddy, ships large quantities of raw cotton of superior quality to Calcutta and other places, which is cleaned and wrought by hand into the finest muslins that are ever seen in Europe.” This part of India, I am told by several gentlemen who have traversed it, is very similar in climate and situation to the delta of the Mississippi, and could supply an immense quantity of cotton of the best quality. A newspaper, published at Bombay in 1839, remarks, “We have shown in a former number that, until 1830, we derived no agricultural produce *whatever* from the fertile plains of Berar (600 miles from the coast), and supplied that district with but a single article, salt, which, owing to the almost impassable state of the roads, was conveyed from this city on the backs of bullocks. In that year one of the native salt merchants tried the experiment of conveying back to Bombay, upon his returning bullocks, some of the cotton which abounds in that country; the experiment was completely successful, and next year (1831) 10,000 loads were received from that one district by the same rude conveyance. In 1836 90,000 loads were received from the same province; but the roads were so bad that it imposed an additional cost of 80 per cent. upon

its original price. The resources of that district are so great that government have appropriated £30,000 to construct a road." They have also resolved to make a road from Bombay to Agra, which lies in the very heart of the cotton districts. Other surveys have been ordered, and it will not be a long time before the means of transportation by great roads will exist wherever it cannot be carried on by water.

Herodotus tells us that when he wrote his celebrated history (more than 2200 years ago) cotton was grown in India. It has been used for ages by the millions of that immense country, and yet some of our most respectable journals have attempted to prove that its cultivation in India "is yet a *problem!*" Secretary Woodbury informs us "that the production of cotton in India in 1791 was 150 million pounds, and in 1834, 185 millions." The secretary was as safe in making this statement as he would have been in saying that in some weeks more than 100 barrels of flour are shipped from the Genesee Mills. It is well known that India consumes a much greater amount herself than the secretary supposes her to raise. She furnishes cotton for her own consumption, the entire supply of China, and a large surplus goes to England. In 1831 the imports of India cotton into England were 75,627 bales; in 1835, 116,153 bales;

and in 1840, 216,784 bales. Of rice, the imports in 1835 were 66,000 bags; in 1839, 97,000; and in 1840, over 100,000! During the last nine years the importation of Brazilian cottons into England has fallen off more than 70,000 bales; and several instances have occurred, within the last eighteen months, in which the arrival of East India cotton has materially lowered the price of the American article in Liverpool; in one instance to the extent of no less than three cents on the pound! It is a fact, too well known almost to be told again, that the Bengal indigo long since drove the Carolina article out of the market.

2. India not only possesses great resources, but the power of the British empire is being combined to develop them; and a great variety of most auspicious circumstances have conspired to produce this result. It has ever been peculiarly the policy of Great Britain to depend upon her own resources for the wants and the luxuries of life. For a long time she has grudgingly paid her millions every year for American cotton, and she is now determined to do it no longer. The government will afford all the facilities and encouragement possible for the growth of cotton and of all the tropical products in her eastern possessions: her army and navy, legislation and credit,

will all contribute their aid to this work. The East India Company, under their present charter, no longer enjoys that exclusive control of Indian commerce which has enriched its proprietors in past times; and the sagacious and experienced men who control its affairs, after carefully investigating the whole subject, have come to the conclusion that they will turn their domains into cotton plantations, and divert into their own coffers the \$30,000,000 that now flow annually into the pockets of the planters of the South. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce (an association of opulent manufacturers whose power is almost unlimited) have joined warmly in the enterprise, and will extend all the favour they can, without too great a sacrifice of interest, to the designs of the Company. The favour will be returned; for it is understood that the Company will do all in their power to open a market for the Manchester fabrics among the 150 millions of India.

With the keen-sighted policy they have uniformly displayed in the management of their affairs, the Company despatched Captain Baylis, an efficient and well-qualified commissioner, to the Southern States, in the spring of 1840, to engage twelve American planters, who were perfectly acquainted with the cotton culture, to go out to India in the service of the



Company, for the purpose of carrying out their designs. In this he was successful, and returned to England with his agents, who carried with them several of the most improved cotton-gins (which had never been introduced into India), and a large quantity of the best kinds of seed. The gins were set up in Liverpool while I was in that city; and parcels of India cotton, which had been imported in the seed, were submitted to the working of these machines. The result was, that while the American gin could clean 1400 pounds a day to the great improvement of the raw material, the Indian machine (churka), with three labourers to work it, could only turn off 40 pounds. Several commercial gentlemen assured me that the cotton was as fine as any specimens from America in market; and yet it cost the importers less than half the price. It should be remembered, too, that it had been grown under the agriculture of semi-barbarians; perhaps been carried 600 miles on the backs of bullocks, and transported 12,000 miles, with the additional expense in freight, of being brought in the seed. As might be expected, this fact excited a deep interest among the manufacturing capitalists of England, and private speculators were soon on the alert. Prospects of making fortunes by the cultivation of cotton in

India induced several opulent men immediately to embark for that country; and large bribes, I had occasion to know, were offered by a speculator to one of Captain Baylis's agents if he would enter into his employment; which, of course, the American refused.

The India mail, during the last summer, brought intelligence that this corps had reached their destination, and made a commencement upon 1000 acres of land in the fertile district of Tinnevelly, with every prospect of success. The account also stated that arrangements were being made by the Company's servants for extending their scale of operations as widely as possible; and that large tracts of land had been purchased by private individuals for the same purpose. "Indeed," says an English correspondent of mine, in a recent letter, "India seems to be visited with a sort of cotton mania not unlike your *multicaulis fever*."

In a late pamphlet, Thomas Clarkson says, "I have recently received intelligence from India, that individuals are hiring large tracts of land of the East India Company, principally for the cultivation of cotton. One person has taken 60,000 acres at his own risk, and expects to *employ one hundred thousand people more than at present!*" Brother Jonathan, who is generally on the ground when the bell

rings for dinner, hoping to find the cultivation of cotton "a pretty good sort of a business," has also taken up some "*small patches*" of a few thousand acres; and a number of Americans, resident merchants in India, have thrown commerce aside for the more profitable business of planting cotton. The whole body of British abolitionists have entered cordially into the measure, believing that the success of the scheme will be the death-knell of American slavery. They have but one great object now before them—the *abolition of slavery in India*; and they believe that the general cultivation of cotton in those countries will have a tendency to overthrow slavery in America, by rendering it impossible for slave labour (acknowledged to be more expensive) to compete with the free-grown products of the British empire. The English abolitionists feel that every shilling which goes out of Great Britain for cotton, or any other slave-grown product, goes into the pocket of the slaveholder, and thereby contributes to uphold the system. This feeling is becoming almost universal in England among men of all parties; and all who take any particular interest in the slavery question are labouring with a zeal they never manifested before, in advancing the interests of cotton planting in India; and while I believe that many of them are influenced by higher motives, yet I do

not doubt that feelings of hostility against the interests of the South mingle with their efforts.

Said William E. Gladstone, a notorious, boisterous, church-extension-anti-West-India-emancipation-liberty-hating-high-tory-dear-bread-loving declaimer, in a speech in Parliament (30th of March, 1838), "If the facts were thoroughly investigated, it could be shown that the British manufacturers were actually the most effectual encouragers, not only of slavery, but of the slave-trade itself. By what means was the slave-trade with the Brazils carried on? By British manufactures, directly imported from this country. The British manufacturer sent his cotton goods to the Brazils; these were immediately shipped off from the Brazils to the coast of Africa, and were there exchanged for human ware, which the Brazilian trader brought back." (Hear, hear.) "You," said the honourable gentleman, "who are so sick with apprenticeship in the West Indies; you, who cannot wait for twenty-four months, when the apprentices will be free, are you aware what responsibility lies upon every one of you at this moment, with reference to the cultivation of cotton in America? There are three millions of slaves in America. America does not talk of abolition, nor of the amelioration of slavery. It is a domestic institution, which appears des-

tined to descend to the posterity of that free people; and who are responsible for this enormous growth of what appears to be eternal slavery? Is it not the demand that creates the supply? and is it not the consumption of cotton from whence that demand arises? You consume 318,000,000 pounds of cotton which proceed from slave labour annually, and only 45,000,000 pounds which proceed from free labour; and that, too, *while you have the means in India, at a very little expense, of obtaining all you require from free labour.*”

Said a distinguished author, after reading this speech to an immense meeting in Exeter Hall, “We shall be fools, indeed, if we do not take a lesson from that speech. (Hear, hear.)” Says the before-quoted American, in his communication published in London, “I hope the planters of our Southern States may not be afraid to be heard above their voices in asking themselves, ‘What are we to do? Can we meet this supposed change? Is it right, or politic, or profitable, to continue the wasteful system of slave labour any longer?’ The answer of every candid man who inquires into the subject is, you cannot go on exhausting whole tracts of fertile land by this plan; moving farther West every few years, and the original plantations falling back into an unreclaimed

wilderness (which is the operation at the South), without ruining yourselves and the country also. I believe it can be safely asserted that, with the present costly system of slave labour at the South, the planters will not be able to stand so many chances against them. If we have been able to produce the same article with a rich soil and ingenious machinery, it does not stand to reason that other countries, with the same soil (Dr. Roxburgh says ‘he never saw or heard of an India farmer manuring in the smallest degree a rice-field; yet these fields have probably for thousands of years continued to yield annually a large crop of rice of an average of thirty to sixty fold—even eighty or one hundred has been known’) and cheaper labour (because free), may not take advantage of our improvements, and, backed by a wealthy company, and encouraged by a powerful government, be able to defy our competition. It is not possible; it is against the very nature of our present system.”

The South have considered this matter; at least, they are now beginning to see the tendency of these movements in the East. Says the “Cotton Circular,” an able paper put forth by a convention of planters in South Carolina not long ago, “*The slave-holding race could not maintain their liberty or independence for five*



*years without cotton. It is that which gives us our energy, our enterprise, our intelligence."*

The Natchez Free Trader, in copying an account of a great commercial meeting in Manchester, with reference to the growth of cotton in India, says (I copy it as it was read in Exeter Hall this last summer) :

“ It may be remembered that when Captain Baylis, of the British East India forces, came to this city in the early part of last summer for the purpose of getting men acquainted with the process of raising cotton, to accompany him to India, the *Free Trader* was the first journal to expose and denounce his plan as a dangerous scheme to undermine the prosperity of the American planters and ruin the sale of their great staple. In no measured terms of rebuke, the *Free Trader* denounced both those wealthy and influential planters in Adams county who lent themselves to aid Captain Baylis in his designs, and those nine young men from the states of Mississippi and Louisiana who sold themselves to the ancient and inveterate enemy of their native land ; but at that time the acting editor of that journal knew not the whole enormity of the insidious scheme. Little, perhaps, thought those young planters and overseers, when they consented to go to India, that they were to be used as tools in the unholy hands of the abolitionists ! (Hear, hear.)

“Of the startling fact, that the East India cotton-growing project is but a powerful organization designed to overthrow the system of domestic slavery in the American states, we have now the most ample evidence. This evidence we hasten to present to our readers; it is vitally important to the South, and merits all the deep attention which it will surely receive. . . . .

“The attitude of the South in sustaining the patriarchal institution of slavery at this moment is full of interest. England is arraying its vast moral, commercial, and political power against us. The ocean queen is about to work her thirty millions of white slaves and serfs in the jungles and on the plains of India, for the express purpose of rendering the labour of three millions of black slaves in America unproductive and of no value. This will be done. There is no vacillation or weakness of purpose in the English character. (Cheers.) All India will, in a year or two, teem like a vast beehive with the cotton enterprise, cheered on by the fratricide abolitionists and mock-philanthropists of the Northern States. Meanwhile, O’Connell, the Irish agitator, is invoked to agitate his countrymen against slavery on this side of the water, while, both in Ireland and England, his roaring voice is perpetually lifted up in abuse

of the noble-hearted, the independent, and the fearless Southern planters, as well as the American character at large. The Kirk of Scotland thunders her anathemas against the American Presbyterians, because they will not excommunicate slave-holding church members. The Wesleyans and the Quakers are perpetually using clerical influence against the rights and peace of our social institutions. The royal consort of the Queen of England is not ashamed to preside over the opening of a meeting vauntingly called the 'World's Convention,' the chief business of which was to abuse American institutions—where Birney, once a slaveholder, and the negro Remond, side by side on the same platform with the highest bishops of the Church of England, and with O'Connell, lifted up their voices, traitors as they are, against their own native land; all joining in full cry against a domestic institution which has come down unbroken from the 'world's gray fathers,' the holy patriarchs with whom angels walked and talked. (Laughter, and very loud cheers.)"

You will probably smile to see the heterogeneous mass of opinions and facts I have thrown together in this letter; but nothing will strike you more, I believe, than the singular phenomenon to which the enthusiastic editor of the *Free Trader* alludes. I do not believe that so

singular a coincidence ever occurred before as that we now witness in the union of English abolitionists and Liberals with their "old, inveterate enemy," the East India Company, the most benevolent philanthropists with the most selfish speculators, levellers with monopolists, and Chartists with the throne of Old England and her aristocracy, all mingling side by side in harmony and power to carry out a bold and grand design.

Says the London article before quoted, "The two subjects connected with India, which now engross the attention of the people of Britain, are of double character and opposite points. India wants from England justice and righteous protection, and a fair acknowledgment of her claims, as an integral part of the British empire. England wants from India raw materials for her manufactories, and the luxuries of coffee, sugar, and tobacco for her artisans and labourers; and, most of all, she wants an extensive market for her numerous wares and fabrics, which she can produce cheaper than any other country. These two different points of one great national question have now become the subjects of discussion by the philanthropists on the one side, and the merchants and manufacturers on the other. Both

are working for the attainment of their separate objects at different ends of the same chain. The one will civilize India by justice and religion, the other by unfettered commerce and an improved agriculture. Who would dare to say that these are things which the Southern people should pass by carelessly and heedlessly, and not prepare themselves to meet the coming change ?”

One or two points more need a moment's attention. There is no probability that a long time will pass away before slavery will be abolished in British India. Many of all parties are already united for the subversion of the whole system ; and the spirit of the British people is so deeply aroused, that the government will not dare refuse their bold demand.

It should not be forgotten by Americans that labour is cheaper in India than in any other portion of the world ; and that man's wants in that mild climate are far more simple, and supplied at a far less expense than in the United States. It is a common saying, that “in India a labourer will work for a penny a day, and support himself.” If this is not literally true, it is nearly so. A gentleman who had been a captain in the service of the East India Company for thirteen years, assured me that the average price of labour throughout British India was

less than *six cents a day*; and that millions were suffering from hunger because they could not find any employment even at that price. What facilities, so auspicious, were ever before offered for the prosecution of a great enterprise! And what a glorious change will come over India when it shall have been fully carried into effect! Freedom will soon be declared; agriculture will introduce commerce; commerce will introduce science and the arts of civilized life. The necessities of existence she can produce from her soil, and England will supply her with luxuries. It is not too much to hope, I think, that the time is not far distant when the millions of that mighty empire shall rise from their long degradation, and, clothed in the bright livery of civilization, take their stand among the great family of Christian nations.

But, in glancing over the paragraphs of this letter, many a reader has said to himself, or, if reading aloud, said to his hearer, "All this looks like truth, perhaps; but the author of this book ought to know that England never will adopt a policy which would deprive her of a customer who takes her manufactured goods to the amount of \$50,000,000 every year. If England will not buy our cotton, she is more



presumptuous even than usual in supposing that we shall purchase her manufactures."

It would impoverish England, without doubt, to lose so valuable a customer, if she could not find another. But losses are not always impoverishment; and in this case they will certainly be gains. If England loses 17 million customers in America, she gains 150 million in India. At the present time the entire consumption of English manufactures in India is only a cent a month for each individual; Jamaica consumes \$20 a head annually; Trinidad, \$30; Cape Colony, \$30; Australia, \$40; India, a New-York shilling a year! Let the present plans of England be carried out (and England is quite apt to accomplish what she sets herself about in earnest), and, at the moderate computation of \$5 a head (only one sixth as much as negroes just liberated in Trinidad consume), and you have the annual consumption in India of \$750,000,000 of British manufactures.

One more item will close what I have to say about India. The planter (if he ever reads this book, and for his sake, as well as my *publishers*, I hope he will) will say, "Well, suppose we do emancipate our negroes? If what you have said be true, I am a ruined man! For although slavery is an expensive system, yet with free

labour we cannot compete with cotton raised by labourers forced to work for sixpence a day or starve !” I think, my good sir, you are not a ruined man, though you should liberate your slaves ; you would expect, of course, to receive compensation for them when given up ; and no law, I admit, could justly demand their release without a fair compensation ; and the moment you perform so wise, humane, and generous an act, you will find, by experience, the superior economy of free over slave labour. For when your labourer is free, he is on expense to you only twelve hours a day ; and he will do the same work as a freeman for less money than he costs you now. And nights, rainy days, Sundays, holidays, sick-days, childhood-days, and worn-out and dying days he is at his own expense, and not yours. And I say farther, as long as you are a high-minded and enterprising American, who has no *cannots* or *impossibilities* in his vocabulary, you can compete with an Englishman or any other man who works for a quarter of the money that you will pay your affectionate *freeman*, attached as he would be to your person. Yes, as long as you have not Americans themselves for rivals, you can raise your cotton and freight your ships with the great staple for Liverpool or the Continental ports, or, better than all, you can manufacture it your-

selves, or bring it to the North, and we will engage to assist you. Or the wide world is open for you. Go with the fruit of your honest enterprise to any home of the great brotherhood of man, and God go with you. You are his *freemen*.

Besides, in any event, England must be dependant upon you for some time to come ; do what she will, she cannot consummate her East India project in *one* year. At present you supply her with your two great staples, cotton and tobacco. And your ingenuity, your skill, your *free labour*, your easier access by some 9000 miles to Liverpool, and, above all, your unconquered and unconquerable Anglo-American spirit, will still give you the advantage. Give America but a fair, open market, and England dreads her more than any other competitor. But continue your present system, and I fear you will gaze on the conflict and see your spoil divided among the strong !

With great respect, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Utica, September 10, 1841.

DEAR ———,

IN this letter I propose calling your attention for a short time to the origin, growth, and abuse of British power in the possessions of the East India Company. I shall only contemplate the subject in some of its bearings, and particularly as it is connected with the question of slavery in those vast and populous regions. The facts which have been brought to light by parliamentary investigating committees, by the testimony of distinguished men who have resided in the East, and, more recently, by the anti-slavery convention assembled in London, leave no doubt on the minds of candid men who have examined the matter, that slavery not only exists to an enormous extent, but in its most odious forms, in British India; and that the act of West India emancipation by no means exonerates the English government from the charge of upholding this system.

We should probably search the chronicles of the world in vain for an instance in which a civilized nation has inflicted deeper wrong upon any portion of the human race than has been inflicted by England upon the millions of India. If the true history of the British do-

minion in Asia, with all its injustice and oppressions practised upon a prostrate and unoffending race, could be read by the world, it would form some of the blackest pages in the whole catalogue of human suffering and wrong. Mr. Burke exclaimed, in one of his speeches more than half a century since, that the British empire in India was "an awful thing."

Two hundred and forty years ago this summer, Elizabeth granted to a company of London merchants an exclusive right to the commerce of India for fifteen years; and soon after four merchant-ships sailed from England to the Moluccas. The privileges of this company have been successively renewed, and, from its first feeble commencement up to the present time, it has been steadily expanding its power over those immense regions, until it has at last consolidated an empire 1,500,000 square miles in extent, and embracing 150,000,000 subjects. To describe all the steps by which they have acquired this immense empire, the struggles they have passed through, and the base intrigues they have practised at home to preserve their dominion; the unjust advantages they have taken of other nations, as well as the outrageous tyranny that has characterized their dealings with the native chiefs and their people, would

require *many volumes*. Of course, therefore, I can only cast a few rapid glances at the system.

The territory over which the East India Company hold sway is the vast peninsula of Hindustan, bounded on the north by the great chain of the Himmalaya Mountains, separating India from China, on the east by Birmah, on the south by the Bay of Bengal, and on the west by the great River Indus and the Indian Ocean. The Island of Ceylon is also embraced in the English possessions. A short time since, Parliament published an estimate of the extent and population of the territories of British India, by which it appears that the East India Company have at the present time control over nearly 150,000,000 human beings. Their affairs are administered by a court of twenty-four directors, elected by the Company, who choose their own chairman and deputy chairman, and appoint salaried officers of every description for carrying on their immense business. This court unites with the Board of Control, chosen from the queen's ministry, in electing the Governor-general of Bengal, the governors of the presidencies of Madras and Bombay, of the subordinate dependencies, the commander-in-chief, and all inferior officers.

At each presidency the governor is assisted



by a council composed of a certain number of the senior civil servants of the Company at that presidency. The most striking feature in the government of the Company is the vast military force by means of which their extensive dominion was originally acquired, and is still maintained. Its composition is perhaps more remarkable than that of any other army. India is subjected to a foreign yoke by her own troops, paid with her own money. And although mutinies have not been so frequent among them as one would suppose, yet several dreadful scenes of this kind have occurred to remind their oppressors that the nation which binds one end of a chain around their vassals, fastens the other around itself.

The native army attained its present strength and discipline by gradual steps. A few Sepoy battalions were at first employed merely as an appendage to the Company's forces; while an adjutant, captain, or some sergeants were the only English officers attached to them. With the skill communicated by these, and the use of musketry, they easily vanquished the irregular troops of the native princes. The native army now comprises above two hundred and thirty thousand infantry and twenty-six thousand cavalry, constituting one of the best equipped and most efficient standing armies in the

world; all in a state of perfect discipline, and ready to take the field at a day's notice. The Company itself has also 8000 troops levied in Europe, aided by 20,000 of the queen's regular army.

Who can contemplate such a spectacle without feelings of indignation not to be suppressed? That England, the most enlightened Christian nation on earth (in her own estimation), in an age, too, when such abundant light has been shed upon the rights of man, and which she herself boasts of doing so much to advance, should fasten so grinding a despotism upon nearly one quarter of the human race; a despotism which can only be perpetuated by the overwhelming power of nearly 300,000 armed men.

The entire population of this vast empire are subjected to the most degrading servitude. Millions of them, it is estimated, are held in the most cruel bondage, while a vastly greater number are, in different forms, reduced to a condition of abject vassalage, bringing with it, in innumerable instances, a deeper degradation than any produced by West India or American slavery.

But let us consider more particularly THE MEANS BY WHICH THE COMPANY HAVE BROUGHT,

AND STILL RETAIN, THESE NUMEROUS VASSAL STATES UNDER THEIR CONTROL.

The first and most efficient expedient was to quarter in the territories of the native princes, with their real or apparent consent, troops maintained at their expense. They were understood to be placed there solely to secure these princes, either against foreign aggression or the efforts of domestic rivals, without interfering in any shape with the internal government. The presence, however, in the heart of their dominions, of a force decidedly superior in discipline and number to their own, placed the native princes, of course, under an unsuspected, but not less real control.

This point gained, the next step was to require that, instead of money-payments, the prince should cede a portion of his territory, the revenues of which should be applied to defray the expense of these subsidiary troops; and, indeed, this often became necessary, as the expense of maintaining such troops was so great that the prince was obliged to resort to a mortgage of his lands. With this cession of land was generally combined an agreement to intrust the defence of his borders entirely to the Company, and discontinue all political and diplomatic intercourse with every other power.

The last stage of subjection arrived, when

he was required to resign the whole administration into the hands of his foreign protectors, and to retain the mere pomp and name of royalty, stripped of his fortune and liberty. It is true, the first step was often cheerfully acceded to, and even solicited, by the prince when his power appeared in danger either from foreign or domestic enemies. But not a long time elapsed before the yoke was painfully felt, both by ruler and people; and the native sovereign yielded up his lands only from a feeling of invincible necessity. Disturbances often arose under the grinding oppression of this foreign interference, and which could be suppressed only by an increased military force, which served still farther to augment the burdens of the people.

At last, after many hard but unavailing struggles against the diplomacy, intrigue, cunning, and martial power and skill of the British empire, the prince, with his people, surrendered himself to the oppressive rule of his *Christian* tyrants. This system has been practised so generally, and for such a length of time, that at last the greater part of the broad and rich lands of India have passed from the hands of their lawful proprietors into the hands of selfish and perfidious speculators, who, from the beginning, have gone to India for no other pur-

pose than to amass fortunes by unjust requisitions from the Asiatic people.

Consequences the most disastrous have resulted from this policy.

MILLIONS of the people of India have in consequence of it been starved to death. Said Dr. Bowering, than whom no man better understands the state of the whole Asiatic world, in a speech delivered at the great meeting held a short time since in London, to relieve the wrongs of India: "We are called together to consider the interests of 150,000,000 of our fellow-subjects, and no man will feel that a mighty responsibility does not rest upon our shoulders. England has long held the sceptre over the millions of India; but what has she ever done for these but rob them of their rights? We boast that we are a civilized, a religious, an instructed nation; what of all these blessings have we conferred upon India? The inhabitants of that fine, that noble country, are not to be compared even to the Swiss upon his bleak and barren mountains. We are a large commercial country; but we have never extended the humanizing and civilizing blessings of commerce to India. This is an agricultural nation. What a picture does India present! possessing boundless tracts of land, with every shade of climate, fit for the best

productions of the earth, YET MEN PERISHING BY THOUSANDS AND HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS FROM FAMINE, WHILE THE STOREHOUSES OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY ARE FILLED WITH BREAD WRUNG FROM THEIR SOIL BY A STANDING ARMY!

“We have boasted of our religion—I do not mean the form and words which too many consider to be the essence of Christianity—have we imparted any of it to the natives of India? No, alas! we hear much more of the complainings of those poor natives than of their gratitude. We profess to be a well-governed nation, and well acquainted with the principles of liberty, which we highly prize: but we have not given that liberty to India. We have not even made *justice* accessible to them. I see the evidence of all this before me in the persons of these men (alluding to five plenipotentiary commissioners from India, who sat on the platform, dressed in the costume of their nation), who have come thousands of miles as suppliants, I believe up to the present time unsuccessful suppliants, for JUSTICE. So far from imparting commerce to India, we have ruined that which she commenced before. It is not many years since India supplied almost every European nation with cotton cloths: now, by the improvements in machinery, we supply her with our fabrics.”



It is said that in 1837 a famine in India swept off half a million of people, and that it was brought on *chiefly* by robbing the population of the produce of their soil, to fill the coffers of the East India Company. It is well known, indeed, that multitudes starve to death every year in India, because of the terribly oppressive land-tax.

Another mighty evil has been inflicted upon India; and it has grown almost entirely out of this system of land robbery. During these famines uncounted multitudes SELL THEMSELVES AND THEIR CHILDREN INTO SLAVERY for bread, to prevent their dying by starvation. Says Mr. Colebrooke, in one of his celebrated minutes on the subject of East India slavery (Parliamentary Papers, 138, 1839, p. 312), "The government permit parents and relatives in times of scarcity to sell children." "The number of slaves continually diminishing, a demand constantly exists for the purchase of them, which is supplied chiefly by parents selling their own children in seasons of scarcity and famine, or in circumstances of individual and peculiar distress."

He also says that during one of those seasons, in the Solapoor and adjacent districts, parents, being unable to support them, either sold or deserted their children, and that some

of them were seized, carried off, and disposed of to the best advantage. What a picture is here presented !

Said one of the most distinguished statesmen in England to me the other day, "I have no doubt that upon inquiry we should find these appalling evils and calamities of which we hear so much, are to be traced far more frequently to the injustice of the East India Company than to the Providence of God. India is the slave of England, sir." And it should not be forgotten that millions suffer continually there in all parts of the country from hunger, which is relieved by just food enough to keep them from actual starvation.

It makes but little towards the justification of England in this matter, that immense fortunes are continually amassed in India by Englishmen who go there only for money. They grow rich not by the fair and honourable pursuits of commerce ; but their fortunes are the price of children's blood and mothers' tears. Every day I meet with gentlemen who, after spending a part of their lives in India, have returned rich. They have rendered about as much real service to India as the titled ecclesiastic pluralists do to Ireland ; and are quite as well paid for it.

I suppose, however, this matter is hardly

open to the criticism of one who is no political economist ; and I presume that the principle which seems to prevail so extensively with the English government, of paying those men best who are of the least service to the country, is to be taken as one of the wise provisions of this wise and venerable monarchy ! There is more truth than fiction in Bulwer's saying, " We pay best, 1st. Those who destroy us, generals ; 2d. Those who cheat us, politicians and quacks ; 3d. Those who amuse us, singers and musicians ; and, least of all, those who instruct us."

The East India Company have not only sanctioned and upheld the Hindu and Mohammedan systems of slavery, but also the enslavement of multitudes of free and innocent persons, and that of their posterity after them, by means of which the slave population has been vastly increased ; and all this in open violation of Hindu, Mohammedan, and British law. They have countenanced the unrestricted sale of slaves belonging to persons subject to their authority, in which the tenderest ties of social life have been totally disregarded, and by which an extensive system of kidnapping has been created, with all its attendant horrors.

They have also sanctioned the free importation of slaves into their territories from foreign states, by which their number has been greatly

augmented, and an external slave-trade actually encouraged. They have confirmed, too, the continued slavery of large numbers of free persons, acknowledged by their own servants to be illegally held in bondage: "Thousands of whom," says Mr. Macnaughten, "are at this moment living in a state of hopeless though unauthorized bondage."

In regard to the *treatment* of slaves in the East Indies. On this subject Mr. Garling, a resident councillor in Malacca, says: "Before I can believe that the slaves here are treated humanely, I must cast from my mind the remembrance of the cries which I have heard, and the mental degradation, the rags, the wretchedness, the bruises, the contused eyes and burns which I have witnessed; I must blot out adultery from the calendar of vices; I must disbelieve the numerous proofs which I have had of obstacles opposed to regular marriages, and the general humiliation of females. I must put away every idea of the modes of punishment of which eyewitnesses have given me account, and the short jacket must no longer be deemed a badge of slavery. In addition to the domestic discipline to which slaves are subject, we find such punishments as the following ordered by the police magistrate: 'Chimpu, twelve lashes with the ratan, and

to work on the roads in irons for a period of six weeks ; thereafter to be placed at his master's disposal : ' offence, false accusation. ' Si Surra, one dozen stripes of a ratan, and to be worked in irons on the public roads for one month : ' offence, impertinence and idleness. ' Tom, sentenced to receive three dozen lashes, and to work on the public roads in irons for six months : ' offence, absconding. Salip, slave boy, ' to receive eighteen lashes of a ratan : ' offence, running away. ' Tulip, being a notoriously bad character, and not having yet the wounds healed of the punishment inflicted on him on Monday last, is sentenced to be flogged on the posteriors with eighteen lashes of a ratan : ' offence, stealing from his brother. Toby ' is directed to be punished with one and a half dozen lashes : ' offence, insolence."

Perhaps there is no feature in the whole system so painful to contemplate as the *degradation it brings upon woman*. It is said there is no part of the world where slavery entails so many direful consequences upon females. It is known that immense numbers of female slaves are kept for the vilest purposes by *very many* of the resident English in the service of the Company.

Says a writer in a recent London paper I hold in my hand, " Such is the character, and

such at this very time are the effects of slavery in British India, under the various forms of domestic or field slaves, eunuchs, concubines, and dancing girls, kept for purposes of prostitution, the lawless gains of which come into the hands of their masters. Slavery, sustained in its numbers by kidnapping, breeding, by home produce or foreign importation from Abyssinia, Africa, Arabia, and other parts of the world, exists to an enormous extent in our dominions in the East."

Said the Duke of Wellington, who never yet slandered despotism, in his speech against Earl Grey's bill for the abolition of East India slavery, "Though I entertain no doubt whatever that slavery does exist in that country, domestic slavery in particular, to a very considerable extent, yet I would be careful how I interfered with the matter. I KNOW THAT IN THE HUT OF EVERY MUSSULMAN SOLDIER IN THE INDIAN ARMY THERE IS A FEMALE SLAVE, who accompanies him in all his marches; and I would recommend your lordships to deal lightly in the matter if you wish to retain your sovereignty in India."

But there is another matter that seems to be worth a moment's attention. Mr. Ricketts (who certainly ought to know something about the matter) says that there are 20,000 adult Anglo-



Indians in Bengal alone. An Anglo-Indian is one sprung from a European father by a native mother. They are said to be very beautiful, which one can easily believe ; and they are all somewhat educated—2000 of them highly. They have lately addressed several memorials to the British Parliament, painting in strong colours the hardship of their situation ; enjoying neither the privileges of Europeans nor Indians, to both of which they consider themselves entitled by blood.

I was yesterday making some inquiries about these things of a gentleman who has spent a considerable portion of his life in India, and I think you will be startled at some of his statements ; but you can rely upon their truth. “I have been long in India,” said he, “and my connexion with the Company was such that I had good facilities for ascertaining the state of things there. The licentiousness which prevails among the British servants of the Company is shocking in the extreme. Most of them go out there unmarried ; and such is the social state of India, that it presents strong temptations to young men connected with the military, civil, and medical professions, and the great mass of them indulge in the most vicious and abandoned habits. While marching with the troops, and during their journeyings into the

interior on business, the most brutal outrages are often inflicted by them upon Indian girls. I have known not a few instances in which beautiful Hindu and Mohammedan females, impelled by hunger, have entered the quarters of the officers to beg for bread, and could only get the boon they craved by first yielding themselves to the unhallowed passions of Englishmen. I have seen it stated that there are in India fifty thousand persons whom we call Anglo-Indians. I can only say that I believe there are nearer five times that number. Why, sir, you can have no conception of the extent of these evils ; and it is insufferable that the Company's officers should sanction such things. The truth is, they have too little objection to the system themselves. An army cannot move in India without working the destruction of virtue and the degradation of woman."

I should not have believed this without pretty good evidence. It seems too horrible to be true. But, says Isaac Barrow, "'This world of ours has grown so bad, that it requires great power of *credulity* to doubt a man's words when he would tell you some new thing about iniquity.'"

There are some persons who pretend to say that even the Imperial Parliament (whose power is supreme) has no *right* to abolish slavery in

the East Indies: "It is a civil, a social institution; a matter of caste; something which had its origin in Hindu and Mohammedan legislation." But neither the Board of Control nor the Court of Directors have any scruples about sanctioning the abuses of which I have spoken: they seem to think they can invade the homes of 150,000,000 of the Asiatic people, and unceremoniously deprive them of their "unalienable rights:" all this they can do, and violate no law!

What has *Christian* England for the last 240 years done for *heathen* India? This is a question worthy of a moment's consideration from a man who, in this busy, selfish world, has time and humanity to think about the souls of nearly one quarter of the great human family. Bishop Heber says, that "Among those who, from the principles of infidelity, or from the absorbing influence of worldly pursuits, felt little immediate concern in religion, and who, in the acquisition and consolidation of power amid the half-civilized votaries of idolatry and imposture, were tremblingly alive to the danger of offending them by the too prominent profession of a pure faith, it may be easily imagined that no effort would be made." And for a very long time no effort *was* made. *Heathen* India was of as much service to England as

would have been *Christian* India, and perhaps more; for besotted idolaters will more passively wear the chain.

It will be remembered that in the beginning of the last century the King of Denmark, Frederic IV., established a Christian mission on the Coromandel coast. Bartholomew Zeingenbalgrus and Henry Plutche, educated at the University of Halle, landed in India in 1705, and commenced their labours. George I. of England, Archbishop Wake, and the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (then recently established), united heartily in the work; the mission constantly receiving accessions of strength. In 1750 Christian Frederic Swartz, a man whose name will be always honoured, sailed for India to join this mission. I have only time casually to allude to this truly apostolic man. For nearly fifty years he devoted himself untiringly to this great work, and "his equal has never," says the North American Review, "appeared on the shores of India. What Heber might have been had he lived we know not."

Much honour is justly awarded by the civilized world to the English Baptists, whose learned and assiduous labours, in the effort to Christianize India, commenced in 1792. In October of that year, a few Baptist ministers held a

meeting at Kettering, in Northamptonshire, and resolved to form a Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. These honest but poor men raised *fourteen pounds* on the spot; no great sum, to be sure, but worth to India far more than its value on "'Change." But contributions flowed in from all parts of England, and in a few months the society was enabled to send out two missionaries. The choice, by peculiar good fortune, fell upon Thomas and Carey, two "good men and true." They were enthusiasts, the world would say: well, call them so. I honour an enthusiast of this stamp: such men are required to pioneer any great enterprise. It is said, that when the two missionaries were introduced to each other for the first time as colleagues in this noble design, they could not refrain from shedding tears.

In 1801 they published the New Testament in the language of Bengal. Marquis Wellesley did one thing now worth more than all his victories. When Carey was struggling on under the embarrassments of poverty, Wellesley appointed him Professor of the Bengalee and Sanscrit in the College of Fort William, with a salary of £1500. This mission has lived and will live. Those men, to say nothing of their grammars, dictionaries, &c., have translated and published the whole Bible in the Sanscrit, Bengalee,

Hindu, Mahratta, and Orissa languages. The New Testament has been published by them in twenty-four Indian dialects ; and it is an interesting fact, that 100,000,000 idolaters in India can now read the words of Christ in their own tongue.

No one who is familiar with the progress of Christianity in Asia can think of India without recalling the name of Claudius Buchanan. Says a writer in the *North American Review*, "The first serious, decided, and persevering attempt to awaken the public attention of Protestant England was made as late as 1805, by one who has not inappropriately been termed the Apostle of the Indies. During the century in which they had been acquiring their Oriental empire, the British East India Company, intent on the pursuits of commerce and ambition, and contending frequently not only for aggrandizement, but for existence, were but little at leisure to attend to the moral and religious claims even of their own European servants, much less to consider those of their native subjects. But to the eye of Christian observation the matter always appears in an aspect which takes its character more from the lights of eternity than from any views of short-sighted worldly policy ; and it is not surprising that a subject so grand in itself, and so intimately



connected with his own profession, should have early occurred to the mind of such a diligent and wakeful observer as Mr. Buchanan."

Buchanan tells us, with great candour, that a word which once fell from the good Bishop Porteus on the subject, first inspired him with the purpose of devoting his life to the enlightenment of India. Dr. Buchanan made an appeal to English Christians on the claims of India, which awakened public sensibility in Great Britain to such a degree as had never been witnessed before in a similar cause.

On the 22d of June, 1813, Lord Castlereagh proposed in the House of Commons the formation of an ecclesiastical establishment for India. The measure was carried in the Commons by a large majority, and in the Lords without opposition. The Company's charter, which was about expiring, was again renewed. The crown established a bishopric, and soon afterward Calcutta was erected into a bishop's see. The learned and pious Dr. Middleton was first selected to fill that important station. He fell a victim to the climate in 1822, after eight years of active and holy exertion.

Reginald Heber was appointed his successor. It is a painful fact in this world's history that the career of such men is almost always short. The heathen poet spoke Christian truth when

he said, "They become so much like celestials, the gods take them home." One of Heber's biographers has used the following beautiful language in speaking of his death: "His sun was in its meridian power, and its warmth most genial, when it was suddenly eclipsed forever. He fell, as the standard-bearer of the cross should ever wish to fall, by no lingering delay, but in the firmness and vigour of his age, and in the very act of combat and triumph. His Master came suddenly, and found him faithful in his charge, and waiting for his appearing. His last hour was spent in his Lord's service, and in ministering to the humblest of his flock. He had scarcely put off the sacred robes with which he served at the altar of his God on earth, when he was suddenly admitted to his sanctuary on high, and clothed in the garments of immortality."

The other day, in conversing with a friend of Mrs. Opie, I ascertained that the following tribute to his memory was written by that celebrated lady:

"Here hush'd be my lay for a far sweeter verse ;  
Thy requiem I'll breathe in thy numbers alone,  
For the bard's votive offering, to hang on thy hearse,  
Shall be form'd of no language less sweet than thy own.

Thou art gone to thy grave, but we will not deplore thee,  
Since God was thy refuge, thy ransom, thy guide;  
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore thee,  
And death has no sting, since the Saviour has died."



Much good has resulted from the labours of the church missionaries; though it may well be doubted if the peculiar forms and ceremonies of the Established Church are best adapted to the religious wants of a rude and uneducated people. It is well known, too, that other Christian missionaries in India have never experienced any too much toleration from the religious Establishment there.

The London Missionary Society have made noble exertions in India, and they have met with great success. But I am inclined to think that no men who have gone to India as missionaries have laboured with greater zeal or with more success than those who have been sent from America. The first missionaries went from the United States to India in 1812. The operations of the American Board of Foreign Missions are confined to Ceylon and Bombay. They have thirteen stations, twenty-five American missionaries, six churches, and more than ninety schools, numbering nearly 4000 scholars. In addition, they have several presses, from which they distribute large quantities of Bibles, tracts, &c.

The American Baptist missionaries have also laboured there with great zeal and success. Some of the most brilliant examples of Christian heroism and firm endurance have been

exhibited by American women, who have gone to aid in evangelizing that great continent. We all remember the beautiful memoir of Mrs. Judson.

But several causes have contributed to obstruct the progress and weaken the influence of all these missions—causes but little appreciated by the Christian world.

1. Until 1812, the East India Company not only gave no encouragement to missionaries to labour in India, but actually opposed their efforts. They knew that the Hindu and Mohammedan superstitions, which had existed for ages, would not suddenly give way to the pure doctrines of Christianity; and, fearful of everything that might in any degree disturb the quiet of their empire, were careful not to arouse the inveterate prejudices of the natives by any interference with their religion. Indeed, it is stated that in many instances heavy taxes have been imposed upon the natives by the Company for the support of heathen temples, and even Juggernaut, for the purpose of strengthening the British rule. Nor are the cases few in which the Company have united with the idolaters in undermining the influence of the missionaries. There has been great hostility manifested by the Company towards Christianity;

and this is nothing more than was to be expected.

Bishop Heber says of the character of the Company's servants, "Many of the adventurers who come hither from Europe are the greatest profligates the world ever saw; men whom nothing but despotism can manage, and who, unless they were really under a despotic rule, would insult, beat, and plunder the natives without shame or pity. Even now *many instances of insult and misconduct occur.*"

2. The very existence of such an unjust and cruel despotism as the Company have reared is a perpetual and insuperable barrier to the Christianizing of India. How little likely are the natives to adopt our religion when the representatives of a Christian nation among them pay so little regard to *justice*! It is not too much to say that heathen conquerors have seldom brought in their train a more oppressive, although they may sometimes have established a more bloody government than that of the Company. Besides, it does not require the keen-sighted perception of a Hindu to discover the glaring contradiction between the lives of Englishmen there, and the pure and benevolent spirit of the missionary and his faith. These considerations would alone fully account for the slow progress of Christianity in India.

3. But there is still another obstacle to the spread of Christianity, not only in India, but in all portions of the pagan world, of which it gives me pain to speak. I refer to the sectarianism of the missionaries; and I speak of it with the greatest pain; for I do not love to blame those self-denying men who have been willing to exchange the friends, the literature, the happiness of an English or an American home, with all the sweet charities of domestic life, for the dark abodes of idolatry: how does their zeal contrast with ours, when we hear their prayers to send them of our wealth sufficient to provide for them the common necessities, to say nothing of the comforts, of life, and shut our ears to their cry? But I have felt this matter most deeply, and I must allude to it.

There is, in fact, I believe, far less sectarianism among missionaries than among those who send them; and, in illustration of this, we have only to look over Great Britain and America, and enumerate the hundreds of sects, and listen to their strifes, controversies, and bickerings. Still, the missionaries are by no means free from this unhallowed spirit; and the heathen is not so blind but that he can see how repugnant to the precepts of Christ is the very *existence* of sects. Christ declared that a kingdom divided against itself could not stand.



The heathen find two missionaries among them from England or America to teach the same great system of faith—belief in the same Saviour, and preparation for the same heaven; and yet the Baptist spreads the Lord's Table, and forbids his brother to come to the feast! Perhaps his brother has come from a distant station, and called to take him by the hand and rest a while in his house. They will pray together, weep together, and appear to love each other; but they cannot sit together at the great Christian Feast. Will the Hindu call this *caste*? or what?

A fact was related to me by a missionary who had been several years in India, which is in point. "I had," said he, "baptized, by sprinkling, a native in India, and he seemed to understand the nature and feel the power of Christianity. Being obliged to leave my station for a while, a Baptist brother, at my request, came to take charge of my school during my absence. On a certain occasion he was conversing with the native to whom I allude, on the subject of baptism. Ascertaining that I had performed that rite upon him, the Baptist entered into an argument to convince him that he had not been baptized; that, whatever I might have said, he could be sure that he had not been baptized; and that, if he would

be saved, he must be immersed. The poor heathen shook his head, saying, 'Ah! Boodah is a better God!' and returned to the embrace of his idols. I saw him after this, and told him that I would immerse him if he chose; for I considered the form of baptism of little consequence. But he replied, 'I can't tell who speaks the most wisely; though I am certain you cannot both have the same religion.'"

It is well known that the Baptist Church in America, after many bitter complaints, has seceded from the American Bible Society, because they would not print a new edition of the Bible, and change the phraseology of those parts which speak of baptism!

The Established Church have good bishops and ministers at their missionary stations, but they deny the validity of all other ordinations. They tell the heathen that the Scotch or the American Presbyterian or Baptist missionary is no minister; no ambassador of Christ; has no right to administer the sacred ordinances of the Church. It makes the heart sick to contemplate these things. The pagan looks on, and more firmly adheres to his idols.

Can it be expected, either, that the heathen will perceive any beauty or divinity in a religion which, by the practice of Christian nations, must appear to them to sanction the

highest crimes and abuses ever perpetrated on earth? Christ commanded his followers to love their enemies. Christians destroy their enemies by war, and gibbet them upon the gallows. God says, all souls are mine. Christians have trafficked in the souls of men no less than the heathen world. The Bible declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Intemperance costs England and America several hundred millions every year. But it is needless to enumerate the vices of Christendom, and I should not have alluded to the subject at all, except to account for the slow progress Christianity has made in India.

[But the days of East India oppression are numbered. Until recently very little has been known in England of its extent and horrors. The facts, however, which have been collected, and diffused over England, within the last year, have aroused the British people, and they have risen in their might, determined to overthrow this gigantic structure of wrong. The Right Hon. Dr. Lushington, not less from the deep interest he takes in promoting the general freedom and happiness of mankind, than in compliance with the urgent solicitation of the reformers, has assumed the conduct of this great question in the House of Commons; and he will be

supported by the whole Liberal Party in Great Britain. Success attend the effort !

At present, when we look at India, we see 150,000,000 misgoverned human beings, natives of the most productive climates on the face of the earth, who ought to be in prosperity and comfort, and under the British banner enjoying freedom, but who are actually in a worse condition than that of slaves, and rendered beggars by oppression.]

Faithfully yours,

*To Fitz-Greene Halleck, Esq.*

London, July —, 1840.

SIR,

I WISH that in addressing to you a letter about Thomas Campbell, I could render some worthy tribute to your genius; for I consider literary men the glory of their country. But I trust you will accept this from an obscure individual as an expression of his regard for one who has done so much to bear a knowledge of our literature to other lands.

It has been my happiness often to meet the illustrious author of "Wyoming," during my residence in the metropolis; and I shall always remember his conversations and society as among the brightest spots of my English life. I can remember no author I read with so much enthusiasm in early years; no one who exerted so powerful an influence upon my taste and character. How many long summer days have I whiled away under the large elms which fling their green arms over the shining river that rolls its gentle current by my childhood's home, with the "Pleasures of Hope" and my "faithful dog" alone "to bear me company."

How often did I then long for boyhood's years to pass, and bring the time when I could dash into the wide world, and roam free as the "wild bird in his native wild-wood." It was one of my brightest dreams then, and ever has been since, that I should one day see Thomas Campbell. Whenever I thought of England I thought of him: there was a charm in his name.

The first time I saw Campbell was in the Convention. He came into the Hall with Dr. Beattie, and was immediately recognised by several gentlemen, who announced his name. He was called for from every quarter. One of the American delegation who was then speaking gave way, and the poet was received with the most enthusiastic applause.

He said he did not wish to make a speech; but, as one of the literary men of England, was proud to enrol his name on the records of a Convention assembled for so magnificent a purpose. He considered this Convention one of the noblest bodies of men the great interests of civilization and humanity had ever brought together. The philanthropists of the *world* had gathered here to sympathize with the suffering and oppressed of all nations, and to devise means for the universal diffusion of liberty. They had proposed for themselves the most



sublime object that ever entered the human mind—the emancipation of man everywhere from the thralldom of man. He hoped these guardians of humanity would believe that he felt the deepest interest in all their movements; and his earnest prayer was for God to bless them.

“Friends of humanity,” said he, “I extend to you the fellowship and co-operation of the literary men of England. The poetry of the world has always been on the side of liberty; and it always will be there. I am glad to see, too, the representatives of the great American Republic mingling in your councils. We greet them warmly as brothers to our shores; and I trust when they return, they will tell the literary men of America, that in refusing to lift up their voice fearlessly against slavery, they have no sympathy from us. I am rejoiced to see so many men here from America. It does my heart good to see you.

“Freedom! I know not whether to call thee the parent or the child of the press; but certain it is, that blissful freedom lives, and moves, and has its being only in the *liberty* of the press. (Cheers.) The press of this country is a very good press in many respects, but it has not done its full duty on this question; and, Americans, I tell you frankly, if we are

deficient in this respect, you are much more so. There are some splendid exceptions; and no one can hear me without having his recollection called to Channing. But, generally, the literary men of America have shirked the question. I wish to avoid everything like personal allusions, otherwise I could name those to whom I refer, and with whom I *am* displeased. If there be a diversity of opinion upon the subject of slavery among them; if any one of them will come forward and prove its blessings, in the devil's name let him do so; but do not let him *shirk* the question. (Cheers and laughter.) I therefore beg you, American gentlemen, to give my compliments to my friends on the other side of the Atlantic, and tell them that, though I scold them a little, yet I like them very well. Tell them from me to write upon the question; but, as a corollary to that, tell them, too, not to let it be in verse. (Laughter.) The Americans have noble heads for prose; among them they have the very first prose writers in the world; but in verse—ah! I will say nothing—it may do very well to run upon all fours, but it cannot rise. (Laughter.) It puts me in mind of the old story of the dying man. A friend was preaching to him, and painting all the joys of Paradise, when the poor fellow said, ‘Oh, say no more about the

joys of Paradise ; your bad style makes them disgusting.'

" I will say no more ; only let me return my fervent thanks to my kind friends for the honour of belonging to this noble association. It goes to my heart when I think of the number of my fellow-men who are labouring under the horrors of slavery ; but when I look around me here, I see the germes of liberty for them budding forth. (Cheers.)"

This slur upon the genius of America excited a deep sensation throughout the Hall. The loud cheers which had followed every word, were now exchanged for murmurs of disapprobation. I was exceedingly astonished to hear such sentiments from the lips of Campbell. The sympathy of the Convention was obviously on the side of America. They were evidently words spoken in an unguarded moment ; and, as I afterward was happy to know, no one regretted them so much as Campbell himself.

The American speaker again took the floor, and nobly replied to him. He defended his countrymen like a true-hearted American ; and, in illustration of the genius of Whitier and Bryant, quoted some of their best lines, which were received with generous enthusiasm and prolonged cheering.

But this speech, for many reasons, Camp-

bell never should have made. It was *unjust*, for our best poets have written as good lines as he: it was *indelicate*; for even had it been true, he was the last man who should have said anything about it. I listened to his speech with pain. I have often seen him since; and at every interview he has said something of that speech. He seemed grieved and mortified about it, and requested me to make his peace with my countrymen.

"I had not," said he, "the faintest idea of making a speech, or of saying one word when I entered the Convention. I am not accustomed to speaking in public assemblies, and whenever I make the attempt I am troubled with nervous excitement, which so agitates me that I hardly know what I am saying: it was in an unguarded moment that I made that *odious and indelicate speech*."

"Do you suppose, sir, it will be generally known in America?" I replied that it would be printed in a great many papers, and severely criticised; and what pained me more was, that it would be read by thousands who had loved and honoured his name, and chiefly by those who were familiar with his poetry.

"Well," said he, "will your countrymen forgive me if I repent?" I answered that we were not ungenerous in America, I trusted;

and although I was very sorry he had said what he did, yet I doubted not, when his feelings were known across the water, he would still be loved and admired.

“ Well,” he answered, “ I will make all the atonement I can. I will write you a note, authorizing you to tell what my feelings are, and requesting you to make the facts of the case known.” He took his pen and wrote the following note :

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Make my peace with your countrymen ; it was a foolish and inconsiderate speech that I made at the Convention ; it was unlike myself. I would give a hundred pounds I had never uttered it.

Yours truly,

THOS. CAMPBELL.

61 Lincoln's Inn Fields, 13th July, 1840.

“ There, sir,” said he, as he handed me the note, “ I can do nothing more ; I wish I could. And I want you to promise me that you will act in my defence when you go home. Not a day of my life scarcely has passed for many years that I have not thought and spoken of America ; and yet I never said in all my life so cruel a thing about you before ; and I never

will again. I have always loved America better than any land on earth except my own. When the whole paltry tribe of Reviewers and Critics in Great Britain were traducing America and her Authors, I opened the columns of the Magazine I edited at that time for articles which espoused your cause, and wrote such papers myself; and what strange fatality urged me on to say those words that fell from me in Freemasons' Hall, the Lord only knows; I don't. But it was one of Tom Campbell's blunders; and as your inimitable Sam Slick says, 'it's just my luck, for it never would have happened to any other man.'

"Tell your countrymen I love America; and God knows I am sincere when I say so. I love your country, for it is the scene of my 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' I love America for her stupendous scenery; I love her for her genius and her literature, and her *poetry* too—for some of the sweetest verses ever written on earth have been written by your own poets—and, above all, I love America for her noble free Institutions. There everybody has enough to eat, and it is the only country on earth, too, of which this can be said; and that is no small thing. Oh! sir, if you only knew the millions of poor wretches in Great Britain who are famishing for want of bread, and all, too, in a



beautiful green world, where nature spreads a bountiful table for all her children! Your country opens its broad arms of kindness and of plenty to the thousands who are driven from our shores by oppression, and adopts them as her own children. Oh! there is something beautiful in liberty." I promised him that on my return to America I would faithfully attend to his request.

[I found, on my reaching home, a general feeling of surprise and grief at the remarks of Campbell; and I addressed a communication to the Editor of the Evening Post, which was published in that paper, and extensively copied into the leading journals of the country. I sent a copy of the paper to the Poet, and, in acknowledging the receipt of it, he expressed his satisfaction, and thanked me for "acting as guardian of his fame in the Land of Wyoming."]

My first interview with Campbell was in a literary circle at the house of Dr. Beattie. In person he is rather below the middle stature; his features indicate great sensibility, and that fastidiousness for which he is so remarkable in everything he undertakes. His eyes are large, peculiarly striking, and of a deep blue colour. His nose is aquiline, and his expression generally saturnine. He has long worn a wig; but

the natural colour of his hair, I believe, is dark. There is nothing very brilliant in his conversation except when he is excited, and then every charm which wit, fancy, learning, and enthusiasm can throw around conversation, combines to render his society agreeable.

He made many inquiries about the scenery of the Vale of Wyoming. I remarked that his own description of it was as true to nature as it could have been had he visited it himself; and I ventured to inquire how he had gained so correct an idea of it.

"I read," he replied, "every description of the Vale of Wyoming I could lay my hands upon, and saw several travellers who had been there. I am glad to hear you express the opinion that my description of it is a good one."

"Perhaps, sir," I continued, "you may one day see that vale yourself; and I can assure you no man would meet a warmer greeting in America." "Oh, sir, I don't know what would make me so happy as to go there. I should like to travel through it incog.; for I hate a crowd, and noise, and public display. I have always thought I should like to cross the Atlantic; and it is not much more of an enterprise now to go to New-York than to Paris. But I think I am too old to undertake it: I fear the time has gone by; and yet I don't

quite like the idea that I am too old to do anything I wish. I don't know but my *heart* is as young as ever; though my bodily infirmities remind me that poets must grow old as well as others.

“ But I must talk with you a good deal more about Columbia. Will you come and see me? Come and breakfast with me next Saturday morning, will you? You won't find much to interest you, to be sure, for I am an old man. And, since you are an American, I will, in compliment to your sensible Yankee custom of early rising, ask you to come before my usual breakfast-hour. I commonly breakfast at half past eleven. Now you come at half past ten; and then you must let me turn Yankee, and ask you as many questions as I like.”

There was a free-heartedness and unaffected simplicity in his manner which was very delightful. Dr. Beattie happened to be passing us at that moment, and he engaged to breakfast with us. “ But I will come only on one consideration,” said he; “ you shall both of you dine with me day after to-morrow at six. We will have but one or two other friends present, and I think we can pass a few hours pleasantly.”

There is nothing of his own which an Englishman values himself on more than his hospitality, and nothing of which he has more reason to be proud. A more elegant dinner could not have been spread than was furnished for us when we came together. No man understands better than an Englishman what befits such an occasion; and while everything which can minister to the luxury and comfort of the guest is provided, he is made to feel at home. He is not singled out as the special object of attention; he is not urged to "eat a little more of this," or "just to taste of that"—a practice quite too common with us. A spectator would not distinguish the stranger guest at the table from a familiar friend. Kind and simple-hearted attentions are exhibited in the most delicate manner. The entertainment seems got up less for display than *comfort*—the only word in our language that expresses the idea.

After an hour passed pleasantly with the family circle, Campbell and myself were left alone with our host; and I can assure you that the best part of this splendid entertainment came (in the language of Erin) after the entertainment was over. The two Poets seemed fired with their wonted inspiration. I wish I could give you their conversations at length, and do so with propriety. But too many flash-

es of fancy and strokes of wit, too many effusions of lofty and exquisite feeling, mingled in their conversation ever to be described. They were like pencillings of light on the summer cloud, that pass away too quickly to be fixed by the painter's eye.

Besides, I would be careful not to say too much about scenes of this kind I meet in England; for there is nothing so painful to me as the thought of violating the sacredness of confidence. Do not understand me to mean, that I suppose any special confidence was reposed in me more than in other visitors; but no one can be admitted familiarly to a family circle, without seeing and hearing many things of which he should never speak in other places.

There is but one vice of conversation I despise more than flattery; and that is when expressions of sincere regard, made in the fulness of our souls, are attributed to this odious habit. Were all men honest, there would be no occasion for withholding the genuine feelings of the heart. We might converse with as little disguise as children, and disclose the sentiments of the soul as truthfully as the sky mirrors itself on the bosom of the lake. I was persuaded that the spirit of kindness, so conspicuous in the writings of these men, would exhibit itself no less strikingly in their inter

course with others ; and I was not disappointed. I frankly expressed the feelings I had long cherished towards them, and had reason to believe my motives were understood and appreciated.

A dear Friend of mine, whose eyes have been long closed by blindness to the beauties of the natural world, once expressed a desire to go with me on a pilgrimage to the scenes which have been made classic ground by the genius of Campbell. He had read his works until every line was as familiar as household words, and he wished to visit those quiet spots, and gather fresh inspiration from them.

No man was ever gifted with a warmer or more generous heart, as few have been with a finer genius. In his youth he had looked for himself on the face of nature, and a brilliant fancy and classic education, with the rich scenery of his own sheltered valley, had prepared him well to enjoy the journey. We passed several weeks of the autumn of 1833 on the shore of that beautiful lake, where the ruins of the castle of the "Oneida Chief" are still to be seen. There is no portion of American scenery about which more fine old legends can be told. It witnessed many a hard struggle in our border wars between the French and the English ; and, still later, between the



English and their own kindred. Autumn had begun to spread its sober melancholy over the landscape, and the quiet shores were bathed in the yellow light of Indian summer. It was a grateful task for one who had from him whose steps he led learned to converse with nature in all her forms, to describe the scenery around us. I felt then how lofty a pleasure there is in "being eyes to the blind."

Every day we wandered through the primeval forests, and when we were tired we used to sit down under their solemn shades, among the falling leaves, and read "Gertrude of Wyoming." It was in these thick woods, where we could hear no sounds but the song of the wild birds, or the squirrel cracking his nuts, away from the busy world, that I first felt the full power of Campbell's genius.

When I had finished the relation of these circumstances, Campbell, who was standing by the window, came to the table, and taking my hand, pressed it warmly, saying, "God bless you, sir; you make me happy, although you make me weep. I can stand before my enemies, and no man ever saw me quail there; but, sir, you must forgive me now; this is more than I can bear."

We all sat in silence, for it seemed that one spoken word would dissolve the charm. Dr.

Beattie was the first to speak. "If this," said he, "is not the 'feast of reason and the flow of soul,' there is no such thing on earth."

"Yes," said Campbell, "this *is* the flow of soul; and it is dearer to me than all the praise I ever had before. I do confess it overcomes me to think, that in that wild American scenery, three thousand miles distant, I have had such readers, and all, too, among scenes I never witnessed myself. Doctor, I will go to America yet. But don't forget, sir, to tell that blind friend of yours, that Campbell loves him as well as he loves Gertrude. One such pilgrimage as that is worth more to my old heart than the tallest monument. God forgive me! I am not worthy of this; but I enjoy it none the less."

I asked him what part of the day he considered most favourable to study. "This," he answered, "depends, I think, a good deal upon habit. But I am inclined to the opinion that even habit never can make any portion of the day so valuable to the scholar as the morning. I have always found that I could accomplish most at that time; the thoughts are clearer and more natural, and the powers are fresh and vigorous. I have ever been an early riser, and done the chief part of my writing before breakfast. There is something in the stillness of the morning, particularly in town,

which is favourable to intellectual exertion. And then, in the country, the grand charm of existence is in an early morning walk; one's thoughts then are purer, one's feelings more spiritual. I think I can tell the difference between a production written before and one written after breakfast; *particularly if I wrote it myself!*"

I inquired if he passed his time as pleasantly in London as in the country. He replied, "Why, sir, I like London well enough; but then we can't always do as we would, you know. London is a great Maelstrom; it absorbs everything: the wealth, the business, the literature, the legislation, the books, the authors, the ladies, and, in short, the indispensable appendages to an Englishman's existence, are all in London. A man may roam over the country for pleasure or health, but the first moment he undertakes to do anything else he must come up to London. Here you can find every comfort and luxury you could, should you roam the world over. Almost everybody worth seeing lives here; or, at least, is in town during *the season*—a phrase which, you must have learned, has a strange signification."

"I lived a good many years at Sydenham, a beautiful spot in Kent; and would always have chosen to remain in the country; but

about twenty years ago I was obliged, in the accomplishment of my literary projects, to follow the multitude, and take up my residence in the metropolis; and I suppose I can't get away now; nor do I think I should be able to exist away from my London friends: I am quite sure I couldn't live without seeing my good friend the Doctor, every day or two."

Suddenly changing the current of conversation, he exclaimed, with great warmth, "I love America very much, and I came very near being an American myself. My father passed a portion of his early life in Virginia; but for some reason or other, best known to himself I suppose, he returned to Europe before the Revolutionary War. My uncle, who accompanied my father to America, adopted it as his country. One of his sons was district attorney under Washington's administration. Robert Campbell, my brother, settled in Virginia, and married a daughter of your glorious Patrick Henry, who stood like a lighthouse of adamant in the Revolution. But Robert, poor fellow, died over thirty years ago. Yes, if I were not a Scotsman, I would like to be an American."

The conversation then turned upon the author of the "Pickwick Papers;" Campbell withdrew to write for me a note of introduction

to Dickens; and while he was gone Dr. Beatie related to me some interesting facts in the history of the poet's life.

“When Campbell was twelve years old he entered the University of Glasgow, and immediately distinguished himself. The following year he carried the prize from the best scholar in the University, and gained a bursary. The exercise was a translation of one of the comedies of Aristophanes. His rival was nearly twice his own age. His second prize effort was a translation of a tragedy of Æschylus, which he gained without a rival. These translations were both in finished verse. During the seven years he remained at the University, he was uniformly the successful candidate; and when he received his last prize, his Greek professor publicly pronounced it the best production that had ever been written in the University.

“Campbell was desired by many of his admirers to enter a profession; but his love for poetry and belle-lettres gave his pursuits another direction. He passed a considerable time, after leaving Glasgow, among the romantic hills of Argyleshire. Here his poetical spirit increased in energy, and the charms of verse took entire possession of his mind. There are many people there still who will tell

you about young Campbell's wandering alone over the scenery of that wild country, reciting the strains of other poets aloud, or silently composing his own. Several of his pieces written at that time, which he has never considered worthy of a place in his published works, are to this day handed about in Scotland in manuscript. 'The Dirge of Wallace,' which is not found in the London edition of his poems, is one of these wild compositions. Campbell is very sensitive about all he publishes, and he has written many pieces much admired by his friends, upon which he places no value.

"From Argyleshire he removed to Edinburgh, where he was immediately brought into notice, and became familiar with the most celebrated men who at that period ornamented the Scottish capital. Here he enjoyed the friendship and attention of some of the first men of the age. Under these favourable circumstances he brought out his 'Pleasures of Hope' at the age of twenty-one; and where is there another instance of a poem which combines so much pure philosophy, classic beauty, and moral grandeur, written at so early an age? It was an almost miraculous performance!

"After residing two or three years in Edinburgh he went to the Continent. He travelled over a greater part of Germany and Prussia,



visiting the universities, studying German literature, and conversing with distinguished men. He cherishes a great admiration for some of his Continental friends, and often speaks of the two Schlegels and the venerable Klopstock, who died soon after he saw him. During this period he studied intensely, and accumulated immense intellectual treasures, which have since enriched all his works and conversations.

“It is an interesting fact, that while he was at Vienna, an edition of his ‘Pleasures of Hope,’ proposed for publication by his friends, was forbidden by the court, on account of that glorious passage which relates to Kosciusko and the fall of Poland. It was in Hamburgh that Campbell fell in with some of the Irish exiles, whose enthusiasm, with their sincerity and misfortunes, inspired him to write that touching piece, ‘The Exile of Erin.’ It was set to an old Irish air, and will perish, of course, only with the wreck of the language.

“He stood on the walls of a convent with the monks, and overlooked the bloody field of Hohenlinden. His ‘Battle of Hohenlinden’ was written at that time, and a part of it on the convent walls: it almost atones for the horrors of that sanguinary day. Its grandeur and martial sublimity certainly exceed everything of the kind in the English language.

“On his return from the Continent he visited London for the first time, where he found his fame greater than in any other part of the world. He became the leading star of the literary circles in the metropolis. Soon after, he married Miss Sinclair, a lady of Scottish ancestry, and celebrated for her personal beauty. He spent the happiest part of his life in his quiet retreat at Sydenham, surrounded by the charities of a sweet home. Here he wrote his great work, ‘Gertrude of Wyoming.’ But he was drawn from this retreat to London, where he has since been steadily enriching the literature of our language with works which will go down to the latest times.” At this moment Campbell returned with his letter to Dickens.

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On the morning appointed, I called to breakfast with the author of “O’Connor’s Child.” His rooms are on the second floor of a fine house in Lincoln’s Inn-Fields. He met me at the street gate, and seemed to be in genuine “poetic mood.” He was dressed in a blue coat, white pantaloons and waistcoat, and light blue cravat.

“I am glad to see you,” said he, offering to pay my coachman his fee (a courtesy often extended by gentlemen here to their guests). “Last night I let my fancy play all over your

continent, from Plymouth Rock to the shores of the Pacific. I thought of ten thousand things I wanted to talk with you about, though I presume they have all gone out of my foolish head before now. But we can find something to talk of, I fancy, when we get a cup of coffee, and the Doctor sits down with us."

He took me into his library, a large room looking out upon a beautiful green garden in the rear of the house. I could describe everything I have seen in London better than Campbell's study. There is an air of inspiration about it; everything is in the most glorious, hap-hazard confusion. In entering it, I at once felt perfectly at ease, for everything was perfectly at ease around me. Before the grate lay the skin of a huge African tiger, which he brought from Algiers (shot by himself, I think he said), the ears, tail, &c., all there, and the spots as bright as life. It makes a very *poetical* rug, of course.

"That rug, sir!" said he; "why I think more of that rug than I should of a Devonshire estate. Why, sir, when I sit down to my old table here, I find a never-failing source of inspiration in that tiger skin. I prize it almost as highly as I do my own." On the mantelpiece is quite an extensive museum: Indian arrows, minerals, and other curiosities from the

Valley of Wyoming, &c. His library is large, and contains a great number of choice works in different languages. He showed me a copy of every edition of his works which has ever been published in England, America, or on the Continent. I do not remember the exact number of editions, but it was very great.

The walls are hung with old pictures, some of which are of great value. I observed, among others, the fine engraving of the Queen after Sully's painting. He told me, that when the illustrated edition of his poems was published (which is one of the most beautifully executed works that ever came from the London press), he sent a copy of it to her Majesty; and she, in return, was graciously pleased to present him this picture, with her own autograph at the bottom.

The doctor came, and Campbell called his servant to prepare breakfast. In a few moments it was brought in, and the servant left the room. We took our seats at the little round table, which stood in the centre of the library. The breakfast-table is the place to meet an Englishman; all the *etiquette* of fashion and parade is there laid aside; it is a confidential, simple, and unceremonious meal, almost the only place where you come in contact with the English heart.

“Here, gentlemen,” said our host, “is coffee and tea, dry toast, boiled eggs, and the glory of the Scotch table, a cup of marmalade; all very simple. I never make a parade; I don’t like it. But then there is one thing here you must praise. I told a good old Scotch aunt of mine I was to have two friends breakfast with me this morning, and she must make a Scotch pie, such as we used to eat in Edinburgh and among the old hills of Argyleshire; and you see she has sent it down to me.”

Campbell did the honours of the table with all the enthusiasm of the poet. Poured our coffee; told us anecdotes; talked about Scotland, Walter Scott, Burns, and Wallace. I felt that it was the best hour of my life. In our conversation an allusion was made to Aaron Burr. “Burr, I think,” said he, “must have been one of the most splendid men in the world: his power of diplomacy and intrigue was unbounded; but he was a *heartless libertine*. If ever a man went into the eternal world with the deep damnation of blood on his soul, that man was Aaron Burr. I never could forgive him for murdering Hamilton. You have never had many men in America for whom I feel so great a reverence as for Hamilton. Poor man! what strange infatuation could have driven him on to sacrifice himself?”

Campbell feels a deep interest in the Indian races of America. "The world never will forget your treatment of the poor Indians," said he. "How they have faded away before the advance of the white man! I think there cannot be a more melancholy spectacle than to see some brave chief come back in his old age from beyond the great Mississippi, where you have driven him, to break his bowstring over the graves of his fathers; to see the broad fields that once belonged to his ancestors, where they used to chase the wild deer in the deep woods, and find these tall forests cut down, and these fields in the hands of his pale-faced conquerors! I think I should feel, to see such an old Indian standing on some green hilltop of New-England, as I should to see a fine column erect among the ruins of an old empire."

We conversed some time about poor authors. "England," said he, "is very remarkable for one thing—more so, perhaps, than any other nation. She starves her authors to death, and then deifies them, and makes pilgrimages to their shrines. For my part, I should think it a better arrangement to expend a part of the money their posthumous admirers lavish upon their tombs, in giving them bread and butter, which poets stand in no less need of than their less ethereal worshippers. An author must be



ethereal indeed, not to grow hungry upon nothing more substantial than the breath of the multitude.”

At one period of his life Campbell suffered from poverty; but he is understood at present to be in the enjoyment of an ample fortune, which he has recently come in possession of by the death of a relative. He is now writing the last pages of his *Life of Petrarch*, in which he has been for many years engaged.

There are three men in America for whom he cherishes the highest admiration—Channing, Irving, and Bryant. Of Channing he said, “Of course, I express no opinion of his theology—I do not understand these matters—but of his style. I consider him superior, as a prose writer, to every other living author. I have read that work of Channing you handed me the other day (his book on slavery). It is a glorious production—what simplicity of eloquence and ratiocination! When I finished it, I exclaimed, in the words which Chatterton puts in the mouth of Edward respecting Sir Charles Bawdin,

‘The man is right—he speaks the truth—  
He’s greater than a king.’

“Irving is a most charming writer. There is great beauty, pure classic taste, and refined sensibility in everything from his pen. Some of his sketches are the most beautiful and affecting

productions ever written. He has not the power, the eloquence of Channing; in these two respects Channing has no rival. But, if Irving could not have written Channing's *Slavery*, Channing never could have written Irving's '*Broken Heart*.' There are chords in the heart which neither can touch alone; but I believe there is no passion of the soul that will not be deeply stirred in reading the works of both—they are very great men.

“Bryant I esteem your greatest poet. I have always been astonished that he has not written some more extended work. He could sustain himself, I think, through a great poem; but some of his pieces are the best ever written in America. His *Thanatopsis* is his finest production; he has never equalled it, and no man can excel it. I never read the closing lines of the *Thanatopsis* without being, I think, a better man. There is in them a spirit of kindness which bears the fine moral to the depths of the heart:

‘So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and sooth'd  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.’

“Is it not strange that the man who can write such lines as these should content himself to sit down in a dirty office, and edit a political newspaper in New-York?”

I inquired his opinion of Mrs. Sigourney. He had never heard of her! “But,” said he, “that is not the slightest evidence she is not a fine or a distinguished writer, for I have become quite an ignoramus about the literary matters of the present day. I am more familiar with those of the last generation; but, after what you have said of her writings, I will certainly get her book and read it.

“I have often admired Halleck’s Marco Botzaris; that is a very stirring and beautiful piece. Drake’s American Flag is fine; and Whittier has written some most excellent pieces. So have Pierpont and Dana; but you seem to have had no *great poet*. Your poetical genius, like your wealth and liberty, seems diffused over the whole population; for I hear that every American writes poetry.”

Campbell understands this matter better than most Englishmen; and this single remark of his is a key to American character. I do not believe there is a country on earth where the poetical spirit so generally prevails as in America. The grandeur of nature in all her forms, the wild and primeval aspect of the country,

waken a deep enthusiasm in the hearts of all the people. It is generally supposed in Europe that we are only a *business* nation; that we have little time left from the labours of subduing an interminable forest, for the arts or graces of refined life; that we care for nothing but money.

But it has always been said that the early history of every nation is more characterized by poetry and enthusiasm than any other period. It was so with Ancient Nations. The full glow of civilization, in all its artificial splendour, is unfavourable to romance.

“ When a general intercourse in society prevails, the age of great genius has passed, and equality of talents rages among a multitude of authors and artists: they have extended the superficies of genius, but have lost the intensity; the contest is more furious, but victory is more rare. The master-spirits who create an epoch—the inventors, lived at periods when they inherited nothing from their predecessors; in seclusion they stood apart, the solitary lights of their age. At length, when a people have emerged to glory, and a silent revolution has obtained by a more uniform light of knowledge coming from all sides, the genius of society becomes greater than the genius of the individual; hence the character of genius itself be-

comes subordinate. A conversation age succeeds a studious one, and the family of genius are no longer recluses. \* \* It is only in solitude that the genius of eminent men has been formed: solitude is the nurse of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the true parent of genius; in all ages it has been called for, it has been flown to. No considerable work was ever composed but its author, like an ancient magician, first retired to the grove or the closet to invoke. There is society in the deepest solitude; and there only can men of genius indulge in the romances of their souls—their dreams and their vigils, and, with the morning, fly without interruption to the labour they had so reluctantly quitted.” These or similar words, if I remember right, are used by the elder D’Israeli: they are not only beautiful, but true.

This paragraph, I think, sufficiently accounts for the fact that we have never had our great poet. But there are causes which have a tendency to inspire enthusiasm in the hearts of the American people which do not exist in any other land. It is probably true, that the character of a nation’s literature depends, in a great measure, upon its government. A despotic government, while it crushes the mass, always elevates the few. This favoured class possess all the wealth and enjoy all the privileges; the

genius and intellectual culture are confined within as narrow a circle as the wealth. Neither Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, nor Milton would have produced their mighty works if they had lived under popular influences—under the operation of republican institutions ; for such institutions operate so equally for the elevation of all, that there is a natural tendency in the mind of the country to form itself upon the same general model. Great inequalities in condition do not exist, and there will be the same general equality in intellect.

But when genius shuts itself up from the world, and breathes an atmosphere in which the mass never mingle, it is left to the inspiration of solitude—to its own lofty self-communings. It is only in such solitude that the mind attains its loftiest and most original character. Under the pure teachings of great Nature, genius marks out a path for itself. Perhaps in his solitary chamber, “lit by stars,” you find not a book upon the scholar’s table : nature is the only volume he reads. Thrown upon his own unassisted powers, he achieves what he never could have accomplished in a library, or in mingling with the herd of his brother men. He finds himself alone in the wide fields of nature ; he makes a way for himself, and all who come after him follow in his steps. In this way the genius of all great authors has been formed.



But who would not give up an author that can be gained only once a century perhaps, to see the mass of a great people, among whom the genius of these mighty minds is diffused, rising to a high and pure elevation? If we have not a Shakspeare, a Bacon, or a Dante, neither have we, thanks to kind Fortune, the millions of debased and ignorant beings around us that Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Dante heard crying for bread, and breathing out their heavy groans under the throne of tyranny.

How cheering to turn away from the night of Old-World barbarism, whose masses were unillumined except by a few bright stars which shone only for themselves, in a high and distant heaven, to the New-Wild-Free-World! Every American child grows up in the school of Nature, where Art mingles just enough with her spirit to leave him free to form a natural character.

It is while the early settler is still surrounded with the solemn forests, that he communes most steadily and intimately with Heaven; for, go where you will, you will find that the man who is most constantly under the influence of nature, possesses the most enthusiasm.

All Europe could not produce one such character as Cooper's favourite hero, whom he has

now conducted, with never-failing interest, through the Last of the Mohicans, the Pioneers, the Prairie, the Pathfinder [and, last of all, we meet our old friend in the Deer Slayer], with his wild, untameable, but childlike heart, fresh and generous as ever.

This is a fiction, it is true ; but none the less true to nature is Pathfinder for all that. Every American who is familiar with the history of his country (and show me one who is not, or, indeed, one who does not understand England and her history better than the great mass of Englishmen themselves), every American who has roamed through our great Western forests (and what American has not gone beyond the Ohio ?), recognises in that admirable character the representation of a great class of his own countrymen.

Besides, we have our antiquities, and our monuments of past ages, scattered, like fallen columns, thick over the continent. We have no damp, crumbling monasteries and castles around which old legends linger (generally fictions invented by lovers of the marvellous), through whose desolate halls you can hear only the sepulchral voices of pale vergers and withered monks, “counting their beads and pattering prayer ;” but we have the ruins of old empires, over which the dust of antiquity

gathered long before Julius Cæsar landed on the shores of Britain—ruins still to be seen.

The races which have preceded us raised their *tumuli* and dug out mountain caves. They erected vast fortifications against their enemies, and temples to their gods; and the remains of these works are still met with by the traveller. We have, too, those wide grassy plains, for which “the speech of England has no name”—the Prairies—

“The Gardens of the Desert these,  
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful.”

And we have the sublimity of the wilderness, from which the “hand of nature never has been lifted.”

I remember, some years ago, in passing up the Mississippi in company with an educated young Englishman, that we frequently scared up the wild deer on the banks by the noise of our steamer. “I’d rather by far,” said he, “see this spectacle,” as the animals dashed away into the forest, “than the fairest scene in the Old World.” We sometimes sailed fifty miles without seeing a sign of civilization; all around us was the repose and grandeur of solemn nature. “We cannot enjoy this in England,” said he. “We have our parks and our deer; but they are not the wild, free creatures we see here, who can roam through *your* parks for thousands of miles.”

The magnificence of our scenery is confessed by all ; but Europeans have often alleged it as a grand defect, that we are without those associations of the past which mingle with our contemplation of the scenery of the Old World : no Shakspeare is buried on the banks of one of our streams ; we have no gray towers, or castles, or convent bells. Still a thousand wild, beautiful legends are told of the early settlers on our frontiers ; and “ the great struggle for freedom has sanctified many a spot ; ” but, above all, liberty dwells in the hearts of our people.

In walking through the narrow and filthy lanes of the large manufacturing towns in England, I have seen thousands of pale, hungry, ragged children, flocking to the mills while it was yet early morning ; and that numerous class not yet able to work ; and I could not but contrast these unfortunate children, compelled to labour through childhood and youth, on to old age (if, indeed, they did not meet the better lot to die while young), with the cheerful boys and girls of New-England, who rise from long, healthful sleep with free hearts, and wander away with full stomachs to the district schoolhouse.

I only wish my countrymen would feel more grateful for the inestimable blessings of their own free land. I am every day more and more deeply impressed with the belief that

there has never yet been an age or a country in which such high facilities were afforded for accomplishing the great objects of human existence ; for making life *so* valuable.

It would be strange, indeed, if America had not *many good* poets ; but still stranger, if she had *one great* one.

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[The day before I left London I called to see Campbell for the last time. We passed an hour together in his library. He was cheerful and kind as ever. “ For *your* sake, I am glad you are going home,” he said ; “ for my own, I am sorry ; for you have made a bright spot in Campbell’s life. But how can you have stayed away from home so long ? Oh ! what a word that is ! Home !

“ Here is a copy of the illustrated edition of my poems ; take it with you ; and if, with *your Gertrude*, you ever go again to the Valley of Wyoming, it may be a pleasure to her to hear you say, ‘ Campbell gave me this !’ Farewell, sir ; and God bless you with a safe and prosperous voyage.”

He shook my hand heartily, and we parted at the door.]

Pardon, sir, so long a letter, and accept assurances of regard from

Your faithful servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

To —, *Esq.*, of New-York.

London, 1840.

SIR,—I HAVE been told that some years ago you lived in one of the elegant houses of L—— Place; sported your coach and four, with servants in livery; made a turn-out in Broadway every evening at six, for the special benefit of the street-gazers of all characters and no characters at all, who crowd this great promenade of our metropolis; that you were the leader of fashion, the “lion” of every party “up town;” gave the finest entertainments New-York had ever seen, with the new and superb attraction of theatrical dancers and musicians; that you were in our world of fashion the “observed of all observers;” in fine, a sort of second, but not improved, edition of Count D’Orsay.

It is understood that this *was* your reputation just before the “Specie Circular” made its appearance. But since that great era in the history of American finance, you have, in some very mysterious way, disappeared from the *bon ton*, and left your post of honour to be filled by some other personage, who, like yourself, shall be able to flutter in the plumage of “folly’s giddy throng,” so long as his credit lasts; and then, like his illustrious predecessor, take



a house in Greenwich-street, and measure off tape behind a counter in Maiden Lane.

I have also been told you have been heard to say that you "had rather be invited to Almack's once than to be president of the American Republic." I believe, however, that your wish has never been gratified, to mingle in the splendid circles of those rich saloons; and since you think so much more of Almack's than you do of the presidency, I have thought it might be grateful to your feelings to hear a word about it; and then, if the glorious days of universal credit shall again appear in our land of liberty, you may be able to establish an Almack's for New-York; and my observations in this letter will be of signal advantage to you in carrying into execution so philanthropic a design; for the "American London" would rank you forever among its benefactors, if you should perform so distinguished a service for its circles of fashion and rank.

A few evenings since, after being present at a musical soir  e at Lord ——'s, as I was passing through King-street, St. James, I heard two gentlemen conversing about the last ball at Almack's. I had often heard of Almack's, but I knew very little about it. Since then I have, from various sources, gathered the following information concerning this "Temple of Fashion."

It is a place where the very soul of enlightened society centres; where the most splendid and noble of the noblest aristocracy of the noblest and most enlightened nation of the earth assemble; where the spiritual and ineffable quintessence of the sublimate of fashion, refined from the clarified essence of wealth and rank, is collected in one hot and luminous focus. It is, in fact, to London what London is to England, what England is to the civilized world: a place, in short, to which the most ancient and honourable nobility look with reverence; nobility whose ancestry can be traced back in one bright chain of fox-hunters to the Norman conquest, or the times of the Saxon Heptarchy; for this is an establishment to which age and old time must do honour; the very temple, and, as it were, the most holy place of fashion.

How many robes of passing splendour have swept over the threshold of this sacred tabernacle, none but the recording angel can tell. For nearly a century now its halls have been illustrated year after year, and month after month, with all that England could crowd together of brilliancy and opulence. Nothing low or vulgar has ever approached the hallowed verge of its consecrated precincts: *Procul! O procul! este profani!*

There are mysteries here not to be gazed on by common eyes : a few Starred Sibyls (looking marvellously like English females with the yellow hair of Saxony yet on their brows) have established certain unearthly rites and ceremonies in King-street, St. James, to the full understanding of which none but the titled elect are admitted ; and who are required to live sublimely apart from the rest of the world, from which they are separated by a barrier as broad and impassable as the Sahara Desert. The happy few, the priestesses of the temple, exercise an absolute authority over all its affairs, and are unbending in the execution of their decrees. The proudest and most antique titles cannot avail against them ; for they, too, have received their authority from prescription. Their favour is worth more than all other honours, for it comprehends these, and unspeakably more. To be admitted to Almack's is to be above all solicitude for character, titles, or wealth ; for admission here presupposes all these, and, moreover, is of itself so vast an elevation in public consideration, that all others may at once be lost sight of and forgotten.

The Ladies-Patronesses are themselves beyond the reach of envy, and hold their authority by a tenure which can neither be disputed nor dissolved. They are the divinities to be

propitiated by all who would meet with success or consideration in the fashionable world. Their power is suspended over the heads of all, and they can in one moment strike from the galaxy of fashion the brightest and loftiest luminary there ; and even this, all but the fallen will approve, for it serves only to purify and refine the circle whence they have been taken.

When once precipitated from this eminence, nothing they have can avail them in their disgrace ; the trappings and stars of ancient nobility have lost their lustre, and reflect but a flickering ray, compared with the brilliant light and *éclat* issuing from the saloons of Almack's. These female divinities, who hold the scissors, and sometimes the thread of fate, designate those who are to succeed them in their sacred function ; and as one of their number is fading away from existence, they look for some happy mortal to take the sublime seat she is just about to exchange for the "narrow house." In short, when one of the six elderly duchesses, countesses, or marchionesses, happens to die, the remaining five fill up the void ; and thus the priesthood, or, rather, the priestesshood, lives on in a sort of corporate immortality ; and the long life of the establishment is made up of the odd fragments of the lives of divers ancient females, who, in the

course of Providence, or by electioneering artifices, have been elevated to preside over this University of West-Endism.

It cannot be said, indeed, that these appointments are always made without contention, rivalry, and heart-burnings: this would be too much to expect, even of the divinities of Almack's enchanted halls; since the honour is so high that none but the tamest and most ignoble spirits would be wanting in ambition to aspire to it. Where the fate of the present, and, perhaps, a succeeding generation of fair ladies and dashing beaux is made subject to and dependant on the favour of a Synod of six Ladies-Patronesses, who would not wish to be a sharer in such fulness of power, and thus be placed beyond all the evils of life?

When a seat becomes vacant by death, a struggle worthy of so great a prize commences; and among the remaining five, bitterness and reviling do sometimes make their unholy way. One cannot give up the suit of a "very dear friend," whose face she has long hoped to see in effulgence and honour, at "the Board of Red Cloth." Another has formed fond anticipations of seeing the companion of her early life raised to the sacred office, which she herself now fills, and doing honour to the associates with whom she would then mingle.

In short, each one has her antipathies and preferences, and is anxious to secure for her *protégée* the vacant seat: whence originate suspicions and jealousies, rivalships and back-bitings; whence come artifice and intrigue, and the marshalling of every motive of fear, interest, love, resentment, and ambition, that can possibly weigh upon the suffrages of those who are to decide. It would be unfair to regard their deportment on these momentous occasions as indicating their general character. What though words of dark and dubious meaning do sometimes escape from their lips; and what though epithets which would better become the brawls of the streets, and the bandyings of kitchen heroines, should, in moments of trial, be liberally applied to the characters of these staid and haughty regents; yet such are but occasional outpourings, and doubtless only introduced to fill up the vacancies and interstices of sublimer contemplations.

Of course, they who would insinuate that such contentions and rivalships do always secretly exist, but are never visible except on these great occasions, do so of their own unadvised foolhardiness and malice aforethought. These Guardians of the sacredness of fashion's circle have enough to do in keeping perpetual vigils, that none invade their halls who have



not passed the purifying ordeal. To them is committed the keeping of the golden fleece; and they are to guard it with a wakefulness which no power of herbs can ever lull. Those gifted with such small accomplishments as nature can bestow, apply in vain for admission here, unless they have some more powerful talisman to enforce their claims; there must be titled rank, and rank untarnished by poverty.

This, you will say, is all delicious! It is, indeed. It does your republican heart good, I doubt not, to think there is one place where the favoured few are above the reach of those low vulgarities which infest the dead levels of democracy.

And what think you, dear sir, is done within the precincts of so much exclusiveness? Why here the great, or, rather, the favoured ones, become accustomed to each other's society; and there being no other enterprise on earth worthy the attention of the English aristocracy, they, like wise men, have created this object of ambition to prevent their noble faculties from rusting out in the coarse and trivial pursuits of ordinary life. They must have something to do; for even noblemen and kings have not yet succeeded in taking out a patent for a *happy* doing-nothing profession. So they busy themselves first in gaining admittance at Almack's, and then in luxuriating upon their hard-won honours.

After days, and nights, and weeks, and months of management and anxiety, with trembling hands and fainting hearts, they send up to the awful scrutiny of the *Judgesses* their respectful supplication. I think you cannot but envy the delectable state of their feelings—the flutterings of hope and fear they now experience.

The oracle is not long silent ; the responses, inscribed on triangular billets, are scattered, like Sibyls' leaves, among those whose fate they are to decide ; and then there are smiles, and self-gratulation, and rejoicing, and exultation with some ; and frowns, and tears, and disappointment, and rage with others.

Dear sir, can you conceive how it is possible to live after being rejected ? It is very certain that ordinary eating, and drinking, and sleeping, and breathing are not the chief essentials to life ; for the smiles of the rich and the Almack-favoured are worth more than all these for the purposes of living, at least good living, to the applicants at this ineffable Court. To the young and ambitious among the gay and opulent of London, rejection comes like a sentence of banishment from the very light of life. All other places of fashionable resort are regarded only as faint and wretched imitations of this sublime original. More than one instance has been known of such rejection pro-

ducing death by the rupture of a bloodvessel in some exquisite young lady's bosom (perfectly horrible, you will say!); or a fate little less painful has awaited the angelic-disappointed, of fading away by the slow poison of chagrin and gloom.

Young gentlemen, when overtaken by this dreadful calamity, generally blow out what brains they have with a pistol, or, in failure of this, devote them to the less romantic end of writing poetry. Ah! sir, it is quite gratifying to me to know, while writing these paragraphs, that they will excite in your sensitive heart high and generous emotions, suited to so touching a theme.

In a spacious saloon, with all the unostentatious elegance which wealth, rank, and taste can bestow, is assembled, beneath brilliant lamps, and reclining on voluptuous sofas, the cream of all the beauty and gallantry of England. Precious stones are flashing in the light; and bright eyes sparkling, and flushed cheeks glowing on every side. Here a whisper of musical voices is heard in the soft murmur of confidence; and there words of gallantry, and flattery, and gentleness insensibly melt into sighs.

Forms of chiseled gracefulness are gliding about; and when the sound of music begins to

creep over the scene, swelling, and dying away like the breath of evening, light footsteps are heard just audibly to rustle, and fairy fingers, floating on the waves of the mazy dance, beat softly to the pulse of melody.

The young and blushing countess is fluttering by the side of the dashing captain; and ever and anon, as her white hand touches his, a thrill of delight passes over her form. There, a boy, who would be esteemed awkward if he had not lately come to a dukedom, is blundering and swelling before a proud beauty, whose heart rebels against maternal injunctions, and spurns with contempt the clumsy attentions of her vain admirer; and by their side a graceful *Prémier* is moving gallantly to the voluptuous waltz of a high-born, youthful duchess. Yonder is a *prudent* mother, whose schemes in providing her daughter with an advantageous settlement have all been frustrated, and in whose guarded countenance jealousy and chagrin are but half concealed. Here glances by the form of a young marchioness—and such a form!—swelling with exultation and triumph as she bears away from her tearful rival a young and gallant fortune.

In this place is never heard the sound of loud mirth and hilarity; all is gentle and regulated; every emotion is subdued; and what-

ever it be, it is expressed on the countenance only by a smile. Here every one is bent upon conquest ; and every avenue in the heart is guarded with unrelenting severity. I scarce need tell one so familiar with the gay world as yourself, that all this is necessary.

But still, there are scenes here occasionally, which in other assemblies would excite something more than a smile. Around the dancing arena, a rope is drawn for the purpose of preventing encroachments upon those within, not very unlike what you may have seen in your plebeian days at a menagerie ; and the “per-fumed courtiers” lead their exquisite partners into the ring, as in the afore-mentioned days you may have observed the Shetland pony led in by Dandy Jack. It sometimes happens in the flush and excitement of the *gallopape* (for the gallopade and waltz are now the only things danced at Almack’s ; though Lord Byron, whose moral tastes have never been condemned for their purity, thought the waltz should be banished from virtuous society), that cases are not unfrequent, in the full tide of the dance, of the more spirited beaux dashing themselves carelessly against the rope, and by the rebound being thrown prostrate upon the floor.

This, of itself, would be but a slight misfor-

tune ; but it is often followed by others of a more serious nature. Those nearest the fallen dancer are not always able to stop themselves at once upon the polished floor, and frequently numbers of young ladies are either dragged down by their companions (for it is proverbial that a sinking man will hold fast to a *trifle*), or stumble over those already fallen.

Here, then, is a delightful scene for the staid gravity of the assembly : duchesses, marchionesses, captains, dukes, and premiers, all huddled together in one grand promiscuous pile of—rank and beauty. Slight screams are heard ; and blushes, and smiles, and tears are seen confusedly mingling in the faces of the scrambling unfortunates. Some hitherto slighted rival exults in the sudden shame of her tormentor ; while the fallen ones retire from the ring in the deepest mortification and chagrin. The music, arrested for a moment by the confusion, now breaks forth again in voluptuous softness, and the rustle of flying feet begins again to steal upon the ear.

Such scenes as this are at times witnessed in these famous saloons, where the severity of elegance has banished all ostentation of wealth. The simplicity of its entertainments excludes all idea of luxury, and almost of comfort. Of course, gaudiness is not tolerated here, for that



is something which those who have no other recommendation than mere gold (a vulgar thing) can put on. But it is not the society, or the intercourse, which gives value to an admission to this circle: the very *fact of admission* is all that is prized, as this is a tacit award of eminence in the world of fashion. It is a sort of test to try the purity of nobility, whether it be the unalloyed ancient metal, or only a showy compound of modern times. It separates the former from the latter by a broad and plain line of distinction. The young and the sanguine are here brought together, and matrimonial alliances are rarely formed out of the exclusive circle in which they move. Thus is an aristocracy refined and perpetuated, which has but little sympathy with the rest of the world.

Like all establishments claiming for themselves peculiar superiority, Almack's has been many times violently assailed. It exercises, in fact, an authority really more oppressive and unjust than any the throne ever dares assume. It shuts out hundreds and thousands from the standing and consideration to which they are justly entitled in society; and so omnipotent is the tyranny of aristocratic opinion, that its seal of disapprobation, once fixed upon the name of an ambitious aspirant, disgraces and obscures him in public estimation forever. Of course,

all the jealousy and rancour of disappointed ambition are arrayed against it; for such as can never share in its honours are deeply stung by its contempt.

So deeply have certain persons felt this galling yoke, that a combination has even been contemplated, for the purpose of breaking its power by parliamentary interference.

But do not suppose, dear sir, that this indicates any advancement of the coarse principles of democracy among *these* parliamentary reformers. Oh! no; it proceeds from quite another motive than this; they wish to rend, because they cannot rule the halls of Almack's. Besides, it was soon discovered that the Imperial Parliament was itself one of the chief supporters of Almack's; and felt that any innovation upon so venerable an institution was an invasion of the time-honoured prerogatives of the English aristocracy.

The power of legislation is sometimes directed to sad purposes; and although in this instance the evil is doubtless enormous, yet we can hardly suppress a smile when we hear legislators talking seriously about turning the supreme power of a mighty nation into a regulator of fashions and master of ceremonies. Destroy Almack's! The fair ladies who are so happy as to resort there have woven their charm for too

many noble lords and right honourable members of the House of Commons, ever to be disturbed by "an act entitled an act to abolish the right of certain distinguished families to associate, waltz, gallopade, and tumble in the ring with whomsoever they please."

Indeed, it is an institution which addresses itself to a strong principle of the human heart—the *vanity* of man; and although it may make thousands wretched, thousands more will hope on for its favour and the flattery it brings. It can never be abolished until Englishmen shall lose their reverence for rank, and scorn the idea that a few distinguished ladies should hold in their hands all the means of human enjoyment; until they shall learn to esteem other consequence than such as ease, titles, and idleness bestow, and to honour only those who add something to the stock of human intelligence, and make the world better by their influence; OR, until a quarrel, which cannot be hushed, shall involve the whole establishment in ruin.

Woman was the last and most perfect work of God. But if she came from the hand of the Creator the sweetest, she is also capable of *becoming* the *sourest* of all beings. It happily is not often we find her in such *imperfect* state, and for this we should be thankful. But should

the lovely divinities of Almack's enchanted halls ever have the peace of their "Board of Red Cloth" broken by a *serious* contention, this gorgeous temple of fashion will come down with a crash that will be a warning to the exquisites of all future generations. If Almack's ever falls, "great will be the fall thereof."

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It may be not unpleasant to you to contemplate a somewhat different scene.

When I left Lord ——'s it was twelve o'clock. I hurried on through Hyde Park, and found an omnibus standing before Apsley House (the Duke of Wellington's), waiting for passengers for the East End. A thick fog hung over London, and a storm seemed to be coming on. The night was dark and gloomy. By the light of a neighbouring lamp I perceived a lady in the omnibus, who was not only unattended, but there was no other person in the carriage.

Her face, on which the lamp shone brightly, was as pale as marble; but her features were very beautiful. She was dressed as superbly as though she had just come from a ball at Almack's. There was a look of deep distress on her countenance; such a look as we never for-

get after it is once seen. The large blue vein on her forehead swelled out as if ready to burst. We rode on for a mile through the streets, now nearly deserted and silent, without speaking. In the presence of what appeared to me so great anguish, I could not think of words I dared to utter. In the light which shone in from the lamps as we passed along, her face wore an ashy paleness; and on that face there was an expression of such utter loneliness and desertion, of such evident sinking from rank and prostration of earthly hopes, that I needed but one glance to convince me that she had fallen from the gay and heartless circle of fashion.

I ventured to ask if I could render her any service in a ride at that late hour. She replied, "Oh! sir, whoever you are, for God's sake don't speak to me; I only want to die; you can't help me now."

As she uttered these words she burst into tears. We rode on in silence, broken at intervals by her sobs and sighs. We passed through Temple Bar and reached St. Paul's, where I was to get out. But I was determined to go as far as the omnibus went, if necessary, to know whether my fellow-passenger was a maniac or what. When we came to the bank, the coachman stopped and inquired where

we would get out. Again I asked if I could render her any assistance. "Yes, sir, you can, if you have any pity. Let me get out anywhere. I care not where I go if I can only find some place to lay my head."

I assisted her in getting out of the omnibus. She fell as she stepped down, and I caught her with one arm and her—*child* with the other. This new-born infant was wrapped in a Cashmere shawl—its only swaddling-clothes. The mother asked me to lead her to a place where she could sit down—the omnibus drove on; and not a human being was in sight. Near by was a flight of stone steps, upon which she was scarcely seated when she fainted away.

There was no lamp near us; it was past one o'clock; the rain had begun to fall heavily upon the pavements, and, save the feeble cry of the infant in my arms and the distant rumbling of the omnibus, no sound was to be heard. I shouted for a policeman, knowing that one must be not far off, and down the street I heard his answer, followed by the heavy, quick fall of his foot.

I inquired for a boarding-house. He said we must pass down two or three streets towards the Thames to find one, and he would assist us.

"I will carry the lady," said he, "if you will



spread this India-rubber cape (a garment which all policemen wear when it rains) over the child, and take care of it."

I spoke to the mother, whom I had raised from the step when she fainted, and had supported till now; and, as she partly recovered, the first words she spoke were, "Oh! where is my child—my child? Oh! God of heaven, has he stolen my child?"

I told her the child was safe in my arms, and protected from the rain. "Oh! then give him to me." She seized the babe, and, pressing it close to her heart, asked us to leave her. I said, "We will take you to a house where you will be comfortable."

"God bless you," she answered, "if you will."

She consented to let me take the child, and we hurried on through the storm to a place of shelter. We were met by several policemen, each of whom stopped us until he received the countersign from the one with us. At last we reached the house, and, after ringing the bell several times, the door was opened by a servant. We made known our business, and were admitted to the hall. The lady of the house was called, and engaged to furnish accommodations for the young mother. She took the child from my hands, and I paid her char-

ges for a week, and turned to leave the house with the watchman.

The mother called me back from the door and said, "I can only thank you, sir. God bless you—GOD *will* bless you for this."

We left the house. As we entered the street the rain was falling heavily, and violent gusts of wind dashed by, with that dismal moaning sound which is never so mournful, even in the wild woods, as in the dark solitude of a large city late at night. But still, this was less dreary than the scene we had just left; and a load fell from my heart when I once more felt the night-tempest sweeping by me.

I asked the policeman who he thought the lady could be. "Why, sir," said he, "there is no knowing, of course, certainly; but I doubt not she has moved in fashionable life. Did you see how she was dressed? and how she spoke? Why, you can tell a lady from the West End only by hearing her speak once. You say she got in at Hyde Park corner. Why, I suppose she has been ruined by some heartless fellow in Regent's-street. There are thousands of girls that are; and then they come to the East End and starve to death, or die of neglect and privation. From one extreme to the other, this is the way with the London world. For my part, I am satisfied with the lot of a policeman."

I inquired if she could not be helped by one of the Charities. "Well, sir," said he, "we can do our best; but the Charities are all crowded. I have made three unsuccessful applications for persons in distress within the last two days. But, if you will write something about this, and let me take your letter, the chance will be fair."

I engaged to address a letter the next morning to the "City of London Lying-in Hospital, City Road, or any other London Charity." The policeman promised to call for the letter at nine o'clock. [By means of these exertions this unfortunate mother received assistance; but her child died the night she came from the West End.]

I laid myself down on my pillow that night worn out with fatigue. But too many confused images of the gay halls of Lord ——; of the revelry and splendour of the West End; and of the extreme suffering and wretchedness of that ruined female in the dark and dismal streets of London, crowded upon my fancy to let me sleep.

In one night I had seen the two extremes of a London life—opulence, gayety, fashion, and song in the palace halls of an English nobleman; and the abject and hopeless misery of a broken-hearted female, who had fallen from

such a circle, to fill a grave dug by strangers in the Potters' Field.

Such is London—the West End and Spital-fields—a nobleman and a beggar—revelry, mirth, beauty, and fashion—a maniac victim of seduction with her dying child—such is London.

Believe me, sir,

Yours, &c.,

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*To the Hon. John Quincy Adams.*

London, —, 1840.

SIR,

You are one of the few illustrious men of a past age whom the kind Providence of God has still spared to our country. In childhood I was taught to respect your name; and in after years, as I have seen age gently laying its hand upon you without any of its infirmities, that feeling has grown into reverence.

As I design to speak of some of the distinguished public men and the present political aspects of Great Britain in this communication, I know not to whom I can so well address it as to one so familiar with her past history and present condition as yourself.

For a long time no very deep interest has been felt in the affairs of the British empire, except by our statesmen; but circumstances are now transpiring which have turned the attention of our whole country intensely upon them.

In every age England has had some bold and generous men, who have resisted the encroachments of the crown upon the rights of the people; but it is lamentable, after all, to

think she has made no greater progress in the path of popular liberty.

One class of her reformers, as Sir Harry Vane, Hampden, Sidney, Raleigh, and Russell, have fallen martyrs to freedom on the field or scaffold, or dragged out a miserable existence in dungeons. Another class, in the zeal and impatience of reform, have plunged their country into revolution and bloodshed, under the mistaken idea that the sword alone could vindicate the cause of freedom.

But the sword has yet done comparatively little for liberty : power, thus far, has almost always been on the side of oppression and wrong, so that it has seldom been safe to trust the interests of freedom to the terrible chances of battle. Witness Greece and Carthage in the time of Scipio and Mummius. Said the brave Brutus, after Liberty had taken her flight from the world at Philippi, "Oh ! Virtue, not thou, but Fate rules below," and fell upon his sword.

We read painful stories of the Huguenot wars. We weep over the fall of the Lovers of Liberty who were butchered in the Valleys of the Vaudois, or who fell under the walls of Warsaw. Liberty has come off victorious from many a well-fought field in modern times, it is true. England saw this in North, and Spain and Portugal in South America. Even Haytien ne-



groes have won their way to freedom, albeit with a "bloody axe." Greece, too, is partly free ; free, at least, forever from the power of the Crescent. But, until the glorious example of our own Revolution, freedom had generally lost more than she had gained in battle. Still, Bacon says, " It is better to fail in striking for so noble a thing as liberty, than not to strike at all ; for reformers never can die." The memory of martyrs is one of the safeguards of human freedom :

" E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

It is said, that when the Bohemians heard of the martyrdom of their beloved Huss, the nation armed as one man, and, fired by deep revenge, poured themselves over Germany. Ziska, their chief leader, after losing his eyes in battle, like the Black Knight, went to the field and defeated his enemies ; and so wild and strong was the enthusiasm his name inspired, that after he was dead (1424), his enemies still trembled at the sound of his skin formed into a drum : so true it is that " Reformers never die." But few instances are on record, however, in which Victory has declared for the friends of truth. It is better to trust to her " Celestial Armour."

Another class of English reformers has been *bought up* by the Crown ; a peerage, a judge-

ship, or the like, has been the price of their tergiversation, or, at least, of their silence. You may have seen some months ago a beautiful steamer lying idly at the Albany docks, day after day, and month after month. She could run well, was in fine order. Why unemployed? *She was hired to lay still.* She carried passengers to New-York for half a dollar; the old lines for \$2.00. A steamer which runs for money will *stop running* for money. Now the traveller pays his \$2.00, and wishes the Diamond was making her trips.

England has ever done her best to buy up those men who seek to secure liberty for her *home* subjects. She has no objection to their working as hard as they please for the oppressed in foreign lands—none at all. She and her aristocracy will not only applaud the effort, but join in it. Prince Albert gives 100 guineas a year to the “African Civilization Society;” the object of which is to improve the condition of Africa, and thus put an end to the slave-trade; as though the article of slaves would not be supplied so long as a market exists.

But the moment an Englishman of some note begins to talk and write about the sufferings of English people in this island, there is a great disturbance in certain quarters. He is a man of too much consideration to be transport-

ed ; and, in fact, has committed no crime. He is too bold to be intimidated by a *threat* ; perhaps too rich to care for money ; too popular with the mass, who are, after all, the grand constituency of the throne (Charles I. and James II. found them so), to be made odious. But he is not absolutely invulnerable, is he ? Surely he has a weak point somewhere, and the ministry can find it. He is *ambitious*. He is made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland ; Governor-general of Canada ; an East India judge, or what not ; and he is safe. He is *canonized* —enrolled among the ecclesiastico-politico-aristocracy of Old England ; and you hear no more of the reformer. This is the way the people of England lose their supporters.

True, you say, “ but the people of England have lost nothing ; he never was a true friend of theirs, or he could not have been bought. Luther was not to be hired, like the steamer, to *keep still* ; neither was Vane, nor Russell, nor Cromwell, nor Hampden ; nor *is O'Connell*. Such men *cannot be still* any more than volcanic fires ; they are sometimes quiescent, but eternally working ; and by-and-by you shall hear, maybe see, and possibly *feel*, an irruption. Such men have a message from God, from Liberty, from the friends of humanity who are dead, and they must deliver it.”

This is quite true ; but it is a sad thing, withal, for liberty to lose even men who can be bought ; if they are worth buying they are worth keeping ; even the man who has his price is worth something ; he may fight ; sometimes such make the very best fighters. Did ever a man rush to the battle with greater daring, or deal stronger blows upon the rampant British lion, than Benedict Arnold, even while cherishing in his heart the purpose to betray his country ? Did Nero exult more like a fiend over the conflagration of Rome, than did Arnold, when from the belfry of a steeple he saw New-London wrapped in flames of his own kindling ?

The early friends of Arnold, his school-mates, his neighbours, his old familiar companions who expired on that ill-fated day by the sword or the flames, thought doubtless the friendship even of a man who could be bought worth something. Yes, England has lost many such ; and liberty to this hour bleeds for their defection.

But then she has had some reformers, who could neither be transported, hired, bribed, intimidated, nor sent to the Tower. It would be an amusing sight to see any monarch, or ministry, or Parliament, send *O'Connell* to the Tower. One would almost die of laughing spasms to

see Daniel collared and fettered for "old London Tower." All Ireland, and the better part of England, would go with him—probably the Tower would be inconveniently full.

Monarchs cannot do all things: they cannot, *in our times*, send every disturber of the peace (generally the people's friends are intended by this phrase, when it comes from certain quarters) to the Tower; nor shoot down or hang up every plebeian heart that clamours for right. Another thing: they cannot grant true, genuine liberty to the people, and be monarchs still. They must be presidents or protectors, *then*.

Yes, England has always had a few men who could never be made to betray their country; and without them she would not have been what she now is. These men have had charge of the precious treasure of liberty, and transmitted it, like the torch of science, from age to age. The greatest of them all was Oliver Cromwell: with all his faults, bigotry, enthusiasm, or whatever you please.

The greatest, in our times, *was* Lord Brougham. It is the general opinion here of those with whom I have conversed, who seem to have a pretty good knowledge of affairs, that Brougham has sacrificed his principles on the altar of a British peerage. Reformers, I am told, have lost nearly all their confidence in him.

The aristocracy never have had *any* confidence in him until *quite recently*. He has too long been committed on the popular side ; dealt out too many heavy blows upon the ancient nobility. His defence of Queen Caroline, his speech on the Durham clergy, his course in the Lower House while he was yet Henry Brougham ; all this will not soon be forgotten.

Brougham must be aware that he has gone too far ever to retreat. He has halted and deviated already, just enough to *shake* the confidence of *all* his friends, and *utterly to destroy* that of many. When a great reform measure comes up in Parliament, all eyes are turned on Brougham ; they expect to see him open his batteries like a citadel of Liberty. But he sits crouched in his seat. All wait ; still the oracle gives no response. He sees the vote passed which takes away the freedom of the people ; but *he is silent*. It is said he is *hired* to keep quiet : not that the aristocracy make up a purse for his lordship—this would be too gross even for such a man as Arnold—but the thing is managed in some way. He is brought by his peerage into a circle where it is for his *interest* to take a course which wounds the cause of liberty—a course he never would have taken had his great heart been free from the vile trammels of the aristocracy. At any rate,



he has disappointed all his friends ; and the Conservatives, I was told by an ex-minister, "*like him better than they used to.*"

A few words more as to this extraordinary man. It has been pretty generally conceded, I believe, that Brougham has had no contemporary rival whom he had any reason to fear. There is but one man probably in the world who could match him. One would like to see Brougham and Webster enter the lists ; it would be a scene of intellectual gladiatorship such as this little earth has seldom witnessed, I ween ; somewhat like the meeting of two terrific thunder clouds in mid heaven ; or, to descend from the sublime to the ridiculous, like the battle of the Kilkenny cats, "*who left nothing of each other but the tails.*" Hayne was no match for Webster ; Canning no match for Brougham.

He would be a weak man, I think, who should venture to close in with either of these champions, unless he had *all the truth* on his side ; for Truth is stronger than Brougham or Webster ; and, indeed, than a whole regiment of such men.

Some years ago Brougham was described in comparison of Canning, in the following language. The author of this parallel has, I believe, never been known. I will quote a part of it, leaving out so much as refers to Can-

ning. It is a painting of these great rival orators, when, in the early part of the session of 1823, they sat glancing hostility and defiance at each other.

“The personal appearance of Brougham seemed stern, hard, lowering, and almost repulsive. His head gave sure indication of the terrible power of the inhabitant within. His features were harsh in the extreme: while his forehead shot up to a great elevation, his chin was long and square; his mouth, nose, and eyes seemed huddled together in the centre of his face—the eyes absolutely lost amid folds and corrugations; and while he sat listening, they seemed to retire inward, or to be veiled by a filmy curtain, which not only concealed the appalling glare which shot away from them when he was aroused, but rendered his mind and his purpose a sealed book to the keenest scrutiny of man: his passions remained within, as in a citadel which no artillery could batter, and no mine blow up; and even when he was putting forth all the power of his eloquence, when every ear was tingling at what he said, and while the immediate object of his invective was writhing in helpless and indescribable agony, his visage retained its cold and brassy hue, and he triumphed over the passions of other men by seeming to be wholly without passion himself.

“His whole form was angular, long, and awkward; and when he rose to speak he stood coiled and concentrated, reckless of all but the power within himself—a being whose powers and intentions were all a mystery, whose aim and effect no living man could divine. The more hard and unmouthable his words and periods, the better: he proceeded like a master of every power of reasoning and of the understanding. His modes and allusions could be squared only by the higher analysis of the mind; and they rose, and ran, and pealed, and swelled on and on, till a single sentence was often a complete oration within itself; but still, so clear was the logic, and so close the connexion, that every member carried the weight of all that went before, and opened the way for all that was to follow after. His style was like the concave speculum, scattering no indiscriminate radiance, but having its light concentrated into one intense and tremendous focus: he turned himself round in a spiral, sweeping the contents of a vast circumference before him, and uniting and pouring them onward to the main point of attack.

“When he began, one was astonished at the wideness and obliquity of his course; nor was it possible to comprehend how he was to dispose of the vast and varied materials which he

collected in his way ; but, as the curve lessened and the end appeared, it became obvious that all was to be efficient there.

“ Upon that occasion” (when Brougham was to commence his attack upon Canning and his ministry) “ his oration was at the outset disjointed and ragged, and apparently without aim or application. He careered over the whole annals of the world, and collected every instance in which genius had degraded itself at the footstool of power, or in which principle had been sacrificed for the vanity or lucre of place ; but still, there was no allusion to Canning, and no connexion that ordinary men could discover with the business of the House. When, however, he had collected every material which suited his purpose ; when the mass had become big and black, he bound it about and about with the chords of illustration and of argument ; when its union was secure, he swung it round and round with the strength of a giant and the rapidity of a whirlwind, in order that its impetus might be the more tremendous ; and while doing this he ever and anon glared his eye, and pointed his finger to make the aim and the direction sure.

“ Canning himself was the first that seemed to be aware where and how terrible was to be the collision ; and he kept writhing his body in

agony, and rolling his eyes in fear, as if anxious to find some shelter from the impending bolt. The House soon caught the impression, and every man in it was glancing his eye fearfully, first towards the orator, and then towards the secretary. There was, save the voice of Brougham, which growled in that under-tone of thunder which is so fearfully audible, and of which no speaker of the day was fully master but himself, a silence as if the angel of retribution had been glaring in the face of all parties the scroll of their private lives.

“ A pen, which one of the secretaries dropped upon the matting, was heard in the remotest parts of the house ; and the *visiting* members, who often slept in the side galleries during the debate, started up as though the final trump had been sounding them to give an account of their deeds. The stiffness of Brougham’s figure had vanished ; his features seemed concentrated almost to a point ; he glanced towards every part of the House in succession ; and sounding the death-knell of the secretary’s forbearance and prudence, with both his clinched hands upon the table, he hurled at him an accusation more dreadful in its gall, and more torturing in its effects, than ever has been hurled at mortal man within the same walls.

“ The result was instantaneous, was electric ;

it was as when the thunder cloud descends upon some giant peak : one flash, one peal, the sublimity vanished, and all that remained was a small pattering of rain. Canning started to his feet, and was able only to utter the unguarded words, ‘ It is false ! ’ to which followed a dull chapter of apologies. From that moment the House became more a scene of real business than of airy display and angry vituperation.”

I saw Lord Brougham at his house in London, and heard him converse some time. Mr. Birney was appointed by the committee of the Pennsylvania Hall of Philadelphia to present his lordship a snuffbox (as we all supposed), which had been made from the ruins of that magnificent edifice. A company of Americans then in London were invited to accompany Mr. Birney on his mission, not to see the *snuff-box*, of course, but the *snuff-taker*.

That same morning I happened to be in the room with a very zealous American, and, before we left for Brougham’s, he requested me to kneel with him in prayer, for “ he had a weighty matter on his mind, about which he wished to seek Divine direction.” This was all proper enough, I thought, and perfectly agreeable to my feelings ; and if it had not been so, I would have yielded from respect to him.

The burden of the prayer was, that the phil-  
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anthropists of America had so far forgotten their principles and the spirit of Christianity, as to present a snuffbox to Lord Brougham, "thereby encouraging a vice second only to slavery and intemperance."

He prayed, with a fervour worthy of a better cause, "that *we* might be directed what course to take: we wanted to see Lord Brougham, but we did not want to countenance iniquity."

I certainly could not join very heartily in this petition, for I did not see that it met my case at all, since I was going, as I before said, to see the snuff-taker, and not the snuffbox. After a good many hesitations and scruples about the path of duty, curiosity prevailed, and the anti-tobacco brother started with me for his lordship's house.

We were introduced into a lofty and ample sitting-room; the walls were hung with a few fine paintings of distinguished men, and in the corners of the room were the marble busts of four great American statesmen, standing upon pillars of Egyptian marble: Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton, and the elder Adams.

Brougham appeared in a plain dress; we all rose; he came forward, and requested us to be seated. After some general conversation, Mr. Birney mentioned the commission with which he was charged, and produced the snuffbox, which

had, by some strange metamorphosis, been turned into an—inkstand : a slight mistake my friend had made ; and I could hardly keep from bursting into a fit of laughter when I observed the incident.

Mr. Birney discharged his mission, making an appropriate and sensible speech, though rather too highly spiced, perhaps, with compliment. Brougham, at least, manifested some impatience, and twisted himself about in his chair.

He replied in a very familiar way : “ I do not know, gentlemen, when I have experienced more pleasure and satisfaction than in receiving your deputation. I feel the deepest interest in everything that relates to your great and free nation : I have for many years watched the workings of your institutions, and I know of nothing that is likely to offer any effectual hindrance to the progress of the United States, except slavery. Its existence and its enormities in the very heart of your glorious republican country is, perhaps, the greatest anomaly on the face of the earth. I have kept my eye upon the progress of the anti-slavery question in America from the beginning. I have received and read your publications of every description, and I must say that several things surprise me.

“ One is, that the most effective opposition to

the abolitionists comes from the North; the second is, that Congress has dared to outrage the great principles of the American Government, the rights of man, and the humanity of the world so violently, as to refuse to give anti-slavery petitions a hearing; and the third is, that the American people will endure so tamely to be robbed of their rights.

“Why, gentlemen,” said he, as he rose from his seat, under a sudden burst of enthusiasm, with a flashing eye, and a deep scowl on his face, “the veriest slaves in Europe would not submit to *that*; it is the last right tyrants have ever dared to take away; the last the people have ever been willing to surrender. But then you will get along with that; send in your petitions; don’t be disheartened; your Congress won’t refuse you much longer. It will soon be *unpopular* to do it; and then, of course, they will desist.

“The last thing I was going to speak of is the estimation in which the American abolitionists are held at home. They may say, if this conversation goes out to the world (and I have no objection that it should), that I have read but one side; and every one knows that it is impossible to form an accurate estimate of any party from their own papers and documents. But I have read both sides; indeed,

*all sides. I am not deceived;* and it is a great blot upon American character, the treatment the anti-slavery party have received from their fellow-citizens. Why, gentlemen, there is no body of men on earth, and there never was, whom in my heart I honour more than the abolitionists of the United States. They are an incomparable body of men: they have braved danger, and, what is a more difficult matter, they have sacrificed popularity and personal aggrandizement, and surrendered every consideration, to say nothing of the peril of life, in advancing their cause. I honour them, and from my heart I pray God to bless them.

“Yes, as far as my name will carry the smallest amount of influence, let it be known that I revere and love the American abolitionists. You have seen the darkest crisis you will be called to pass in the history of your enterprise; you will experience no more violence, I trust. Whatever extravagance the reformers may have exhibited in the heat of early enthusiasm, is passing away, and giving place to a more firm and settled purpose to work the deliverance of the bondsman. And that wild spirit of rancour with which you have been greeted by the ultra and the bigoted among the other party, is fast disappearing;

and it will not be long before the whole nation will calmly and honestly address itself to the great work of overthrowing so dangerous and odious a system as American slavery. You can work reforms safely and surely, because the mass of your people are intelligent ; they understand more or less the merits of every great political question ; their reason and judgment can be reached ; their passions can be appealed to with safety ; and when the principles of reform have been diffused by your two thousand presses, broad-cast over your land, the hearts, the consciences, and the reason of the people will achieve the work.

“ You are a noble people, and slavery with you is like a blemish upon a magnificent painting : there may be a thousand beauties there, but the eye is attracted by nothing but the blemish. American tyranny, if it do exist, must of necessity be the most odious tyranny on earth. Your back-ground is all so fair, that one blemish, one defect, one foul blot, like slavery, destroys the effect of the whole.

“ You perceive, gentlemen, that you cannot convince Europe you are right. You are arraigned before the bar of the civilized world for your conduct ; and you can neither exculpate yourselves nor escape the trial.—I have not spoken anything in anger : I only say these

things in grief. Would to God you were quite rid of the system. No reasonable limits could be assigned to your influence upon the European world; upon the forms of oppression and tyranny which exist here, if you would only be true to yourselves. Philanthropists in the Old World have always borrowed hope and encouragement from America. For many years our mouths were shut, when we pointed to the United States for a living illustration of the position that man was capable of self-government, by the cry, 'Let us not form our opinions too hastily. The Democratic principle has not yet had time to produce its legitimate effects.'

"That cry has been silenced by your complete success; and now the true friends of popular rights and American Democracy are met, wherever they go through Europe, with an argument which closes their mouths effectually: 'Look across the Atlantic if you would see republicanism. Every sixth man, and woman, and child is enslaved; and reduced from citizenship, and *the inviolable and inalienable rights of man, to chattlehood*. Away with your Democracy. Give us the protection of a throne and the liberty of a peasantry.'

"But then a man must have read the world to no purpose, who cannot see no uncertain indication from the signs of the times, that the days of American slavery are numbered."



All this would have come with much better grace from Henry than from Henry *Lord* Brougham. I have tried to give the substance of his conversation on this subject, and as nearly as possible his language. I took it down in shorthand on the spot, and wrote it out in full an hour afterward.

Lord Brougham is a mass of electrified nerves. He can neither sit nor stand still many seconds. You would think, to see the spasmodic contortions of his features, that the making of grimaces had been his profession. He has a habit of twitching up the sides of his face by a violent muscular contraction, and almost every successive moment there appears some new and strange alteration in his physiognomy. I think a dozen accurate portraits might be taken of him, all of which would differ from each other and from himself except at particular times. There are some expressions of his countenance which would defy all skill except Daguerre's; and this mysterious and beautiful process would do nothing for Brougham's phiz, except upon the one-second plan; for he could not keep still more than one, or, at most, two seconds.

Brougham, with all his genius, learning, and fame, is, after all, an illustration of the weakness of human nature in its best estate. I was told

that the reports so current some years ago, that he had fallen into intemperate habits, were true ; that he did drink wine excessively ; was often entirely disqualified for business or study. But it is understood that he has recovered from these habits, and is now perfectly temperate.

Besides, Brougham has retreated from that high ground of reform which he once occupied, and inflicted a deep wound upon Liberty ; not by any violent or outrageous act—this is not the way such men show their defection—but by a want of sympathy for those great principles which he so long defended. In his conversations, and occasionally in his speeches, he displays the same bold, free, republican spirit for which he was once so distinguished ; but when the party with which, in his better days, he co-operated, rally around the old banner under which they achieved the Reform Bill, Brougham is no longer to be found among them. The Whigs have leaned upon him for support, but he has proved to them a broken reed.

There is one consideration, however, which affords them satisfaction. He will not be likely to oppose them when they are called to mount “the deadly imminent breach ;” and he cannot undo what he has already done. English tyranny has received heavy blows from his strong arm, from which it never can recover ; and his

words and his works have gone forth among men, and are now mingling in the great stream of popular rights, which is sweeping away the old foundations of oppression all over the world.

But there is one man in Great Britain who has done, and is still doing, more for humanity than Brougham; one who has been long in public life, mingling in every question which has agitated the empire for a quarter of a century or more; who is always found on the side of the people; who has never tripped, halted, varied, or shifted his course; who has made more public speeches than any other man now living, and always spoken like a Republican; who abhors oppression with all his heart; who has been hated, courted, and feared (but never despised) by every party; a man who has been a target for all Britain to shoot at for a whole generation; who has come off victorious from every conflict, even when he has been beaten; who has never betrayed his principles, but is forever betraying his party, or who, more properly, has no party but his own; who will be bound by no trammels; who is eternally, and with a zeal which never grows cold, demanding justice for all the subjects of the British empire; a man who now stands higher in the hearts of his countrymen, and in the esteem of

the world, than ever. You will most likely burst into a loud laugh when you see his name—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

But I trust you will not be frightened. "Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear."

Six months ago I should have been quite as much inclined to call the man crazy who should have written the above paragraph, as I should to have adopted his opinions. I have never been so entirely mistaken in any estimate I ever formed of a man's character as in the case of O'Connell. He has been generally regarded in America as a bold and reckless demagogue—an orator, it is true, but gifted only with a sort of cutthroat blackguardism, which would be in good taste if it fell from the lips of a highwayman. But all this is *fudge*!

No man is prepared to appreciate O'Connell who does not remember that all his speeches are made for Ireland. He cares very little about their effect in Great Britain. Englishmen cannot disturb him by their criticism. He knows that his dominion lies in Ireland; and every word he utters is addressed to the Irish heart.

I doubt not O'Connell weighs well his words before they escape him. If he is vulgar, scurrilous, or abusive, it is not owing to the excite-

ment of the moment ; it is because he has certain ends to answer, and he chooses these means for their accomplishment. He is too old, too wary, too wise to suffer himself to be borne along at the mercy of excitement he cannot control.

No, Daniel O'Connell may seem to be imprudent ; and sometimes, to hear him speak, you would think him wild with passion. But I have heard him use language on a certain subject in private conversation which sounded not a little strange, and repeat it several times with great calmness ; and an hour afterward I have heard that same language break forth from his lips in a public meeting like a spontaneous explosion. It seemed harsh, rash, and extravagant at the time ; but he had arranged, and digested, and weighed every word of that speech before he entered the assembly where it was uttered. Indeed, I have been often able to anticipate the drift of his speech by hearing him converse a short time before it was made.

His time is so continually taken from him by visitors who call for purposes of business, friendship, or curiosity, that he is very often obliged to prepare his speeches during these conversations.

I wish to say a few things more about this singular man. I have seen much of him ; heard

him converse a good deal; listened to more than twenty of his public speeches; and all this has enabled me to form, I think, a correct opinion in regard to his character.

He is now, it is said, about sixty-four years old; but he certainly does not seem to be over forty or forty-five. He is at least six feet in stature, and has a full and majestic person: he wears a handsome wig, and dresses with great taste and simplicity. On all occasions he has entire control over himself; his manner is always perfect, because it always suits the occasion. He knows how to stir up the enthusiasm of a company of wild Irish Sansculotte peasants, as well as ever a troubadour knew how to draw music from his harp; and in doing it would most likely offend the taste of an English "exquisite;" and he knows full well, too, how to chain the attention of Parliament, or a great meeting in Exeter Hall, by the deep, rich music of his voice, keen Irish wit, classic diction, and elegant address.

He likes better to make an Irish speech, I fancy, than to talk to Englishmen; for he is fond of dealing in sledgehammer arguments, irony and sarcasm: and he plays the barbarian with no little native grace.

"Come," said Lord —— to John Randolph of Roanoke, "now let us go into the House



and see the bear dance" (referring to O'Connell). "By all the gods on Olympus," said Randolph, as he met his lordship after adjournment, at the bar of the House, "I never saw such dancing from bear or human kind ! It's worth all the rest of the menagerie (and begging your lordship's pardon), House of Lords to boot."

O'Connell has always been regarded with some suspicion by the Whigs, and, of course, the Tory party have done all they could to blacken his name ; and while it is generally acknowledged that there is no man in Great Britain who can command the same influence, yet there are many of the reformers who have not entire confidence in his integrity.

They say, " Let us wait—we cannot tell—he may, after all, turn out a bad man—his race is not yet fully run."

This has been the cry from the time he first entered into public life. From all sides the clamour has been, " We shall see."

Yes ! you *have* seen for the better part of a lifetime ; how much longer time do you require ? He has outlived one generation an honest man, and he must be a great fool (which he never has been accused of yet) to throw off the cloak of hypocrisy thus late in life, even if he has been acting a part ; and he wears it so gracefully, it seems to have been made for him

or he for *it*; for there is certainly a wonderful fitness.

No! I fancy if O'Connell even be a hypocrite, it never will be known in this world; when *this* Junius is dead, not so much as one man will have the secret; it will die with the Great Orator. Oh! no; it is too late now. If ambition has ruled him in the past, even this will keep him consistent, as he must know it is his only safeguard for the future.

It is currently said, that as men grow gray they grow wise. O'Connell is already *beyond* gray hairs. Ten years ago he used this language in speaking of himself at a public dinner given to him as he was leaving Dublin to take his seat in the House of Commons for the first time. It was all prophecy *then*; it is all history *now*.

"I go to Parliament with more of the hatred of the enemies of the people arrayed against me, than perhaps any other man who ever entered that Honourable House. I never spared the oppressors of Ireland; I never permitted them to repose upon a bed of roses, but threw in as many nettles as I could. My next qualification for Parliament is, that I enjoy the affections and confidence of a considerable portion of my countrymen; and this is an animating consideration, a spirit-stiring consolation.

What is it that could induce me to tarnish the humble fame I have acquired? What earthly price could tempt me to be untrue to the people? (Loud cheering). ‘Not all the wealth of Indus’ could bribe me for one moment to desert the cause of Ireland. I am bribed already by my own strong affections and attachment to my native land; and I shall go to the House of Commons the honest, uncompromising, although the talentless advocate of the people. \* \* Among the Whigs there are at present some excellent men; but some of them are mere Tories out of place. But I shall go to Parliament without caring twopence for the Whigs or three halfpence for the Tories. (Hear and laughter.)

“I know I shall be assailed with bitter and unrelenting hostility, and in more shapes than one. Here I have been recently assailed by the pecking of sparrows and the nibbling of mice. But the opposition I shall meet in the House of Commons must be of a more dignified description. In that House I shall have no caste or party to lose. I shall go against all castes whose objects are inimical to the interests of the people of Ireland. (Loud cheering.) I shall be in more minorities than perhaps any other member in the Honourable House. I shall, according to the newspapers, be often

put down; the leading articles of eight or ten different papers will concur in stating that last night O'Connell was completely put down; but the next packet will inform you that the same O'Connell is upon his legs again. (*Laughter.*) The objects of my public efforts shall be to render life and property more secure and liberty more permanent; to put down every species of oppression, misgovernment, and misrule.

“I have now arrived at that period of life when I am declining into the sear and yellow leaf. My children have grown up about me; my grandchildren are beginning to prattle; but yet I feel that I have sufficient physical force to work energetically in the public service. I left this city on Wednesday afternoon, travelling down to Kilkenny that night. I was up at five next morning in the frost and snow, and proceeded to Carrick, and from thence took a circuit through the county of Waterford. During the four days of my absence, I made no less than *seventeen public speeches* to the people, and yet I returned back to Dublin with undiminished health and vigour. \* \* \* \* \*

“I am the first Roman Catholic capable of entering Parliament for a century and a half. The Protestants shall learn from my course that I prize their interests and rights as highly as I

do those of my Catholic brethren. I only allude to the distinction between Catholics and Protestants to show that, in political matters, no difference exists. Then let us all, as true-hearted Christian Irishmen, unite together in one firm and mighty determination to rest not day nor night until we have achieved the political redemption of our own sweet land. Let us prepare ourselves for defeat, for we shall meet with it often; but we will cheer ourselves with the hope that each defeat will bring us nearer to victory."

It would be a difficult matter to show that O'Connell has ever violated his pledge to the people. It is nonsense to talk about his insincerity. The Argus-eyed world have watched him warily for many years: a trap is laid for him, a mine is prepared every day; but when it is sprung he is some fifty leagues out of the way. He has come off victorious so many times, that no man disputes his wonderful power, at least.

After he had forced the House of Lords to vote against their own interests in rejecting the Irish Tithe Commutation Bill, throwing them between the horns of a fatal dilemma by forcing his amendment into the bill, the Duke of Wellington, who likes him about as well as he did Napoleon, is reported to have said that he

was the greatest man England had seen since the days of Oliver Cromwell.

If this was spoken at all (and one hopes, for the credit of the Duke, that he did say so, for the speech is not more full of compliment than admirable good sense), it was uttered in reference to his having maintained his ascendancy so long over Ireland by the great power and versatility of his talents.

An American gentleman, whose name is known to as many people as that of almost any other living character, gave me in writing a conversation he had with Arthur O'Connor in France in 1831. It is well known that O'Connor had the blood of kings in his veins, and was to have been king of Ireland had the rebellion succeeded. But, before I go on, let me stop one moment to contemplate a single point. If the leaders of that bold enterprise had succeeded, how different would have been their fame! O'Connor, M'Nevin, Emmett! what names! I venerate those men as I do the Signers of the Declaration of Independence. All they wanted to ensure the immortality of their fame was the same success. Said the venerable Dr. Abercrombie, who died but a short time ago in Philadelphia, in a letter of his I once saw, "George Washington was but a successful rebel." So true is that saying of



the old Grecian sage, "If thou art wise, thou mayst take the credit of thy wisdom; if immortal in thy fame, thank the gods for that."

Said O'Connor to his American companion, in the French diligence, "I have no acquaintance with O'Connell. I was driven from Ireland in 1794; but I think I know Irish character, and I have watched O'Connell long and anxiously. I have fastened my hopes for Ireland in a measure upon him; but I have been afraid of him, I confess. If he does not accept office, title, or emolument under Earl Grey or the Whigs, I think he will prove himself invulnerable in truth, for they will ply him with temptation. We have but a few instances on record, in which such men have not had their price. And when they have raised a great deal of dust and popular commotion about the people's rights, and become sufficiently conspicuous to be annoying to the English Government, the Throne has generally been able, by large official bribes, to silence their clamour, and leave them to stand, in the latter part of life, as violators in their own persons of all the principles by which they gained their ascendancy. O'Connell has been tempted already, and he will be tempted still. If he now resists all the blandishments of power, in the shape of official distinction, he will take his station

among the few great, incorruptible men of the earth, and ultimately liberate Ireland. How many men who began well have at last been wrecked on the shoals of royal favour, and become monuments of their own disgrace. If the people were only as acute in their discernment as they should be, such men would be monuments forever afterward, of public derision and profound contempt, both to those who bought them and to those who were sold."

There is great wisdom in these words of the exiled O'Connor. O'Connell has always been a sort of an Ishmaelite: "his hand has been against every man, and every man's hand against him;" but an Ishmaelite, withal, in whom there is no guile.

At an early period he cast his anchor into the sea of popular rights; and he has never attempted to weigh it, and moor himself in any of the snug-harbours of royal patronage. His self-respect and love of great principles have sustained him against the collected power of the British empire, which has not wealth enough to purchase his defection from truth, or to silence his defence of it; nor strength enough to drive him from his proud and dizzy height of controversy.

At one period of his life, while he stood, almost single-handed, fighting the great battle of

Irish rights, he fell within the meshes of a certain penal act, and was prosecuted by the Crown. He met the prosecution with all the firmness of a brave man. But the law under which he was indicted expired, by lapse of time, before the government were ready for the final trial; and, farther, they were aware, no doubt, their victory would be odious even should they gain one by means of a law which would expire by its own limitation before the culprit could be brought to punishment. This only won him new laurels, and was by many regarded as a victory achieved by the "Irish Giant."

An unavailing prosecution has always been regarded in Ireland as the most efficient and available capital for a political candidate, and O'Connell has found it so.

He is an Irish museum: his memory is a treasure-house of all that is wonderful in her history, remarkable in her progress, or extraordinary in her idiosyncrasy. In all that he says, he is queer, quaint, matter-of-fact, exact; happy in illustration, whether by accident or a high moral inference. He is the great mouth-piece of Ireland; and, with the weight of all her interests upon his shoulders, he stands the high witness, testifying at the bar of mankind, of wrongs long endured, of redress long defer-

red. He seems not only to be a moral abridgment of all that is extraordinary in the character or history of Ireland, but has been baptized into a great relationship to universal humanity. For there is no effort made on earth for the advancement of human happiness which has not his sympathy.

In looking over a number of the *Tralee Mercury* of 1839 I saw the following notice: "Famine is spreading on the west coast of Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, in sending to our care £150 for the poor, thus writes: 'It is very important to mix coarse flour with the potatoes, to prevent diseases arising from the badness of the potatoes and the small quantity of them. Order in ten or twenty tons of oatmeal at my expense. In short, while I have a shilling, don't spare me. The visitation is awful!'"

Almost every day some new instance of O'Connell's noble generosity comes to my knowledge. His heart is the home of Irish joy and Irish sorrow. While he goes in mourning for the injuries inflicted upon his mother-land, he is never so subdued as not to resent the insults that oppression has heaped upon her. Baffled he may be for a moment, but he seems to rise with new energies from every conflict, and borrows a power from contro-

(versy which he never could have gained from reflection. In his strife with the elements of human passion, he has learned what he never would have done by theorizing in the silent chamber of study.

I have heard the best speakers in Great Britain, and some of them under circumstances the most likely to inspire eloquence: O'Connell excels them all. I do not suppose that, *under any circumstances*, he could produce such an effect in Parliament as did Brougham when he came in collision with Canning: he does not possess his mighty intellectual power. But I do not believe there is a man in England who can so completely control a popular assembly. If it is known he is to address a public meeting, it matters not where it is to assemble, or what is its object, the house is sure to be crowded. The last meeting of the World's Convention was held in Exeter Hall, which is the largest public room in Great Britain. It will seat six thousand, and on this occasion seven thousand were jammed into it. This Hall is the great arena of the popular benevolent feeling of England. It is always the scene of excitement and commotion; for although the English are cold and phlegmatic in the intercourse of every-day life, yet they never come together in large numbers without great enthu-

siasm. All the benevolent societies depend upon great meetings for raising money to carry on their operations, and exciting an interest in their objects.

The Duke of Sussex, uncle to the queen, was to preside at this meeting ; and the anxiety among all classes to attend was very great. All eyes had for many days been fixed upon the Convention. The London and provincial journals had reported all the principal speeches. Thousands had made application at Freemasons' Hall, only to be turned away. But the chief interest clustered around the last meeting. It was said that many thousands came to the Hall after the house was filled : carriage after carriage rolled up with distinguished persons ; but, as none could enter except by ticket, and those who had secured seats were unwilling to give them up, their carriages rolled away.

The platform seats one thousand ; and a greater number of illustrious men were seen upon it that day than had been seen there for many years. It was a sort of Pentecostal day of freedom. Almost every civilized nation on the globe was represented in the persons of some of its most distinguished philanthropists : all assembled for one common object, and all were fired with enthusiasm, kindled by the sublime idea of emancipating the world.



On the right of the Duke sat M. Guizot, the French ambassador, Mrs. Elizabeth Frey, the Duchess of Sutherland, and the American delegation. On the left a large number of beautiful peeresses, who had condescended to come and be gazed at by the World's Convention, display their diamond necklaces and bracelets, and hear something about humanity. At the hour appointed the Duke appeared and took the chair. He was received with every demonstration of regard and affection. The cheering lasted for several minutes. His Royal Highness made an excellent speech; spoke of "the *honour* conferred upon a member of the royal family in being permitted to preside over an assembly so illustrious," &c.; the whole speech perhaps as democratic as any you ever heard in a "log cabin."

At the close of his remarks there was a murmur and a bustle on the farthest side of the platform; every eye was turned in that direction, and the body of the house was still, to see the countenance or catch the name of the newcomer. The crowd opened and the murmur began to spread. At length the fine form of O'Connell appeared, and in one moment the whole assembly rose to their feet, and from every part of that vast meeting a burst of applause came forth which was almost deafening.

As he advanced to the front of the platform, the Duke shook him cordially by the hand, and O'Connell acknowledged the reception with a bow which would not have dishonoured the Halls of St. James.

The enthusiasm of the meeting exceeded all description. His countenance was probably familiar to almost every one present; and not one in that great congregation, from the Royal Chairman to the poorest and most distant individual in the hall, but joined in the acclamation. Cheering, clapping, pounding, stamping, hallooing, swinging of hats, bonnets, and white handkerchiefs, blended in one grand chorus to welcome the Liberator of Ireland. The applause swelled and broke among the arches like successive peals of thunder.

Several times I thought the cheering would cease; it grew fainter and fainter, till it almost died away. But again it swelled up wilder and louder than ever; and it was full ten minutes before it subsided. O'Connell stood with his hat in his hand, bowing to the assembly with all the grace of a courtier.

At last the venerable Duke rose to call the meeting to order. But the meeting would not be called to order; the shouts came up wilder than ever; and the old Duke, seeing he could not control that mighty sea of passion, was irre-

sistibly borne away by it himself; and turning to O'Connell with a smile, clapped his neat white hands.

It is impossible for a person to form, without having witnessed it, any correct idea of the immense enthusiasm that prevailed. I never saw so splendid an assembly nor so unmerciful a jam. Poor Mrs. Opie stood near the platform, where she seemed to be almost crowded to death. I had still one ticket for the platform, and being seated near her, caught her eye and threw it to her. She returned the compliment by a smile, and shook her head, signifying it came too late. She was at the mercy of the crowd, and probably could not have moved twelve inches to have saved her life.

There were many fine speeches, and a deep interest was kept up from ten until five o'clock—seven hours. But not one of them could be compared to O'Connell's. It was a copious outpouring of pure Irish wit and genuine, large humanity. He was in his element; perfectly at home. He begins slowly, and gradually unwinds his hands. He uses them sparingly, but with consummate art, expression, and elegance. His whole action is chaste, tasteful, and effective. Yet it is nothing to his utterance. His voice is the richest and of the greatest compass I ever heard. The variety of intonation is in-

finite, and the tasteful and skilful management of it perfect. Every syllable is articulated with the most careful precision, and his general cadences are sweet, rather plaintive, and most musical. The speech was a long one, and yet it appeared, such was its *relief*, not to occupy above a quarter of an hour. Every sentence was cheered, and every sentence was a point, a palpable hit. The very manner in which it was delivered gave it significancy. He began playfully, and in the simplest and most natural manner subsided into his subject. He used not one argument that it required any previous knowledge of his subject to understand. He urged not a single plea which any ordinary intellect, however unprepared and uninformed, could not at once and perfectly appreciate. The matter was so simplified in his hands ; the plainness, directness, and straightforward common sense of the appeal were so irresistible, that we are sure many whom all the argumentation of an economist could not have moved, were entirely satisfied by O'Connell.

He began in a gamesome humour ; he continued argumentively, in thought beautifully pointed ; and as he gradually proceeded to the more serious plea for justice and humanity, the sentences became more delicately polished and the cadences more nicely musical. That pecu-

liar murmuring and earnest plaintiveness which mark O'Connell's serious speech, here became more striking; and as he talked of Ireland (for he cannot make a speech without allusion to the sufferings of his native land), and the widow's cry, and the orphan's tear, "the oppressor's wrong and proud man's contumely," it was plain there was not one person in that vast assembly, comprehending representatives from nearly every civilized nation on earth, who was not brought completely under his sway.

For the first half hour I was too much riveted by the speech to think of looking around the hall to observe its effect upon others; and when at length I broke away for a moment from the charm, I did not see an eye that was not fastened upon O'Connell, thousands of them now wet with tears: the next instant the whole house was convulsed with laughter.

I do not believe there is a man on earth who could have excited the same enthusiasm, nor that the young Queen of England would have received a warmer-hearted welcome had she appeared on that platform. I could not but think that such a reception must have been more grateful to O'Connell's heart than the brightest diadem.

He has richly earned his fame; the people know and love him well: he has never desert-

ed their cause. In fighting for Irish liberty he has achieved much for England. Every blow which has fallen from his strong arm upon the hoary head of tyranny has been for universal humanity.

He has been censured by Americans for "slandering the United States," as it is said. True, he has used most violent language towards us when he spoke of slavery. I certainly cannot approve of this: at least, all violent and insulting epithets should be spared. But, then, it should be remembered that his Irish heart cannot think of slavery anywhere without deep indignation, and that he has never said harsher things of American slavery than he has of slavery in the East and West Indies: he is consistent. Wherever oppression exists he feels a generous sympathy for the slave, and deals out his withering sarcasm without mercy upon the oppressor. It is not to be supposed that an Irishman should see anything very praiseworthy in a system which enslaves the African, when the iron of tyranny has entered so deeply into his own soul. Besides, it is quite natural for us to be sensitive on this question. It is confessed on all hands to be a "delicate question;" and then, perhaps, as Colton says, "Our best way to defend ourselves is, doubtless, to go earnestly about removing the scan-



dal." O'Connell cannot speak of oppression tamely, no matter where it is found. He pours forth his rebukes here at home with the same boldness and severity.

He is feared by his political enemies, and well he may be ; for there is no man, or party of men, who can exercise such power over the British people. Since the day he came into public life, he has been constantly rising.

It is impossible to say what may yet be O'Connell's destiny. It must and will be glorious : but I refer rather to the station he may yet be called to occupy. He will never accept office at the expense of his principles ; but troublous times will come upon the British empire. The crisis of May, 1832, is not the last dark day England shall see. The British people will endure tyranny from their rulers longer than most Americans suppose ; but they will not endure it always. There is a point beyond which an English monarch cannot go ; when, if he advances one step, he does it at the peril of his crown, or something to him of still greater worth.

The people of England are loyal ; they honour the ancient throne, and its proud and splendid nobility. Idolatry of rank and respect for time-honoured usages are strong barriers of protection for the crown and the aristocracy ;

but the most superficial observer cannot fail to see that their hold upon the popular mind is growing weaker every day. And as the Democratic principle, which is now silently and rapidly working its way into the hearts of the people, shall become more generally diffused, they will not be lulled to sleep by a Reform Bill like that of '32, which only lifted the veil to show them their rights, and then deny them.

Let not the Conservatives flatter themselves that they can smother the prayers of the people for a century to come, because they have successfully done so for five centuries past. Humanity is everywhere coming forth from the deep eclipse of ages of tyranny; and in their onward progress, liberty and truth will sunder every chain that now fetters the race. It is the day-dream of fools, that this great revolution can be stopped; and that man or government which does not advance with the progress of Liberty, will be crushed beneath the advancing columns of the people.

This matter is understood by the great liberal party in England. Said the eloquent Macauley just before the Reform Bill was passed, "The time is at last come when Reformers must legislate fast, because bigots would not legislate early; when Reformers

are *compelled* to legislate in excitement, because bigots would not do so at a more auspicious moment. Bigots would not walk with sufficient speed, nay, they could not be prevailed upon to move at all; and now the Reformers must *run* for it."

The *rampant* lion may be an emblem of the power of the government; but the *couchant* lion is an emblem no less significant of the power of the people. "Nations," says the old proverb, "are judged in *this* world." Thrones of tyranny cannot escape the tribunal of revolution; and when judgment comes to be passed, the misrule and oppression of whole generations are brought into the account. Upon the head of poor Louis XVI. the crimes of all his royal ancestors fell: wo to the monarch who shall sit upon the throne of Britain when *her* day of reckoning comes; for if the government of England is destined to come down in the storm of revolution, it will be such a storm as never yet swept over this Island. She can be saved from such a crisis only by granting the people justice—liberty. But this, it is to be feared, will not be done until too late. And when that mighty movement of the people that will precede and introduce *The Great Reform Bill* (which *must* so surely come ere long), shall begin to spread itself sullenly and darkly, like

an advancing cloud, over England; and the people shall wake up amid the thunders of revolution, to take possession of their RIGHTS, there is no man in the empire to whom all eyes will so instinctively turn for help as Daniel O'Connell.

Trifling differences may now separate him from the great Whig party; he may keep himself, because of their excesses, aloof from the Chartists, who are, after all, made of the same stuff, badly put together; but a crisis may come in a few short weeks—a single election may effect it—when all lines of distinction shall be trampled down, and Reformers of every class rush together in glorious union, to work the emancipation of the millions of Britain. If O'Connell is living when that day comes, he will be “the pilot then that will weather the storm.” All will range themselves under his banner, as the strongest and best-trying friend of the people.

From the day O'Connell entered Parliament, the repeal of the Union of Great Britain with Ireland has been the great object of his life. Indeed, this has always been the darling purpose of his soul; and, if he lives, he will most assuredly see it accomplished.

[Ireland is now (September 20th, 1841), since the recent elections and the defeat of O'Con-

nell in Dublin, almost driven to madness. A few days ago I received a letter from an Irish barrister in Dublin, who has been in Parliament, and has, perhaps, as good a knowledge of Irish affairs as any other man, who, in speaking of the state of his country, says : “ You cannot imagine how deeply the heart of Ireland has been stirred by recent events. The defeat of O’Connell in Dublin, the triumph of the vile Tories, and the prospect that they will arrest the spirit of reform in Ireland, have produced such a state of feeling in this island, as has not existed before for many years. We are calculating with as much coolness as Irishmen can, the probabilities of a civil war and its results. Ireland never was so well prepared for her last great struggle as she is now. Bulwer says that two thirds of the British army of 100,000 men are Irish ; and that the greater proportion of them are Catholics. Is it to be supposed that they would be ready to join in suppressing the liberties of their fellow-countrymen and co-religionists ? Or is it supposed that soldiers who know so well as Irishmen do how to perform the three great duties of a soldier’s life, FIGHTING, MARCHING, and STARVING ; and whose superiority in health, vigour, and hardness of constitution is acknowledged, will be crushed when they go forth under deeply en-

raged national feeling, to fight for all that is worth living for in this world ?

“ I know the civil, military, and naval power of England is great—her wealth is enormous. But this is not enough ; she must have justice on her side before she can conquer Ireland very easily, when Ireland once rises in her strength, and swears by her patron saint she will be free.

“ Besides, the police of Ireland, which is a well-disciplined, well-armed body, are almost to a man Catholic Irishmen, and as little to be relied on in the case of a popular disturbance as was the National Guard of Toulouse. For one, I do not wish to see this green island covered with revolutionary blood ; but I think with O’Connell, that anything is better than *injustice*.

“ England loves to talk about insurrections among your slaves ; and this is the answer she makes when you speak of M’Leod, of the North-eastern Boundary, or the Columbia River. She is very brave and *humane* withal : she will land a troop of mercenaries (for she cannot expect Ireland will invade ‘ the home of her emigrants, the asylum of her oppressed’) to place the torch of insurrection in the hands of your negro slaves.

“ But it is more than probable that she would not have prosecuted her humane enterprise very far before two things happened—Brother Jon-



athan would likely place some obstacles in her way not to be sneezed at, and the fat would be in the fire in Ireland—perhaps 100,000,000 of our oppressed and insulted fellow-subjects in the East Indies might require some attention. Then, there is the Celestial Empire and its war-junks; and the whole continent of Europe; and the patriots in Canada are not all dead or transported. It will be wise, at least, for England just to let other nations alone, and grant *justice to Ireland*.

“I send you O’Connell’s ‘Declaration’ and speech at the great meeting of our National Repeal Association of Ireland, recently held in the Corn Exchange. The Declaration is worthy to be hung up in the Temple of Liberty by the side of your glorious Declaration of Independence, and his speech is the best he ever made: both are charged with the real Irish fire. It was his first public appearance in Dublin since his defeat. I hope every American will read them both.”

I did intend to publish two or three letters on the Irish Question, which I wrote from England last summer; but I shall render a much higher service to the reader, and to the cause of liberty in Ireland, by extracting the following glowing paragraphs from O’Connell’s Declaration and speech. They are luminous

with truth and philanthropy, and I feel that I cannot do so great an injustice to my readers as not to substitute them for my own observations:

“DECLARATION OF GRIEVANCES AND RIGHTS.

“TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

“ ‘Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not  
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?  
Can Gaul or Muscovite relieve you? No!  
By your own right arms your freedom must be wrought.’

“Corn Exchange, 27th of July, 1841.

“FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,

“The Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland respectfully lay before you the following declaration of the rights of Irishmen, and statement of the wrongs and oppression which Ireland has endured and yet endures.

“We lay before you a plain, unexaggerated proposition of historical fact, or of matter now existing. We do not desire to mitigate anything, but we are determined not to exaggerate. The plain statement of facts will have a more powerful and permanent effect than any imaginative description.

“First. No country upon the face of the globe ever inflicted upon any other country such wrongs and iniquitous oppressions as England has inflicted upon Ireland.

“Secondly. No country upon the face of the earth ever sustained and endured from another

country so much wrong and oppression as Ireland from England.

“ Thirdly. No country in the world ever violated towards any other country its plighted faith and solemn treaties so often and so foully as England has done towards Ireland; from the massacre of Mulloghmaston to the treaty of Limeric, and from the treaty of Limeric to the unanimous pledge given to Ireland by King, Lords, and Commons in 1834, at the conclusion of the first debate on the repeal of the Union.

“ Fourthly. So far from having relaxed in the antipathy to the Irish people, and their hatred of the religion of the Irish nation, the English people now exhibit more venomous virulence and acrimony than ever they did in the worst periods of our history.

“ Fifthly. Another fact: that the disposition to insult the Irish people is not confined to any party holding the reigns of power, is demonstrated by the fact that the motion to place the franchises of England and Ireland upon an equality was opposed by Lord Morpeth with as much determination as it could be by Sir Robert Peel or even Scorpion Stanley.

“ Sixthly. That the hatred of Ireland is not confined to any government, but is a popular and national hatred, is proved by this fact, that the English constituencies have returned to the

present Parliament an overwhelming majority of enemies to the Irish people, and especially to the religion of that people.

“Seventhly. That the English aristocracy have stimulated, and are at the head of, the present hostile movement against Ireland. They have used their influence in affording a highly lucrative patronage to those organs of public opinion which are the most atrocious calumniators of Ireland and of Catholicity.

“Eighthly. That the aristocracy of England, the leaders of the present hostile movement against Ireland, have employed enormous masses of their wealth in the most profligate corruption of the English constituences, in order to procure the return to Parliament of the inveterate enemies to Ireland and to Catholicity.

Ninthly. That this wicked hostility to Ireland and to her Catholic people is vicious almost to a pitch of demoniacal insanity, inasmuch as it is exhibited at a period when the Irish people, instead of meriting this satanic hostility, are in reality deserving of the respect and gratitude of the English aristocracy of wealth and rank.

“Tenthly. That the claim of the Irish people to such respect and gratitude is founded upon these plain facts: that Ireland never was

so generally, or for such a length of time, tranquil, or stained by so few retaliatory outrages, as she is now, and has been during the reform administration; and that the Irish people have not only refused all communion with the torch-and-dagger Chartists, but actually demonstrated their readiness to protect the throne and Constitution at the expense of their lives against those misguided persons.

“Eleventhly. That the diabolical enmity of the English aristocracy and electors is still farther enhanced by the fact, that it is exhibited in contravention of the mild and benevolent virtues, and just and patriotic intentions of the wise and illustrious Lady who fills the throne of these realms, and whom may God long preserve!

“Twelfthly. That another aggravation of the unprovoked and insane hatred of the English aristocracy and electors to the people of Ireland, is to be found in the contrast with Scotland; the majority of the Scotch people being decidedly favourable to justice to Ireland.

“Thirteenthly. The insanity of the hatred of the English aristocracy and electors towards Ireland is farther demonstrated by the fact, that their re-establishment of the Orange oppressions and massacres in Ireland will, by inevitable consequence, diminish the strength of the

British empire and its influence upon foreign nations, by rendering the people of Ireland justly discontented, and unwilling to contribute in purse or in person to the support of such a government.

“ Fourteenthly. That under the administration conducted by Peel and Lord Stanley, it will be imprudent, and, indeed, utterly unsafe, to call out the Irish militia, as that force must necessarily be constituted in the proportion of ninety-nine Catholics to one of every other religion.

“ Fifteenthly. That foreign powers, in dealing with the Peel-Stanley administration, will avail themselves of the weakness and wickedness of that administration, occasioned by their misgovernment of Ireland.

“ Sixteenthly. That the conduct of the Tory aristocracy and electors in England is thus manifestly marked by that insane self-delusion and political extravagance which appear from history to precede, as they presage, some signal national vengeance of the Almighty.

“ We call the attention of the people of Ireland to the consideration of the facts we thus exhibit ; we lay these facts before that people, not so much to stimulate their exertions as to guide and to direct their conduct ; to inspire hope, and not to generate despair ; to suggest



to the natural shrewdness and sagacity of the Irish nation the impossibility of the continuance of a system of administration so unjust, so iniquitous, and, at the same time, so insane, as that now threatened by the supporters of Peel and Stanley.

*“ We now proceed to the enumeration of the grievances of which the Irish people complain.*

“ First. Our first grievance is, that Ireland has not obtained an equalization of privileges, franchises, and rights with the people of England and Scotland.

“ Secondly. The grievance is much aggravated by the fact that Ireland was deprived of her natural protection—a native parliament—and burdened with the weight of what is called a union, without being such in reality.

“ Thirdly. The giant practical grievance of Ireland is, that the ecclesiastical state revenues of the nation are enjoyed by the church of a small minority.

“ Fourthly. This giant grievance is much aggravated by the fact that the clergy of the dominant church are in general virulent enemies of the Irish people, hostile to their rights, and calumnious of themselves and of their religion.

“ Fifthly. Another great grievance of which the Irish justly complain, is the scanty and in-

adequate measure of corporate reform doled out to them by the United Parliament, in a manner much more restricted than the corporate reform enjoyed by the English and the Scotch.

“Sixthly. The next great and outrageous grievance of which we complain is, that the elective franchise in Ireland is restricted by law to a miserable fraction of the Irish people. Practically speaking, the franchise is not enjoyed by three per cent. of the male adult population: while from 25 to 30 per cent. of the male adult population of England and Scotland enjoy the elective franchise.

“Seventhly. The next great and outrageous grievance sustained by the people of Ireland is, that they are inadequately represented in Parliament. The Irish ought, upon a calculation of comparative revenue and population, to possess more than 170 representatives. They have but 105.

“Eighthly. The next great grievance, and one of the most emaciating nature, is the enormous increase of the absentee drain, occasioned by the Union, to the amount altogether of probably more than four millions of pounds sterling per annum.

“Ninthly. That this evil is greatly aggravated by the surplus revenue of Ireland being also remitted to England, to the amount of near

two millions sterling per annum, thus exhausting Ireland by the payment of a tribute of upward of five millions sterling per annum.

“Tenthly. That the greatest—the master grievance—the source of all others to Ireland, is the Legislative Union; a union brought about by force, fraud, treachery, corruption, and bloodshed.

“It ought to sink deep into the minds of the English aristocracy, that no people on the face of the earth pay to another such a tribute for permission to live, as Ireland pays to England in absentee rents and surplus revenues. There is no such instance; there is nothing like it in ancient or modern history. There is not, and there never was, such an exhausting process applied to any country as is thus applied to Ireland. It is a solecism in political economy, inflicted upon Ireland alone, of all the nations that are or ever were. Under heaven there is not, there cannot be, any remedy save one; and that remedy can be discovered and worked out by an Irish parliament, and by nothing but an Irish parliament.

“We have stated the grievances which Ireland endures, and under which she actually suffers; grievances unparalleled in any other country.

“Yes, fellow-countrymen, it is, alas! but too

true that these grievances, which ought to satiate the malignity of fiends, are not sufficient to satisfy the acrimonious virulence of the Orange Tory party. That party audaciously threaten to inflict upon the Irish nation the following additional calamities :

“ First. They intend to carry into full effect the Scorpion Bill of Stanley to annihilate the elective franchise in Ireland. They say they will have the power, and you know they have the inclination, to annihilate the representation of Ireland, or to reduce it to a mere mockery, controlled and possessed by the high Orange-ists.

“ Secondly. The Peel-Stanley party add insult to injury. They declare that the people of Ireland are such ‘ VILLANOUS PERJURERS’ that they justly forfeit all right to adequate representation.

“ Thirdly. The Stanley-Peel party declare they will fill the bench of justice with the most acrimonious partisans they can find ; with men who declare their conviction that the Irish are systematic perjurers, and that perjury is encouraged by their religion.

“ Fourthly. The Peel-Stanley party declare that they will not only thus deprive the Catholics of Ireland of all hope or chance of justice from the superior courts, but that they will forcibly

compel the Irish people to submit to such injustice.

“Fifthly. The Stanley-Peel party declare that they will select their sheriffs from the most violent Orange partisans from each county and city in Ireland.

“Sixthly. The Peel-Stanley party declare that they will restore the practice, some time gone by, of packing juries in all criminal cases, and allow no man to remain on the criminal jury panel but partisans of their own religion and politics.

“Seventhly. The Stanley-Peel party declare that they will correct the list of magistrates by striking out several impartial men, and adding to it clergymen of the Established Church, and every virulent Orange partisan they can procure.

“Eighthly. The Peel-Stanley party declare that the people of Ireland must submit to all these additional indignities and iniquities, and that no efforts, however constitutional and legal, to mitigate those evils, or to obtain relief, will be permitted by the civil or military authorities.

“Ninthly. The Stanley-Peel party declare that the press in Ireland shall be subdued ; that in the present iniquitous state of the libel law, they will meet every unpalatable truth by a state prosecution ; that they will prevent the

exposure of their crimes by all the inflictions which a bad law and partisan judges can possibly furnish by the summary process of attachment, and by the equally vexatious, though more tedious proceeding by ex-officio information of indictment.

“ In fine, between present grievances and future oppressions, the object of the Peel-Stanley party is to deprive the people of Ireland of all constitutional channels of exertion, and of every ray of hope, and ultimately to force them, if possible, into open insurrection.

“ We caution you, beloved friends, not to be provoked into any such course. Your bitter and unrelenting enemies would be delighted could they drive you into insurrectionary courses and violent resistance. You could not gratify your enemies more than by adopting such a course. A stronger argument cannot be used to induce you to avoid it, than the certain knowledge that you could not possibly please your mortal Orange enemies more than by violating the law, or committing any outrage. You are organized, and you must continue to be so : you are undisciplined, and you must continue to be so : you are unarmed, and you must continue to be so. England is at peace with all Europe and America. The Orange party, once in power, could, under such circum-



stances, pour into Ireland more than 100,000 of the best-armed, best-disciplined, and bravest troops in the world. They would be irresistible in the field, while the dastard Orangemen, of no use in the day of combat, would gloat upon the work of massacre, of female violation, and every other crime which the defeated and defenceless could endure from the malignity of human fiends.

“Do not, therefore, we most earnestly and solemnly conjure you, do not gratify your enemies by committing any outrage; do not give them strength by committing any breach of the law.

“Remember, and keep constantly before your eyes, the leading maxim, the very basis of the Loyal Repeal Association, that ‘*whoever commits a crime strengthens the enemy.*’

“But there is another, a higher, a nobler motive for your acquiescence in the present evils, and for your submission to the law. It is to be found in your affectionate, your dutiful, your most dutiful allegiance to your Illustrious Sovereign: may the great God of Heaven bless and protect her! Should you be reckless of yourselves, yet recollect you owe a duty to HER and to your God, to secure the tranquillity of her throne, and to prevent the possibility of disfiguring her reign by the shedding of one

drop of human blood. No political amelioration was ever worth one drop of human blood. 3

“Be tranquil then, fellow-countrymen; be forbearing; be enduring. BUT BE NOT WITHOUT HOPE; on the contrary, be confident. Be full of the expectations of future, and not distant, triumphs. The Orange Tory reign, the Stanley-Peel domination cannot endure long. In its nature it must be transitory and evanescent. The evil times that approach cannot last long. Among the English people themselves Ireland has many active and zealous friends. The friends of Ireland, to be sure, are *comparatively* few among the English people, yet, taken by themselves, they are numerous; and if they be *not* zealous, they are, at all events, sincere. Hope something from the existence of your English friends.

“The majority of the Scottish nation are with you. Hope much from their zealous and spirited assistance.

“The Queen, my friends—our noble Queen—heartily and sincerely desires to see justice done to Ireland; your enemies are equally her enemies; she is in their toils; she wears their fetters. But with the blessing of heaven and the aid of God her bonds shall be broken—your enemies scattered; and she shall be restored to the brilliant freedom of her majestic throne.

“ Be peaceable ; be orderly ; violate no law ; commit no offence. But while we conjure you to adopt this course in the voice of allegiance to the queen and reverence to your God, do we ask you to be acquiescent—silent—torpid ?

“ No, no ! a thousand times, no !

“ On the contrary, we call upon you to rouse into action ; to be energetic, determined, persevering ; lose no day, lose no hour in silent inactivity ; exert yourselves within the limits of the law, and in the channels of constitutional agitation, and no other.

“ Hold meetings ; register votes ; prepare petitions to Parliament. Tell that assembly manfully, and, through them, tell the civilized world, how you think and what you feel.

“ Let every parish in Ireland simultaneously meet to address the Queen. Let us pledge all our lives and all we possess for the protection of her person and throne. Let us assure her that she may depend with the utmost certitude upon the bravery and fidelity of her Irish people.

“ Whatever be the result, whether the Queen shall be allowed to select for her ministry friends of Ireland, or whether she shall be overpowered for a season by Tory corruption and intimidation, let our fidelity be unimpeachable, our allegiance pure and unbroken :

‘ True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shone upon.’

No despair—no hopelessness. On the contrary, be buoyant with hope and cheerful in your expectations. There is, fellow-countrymen, one great, one unfailing resource—one instrument of terror to the Orange Tories—of protection and success to the friends of Ireland—the peaceful agitation of the repeal of the Union.

“ We know Ireland well. We know, by experience, the feelings and the wishes of the universal Irish people. We know that the fibres of their hearts are entwined around the restoration of the Irish Parliament. We know the enthusiasm of their souls for the repeal is animated and vivacious.

“ Every man of common sense must know that the only resource for permanent tranquillity and prosperity to Ireland is to be found in the repeal of the Union. It is said that the repeal is impracticable. Impracticable!! There is no such word in the vocabulary of a generous, a moral, a religious, a brave people.

“ Impracticable? To repeal an act of Parliament? Impracticable? When that repeal is required by the overwhelming majority of a nation of near NINE MILLIONS of human beings? That which is *really* impracticable is to induce such a nation to continue to submit to the gross,

glaring, iniquitous oppression and misrule of the Union.

“ Rally, then, with us, men of Ireland. Let every human being declare for the repeal. Let there be no parish without repealers and repeal wardens. Peaceably and constitutionally declare your determination *by enrolling yourselves in the Loyal National Repeal Association of Ireland.*

“ There is no other means to prevent a separation from England—from haughty, bigoted, tyrannical England—except the repeal of the Union. There is no other way to obtain prosperity or liberty for Ireland but the repeal of the Union.

“ Let, then, one shout arise from the Giant’s Causeway to Cape Clear ; from Connemara to the Hill of Howth let there be but one universal voice upon the breeze of heaven,

‘ HURRAH FOR THE REPEAL !!! ’

“ DANIEL O’CONNELL.”

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### *Speech of Mr. O’Connell.*

\* \* \* “ We have hitherto supported to our utmost a ministry that have outlawed the repealers, and I am now going to Parliament to give that support for the last time. In the struggle which will ensue the Tories will obtain a victory over

them, and must then come into office, *and from that time my connexion with the Whigs totally ends on the present basis.* (Great cheering, and cries of hear, hear.) Let it be remembered what our support of the Whigs was. I have often ludicrously described it as Paddy with the broken pane. He stuffed his old hat into it, not to let in the light, for it would not do that, but to keep out the cold. (Laughter.) So it was with the Whigs. We supported them, not for any benefit they were doing to our cause, for they were going too slow for us, but to keep out the Tories. (Hear, hear.)

“Yes, there is a movement going forward in the public mind : statesmen may mitigate or temper it ; they may make it proceed more slowly and cautiously ; they may put a drag on it to prevent its hurrying into a revolution ; but they cannot utterly stop it. (Hear, hear.) The human mind is in a state of expansion. Education itself is expanding it, and making the movement more general. (Hear.) Thousands are now beginning to read the newspapers that were before unable to do so ; and they are thus acquiring a relish for politics, and a greater keenness of appetite, too, from having no other source from which they could acquire any other relish.       \*       \*       \*       \* ”

“The Tories have gained the ascendancy in



the government, but that ascendancy cannot continue long. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I think it is utterly impossible that they continue long in power. (Hear, hear.) It is not in the nature of things that they should. Their own party disaffections cannot allow them to keep together; the great links that now bind them are a national antipathy against the Irish, and a bigoted hatred towards the religion of Ireland. (Hear, hear.) That chain must soon burst, and the result will be that the Tory faction will be scattered in the winds, the Radical reformers will obtain the helm, and England, Ireland, and Scotland will once again have a chance of ranking foremost in the history of the civilized world. (Hear, and loud cheers.) \* \*

“Parliament is too long, and the period of its duration must, therefore, be reduced. (Hear, hear.) The principle on which the representation is arranged must be also altered. It cannot be endured that Harwich, with its voters, is to have an equal number of representatives with Cork, with its 750,000 inhabitants. (Hear, hear.) Such a system cannot be suffered to continue longer, and it must, therefore, be reformed in the first place, and the representation extended to the full limits that common sense will point out. The franchise must be also extended, so as to afford an adequate representa-

tion for the whole people. Above all things, the ballot must be introduced. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) The ministry who shall have my support hereafter must purchase it. They must bribe me. (Laughter.) My bribe is extended suffrage; my bribe is amended representation; my bribe is the ballot; my bribe is, shorten the duration of Parliament. (Cheers.) I will support no ministry that does not promise to support these measures. (Loud cheers.)

“ ’Tis time, full time, Heaven knows, that our rights and privileges be conceded to us; and, unless I can find a ministry ready and willing to extend the franchise (for this is the utmost they can do—to universalize it were impracticable); to grant us a more rational and satisfactory representation; to give us the ballot, the honest ballot, and with it short Parliaments (three years is, in my mind, a space quite sufficiently prolonged): unless I suspect I can find a ministry determined to carry these measures as a matter of justice to the oppressed people, my place, at least, will be in the opposition for the rest of my parliamentary life. But, while I speak in this strain, imagine not that it is my purpose to abandon the repeal, or to mitigate in the minutest degree the fervid zeal and ardour with which I have bound myself to follow up that glorious cause. (Great cheering.) Nev-

er more deeply than at the present moment was it the unalterable conviction of my soul that there is not, there was not, nor can there ever be, hope for Ireland in anything but the repeal of the legislative act of Union. (Continued cheers.) This great national fact is clearly manifested by the course of conduct which England is at this moment pursuing. (Hear.)

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“He instanced York then ; but York, to its eternal dishonour be it spoken, has discarded the most amiable and talented man of all who sit in the British House of Commons, in the person of Lord Morpeth. (Hear, hear.) Well, then, I now emphatically repeat what I have before uttered again and again, that in English hearts we vainly look for sympathy. In the last number of the *Weekly Chronicle*, a paper of immense circulation, said to be edited by Mr. Ward, the member for Sheffield, a gentleman of no ordinary talent, I find it avowed that the great mainspring of Peel’s policy—the head and front of his political system, and that of his party—is hatred to Ireland. (Hear, hear.) What a motive for a statesman ! What a vile, what a hateful, what an infernal motive to prompt the words and actions of a mighty nation. (Loud cheering.) For shame ! for shame ! Oh ! can there be anything more degrading to

the national pride of England than that she should be openly and shamefully convicted of hating a faithful people, who have ever stood devotedly by her side in the darkest hours of danger and tribulation : a people to whose genius she owes so much of her intellectual greatness ; to whose blood so much of her military fame, and to whose fellowship so much of the wealth and dignity she now enjoys. (Vehe- ment cheers.) Who, then, will blame me in taunting England for raising such a motive for her words and actions, and for trying to aggravate and enhance that baseness by the display of a spirit of bigotry and intolerance, the foulest and most hateful that can be conceived ?

“ In all eyes England has been degraded and disgraced by her bigotry. (Hear, hear.) It was degrading in her to bow her neck to Henry VIII., and suffer the proclamation of a brutal despot to have the force of law when it pleased his absurd mind to affect a new religion. It was slavish in her to adopt a new religion in the days of Edward VI. because it was the pleasure of the court that she should do so ; and it was degrading in her to come back to the old religion, when she found that her throne was filled by Mary, a princess attached to the Catholic Church. Then, who is there will describe the bigotry and intolerance which

marked her national character in the reign of Elizabeth, a Protestant queen, for whom she again forswore the ancient religion, or the unhappy days of James, when her bigotry maddened into fanaticism. (Loud cries of hear, cheers.)

“During all these reigns the land was drenched with gore, and the scaffold was never dry from the blood of those whose only crime was that they presumed to differ from the dominant party. This was the case, no matter whether the doctrines most affected at the time were Catholicism or Protestantism. Henry VIII. persecuted to the death Catholics and Protestants. And who can forget the slaughters which in the reign of Edward VI., when Cranmer brought for signature to the boy who held the imperial sceptre of England, the warrant which was to condemn to the stake two fellow-creatures, Joan Buther and a man called De Parr. ‘Ah,’ said the weeping child, ‘don’t ask me to put my name to such a thing.’ ‘I am an archbishop,’ replied Cranmer; ‘sign the paper, and I will take the sin upon my own conscience.’ So the warrant was signed, and the man and woman were butchered. \* \* \*

“Our business is, then, to take the stand we have taken; our object is to place our views on the broad basis I have mentioned. At pres-

ent *there is no symptom of a reform society in England*; but when I go there I shall again blow the trumpet of reform. (Cheers.) I will ask them, Have all the faculties of the English people been extinguished? (Hear, hear.) They have displayed genius and ability of the highest order. Some of the most sublime works that ever emanated from the human intellect have been produced in England. Their improvements in machinery have been brought to a state of perfection, until they have made machinery almost to think and perform the duty of sentient beings; and, oh! disgrace on the party that would keep them in the position they are at present. (Hear, hear.) From their present acts they must be labouring under the greatest insanity; for I ask, was there ever greater insanity exhibited among statesmen than to think of going to war with the people of Ireland?

“Yes, they proclaim war against Ireland. (Hear.) The passage read by Sir Robert Peel at the dinner in Tamworth shows this; it was a passage from a speech of King William IV., abusing me for agitating for repeal. Yes, this is your intention: you may be crowed over by France; you may be insulted by Russia; you may be terrified by America; but I will not give you the pleasure of tyrannizing over Ireland.

II.—T



(Hear.) To Sir Robert Peel I say quack doctor. I thank you ; but it is a quick medicine you offer us, and it won't do. (Laughter.) I admit the high qualities in many instances of the English people, but there is nothing I admire them more for than this : when they go to battle, it has ever been the determination among them, as it should be (for every man ought to go into battle with such determination), to die rather than yield.

“ Their most glorious victories, Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, were all gained on that principle. They went to battle not to be conquered ; they went to battle to die if necessary, but never to go back ; and, acting on the same principle, Ireland on a more recent day helped them to gain Waterloo. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) And, by-the-by, in their own civil wars they exhibited the same determination. In the first battle which Edward IV. gained over Henry VI., they were about 40,000 strong on each side ; they began to fight Palm Sunday without waiting for mass. The Yorkists succeeded, there being left on the field of battle 36,000 Englishmen. There they stood to be killed ; nobody thought of going back, and that is the principle that has ever actuated them.

“ I now tell the English that the Irish are as capable as they are of evincing the same quiet

and determined courage. *Their principle is to die, but never to be conquered.* Whenever men go into battle, that should be their principle. (Loud cheers.) And why do I say this? Because—

“ *A voice.*—Let them try it.

“ *Mr. O'Connell.*—If they try it, it shall be their fault; and wo to the scoundrels who, if they try it, won't pay them off in their own coin. (Loud cheers.)

“ *A voice.*—We paid them off at Fontenoy. (Cheers.)

“ *Mr. O'Connell.*—No; I am here to prevent such a crisis; *but if the crisis should come, I hope I am as ready to meet it as another.* (Loud cheers.) But why do I recur to this subject? Because I find men actually talking of rebellion in Ireland; they are not Repealers. (Cheers.) They are quiet men, who have been checking us for our violence, and have hitherto been exclaiming against us (hear); and there is one among them who has been using his press to oppose us—I mean no less a man than Frederic William Conway. (Cheers.) You will admit that there was no man hitherto less inclined to talk of rebellion. (Hear.)

“ I will now read to you what he says; and if Sir Robert Peel be a statesman, he will give attention to a man of Mr. Conway's great tal-

ent ; more particularly so when he recollects the resistance he made to agitation in Ireland, when I thought it was necessary, but when he considered it to be unnecessary. The more unwilling he was then to enter into strife, the more Sir Robert Peel should attend to what he now says. And let him not think that Mr. Conway does not lead a great deal of the Irish mind, for there is an important class that attend to him. (Hear.) He alludes, in the extract I am going to read, to an article in the *Times* about disfranchising certain constituencies. Let Sir Robert Peel do so if he dare. (Cheers.) Here is what Mr. Conway says to him : ‘ Will the Tories attempt anything so thoroughly atrocious and revolting as this ? We do not doubt their disposition in the least ; but have they no prudence ? while England is starving, do they desire to throw Ireland into a justifiable rebellion ? ’ (Hear.) There is old Conway for you. (Cheers.)

“ No, no ; Ireland has no occasion to rebel ; Ireland will not rebel ; Ireland shall not rebel. The Americans ultimately succeeded, because they kept within the law until the laws were trampled on around them. (Cheers.) England may go to war with us ; we will only go to law with her ; and so long as she leaves us one particle of law to stand upon, so long we

will take no other ground. If they cut that ground from under us, *then we will go consult Mr. Conway.* (Cheers.)

“No, my friends, the time is come when every man in Ireland, when he goes to bed at night, should lay his head on his pillow, not so much to sleep as to ruminate. Nothing would your enemies desire more, in any one way they view it, than a precocious insurrection. Nothing would they more anxiously wish for than a premature tumult, even though they forced you to it. Let no man, therefore, be mad enough to indulge them until they actually compel him to it. (Hear, hear.)

“But I think the common sense of England will awake before we come to that period. They are the richest aristocracy in the world; at the same time they are the most sordid: they are in the possession of all the human enjoyments that wealth, rank, and station can give; everything that can be pleasing in the animal creation, they can have in abundance; there is nothing that can pamper the human frame, that they are not in possession of. Sybarites of the most luxurious class, will they, for their vile hatred towards Ireland, risk their properties and their lives? (Cheers.) *Le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle.* The game is not worth the candle they burn in playing it. (Cheers

and laughter.) If they declare war against Ireland to-morrow, what would be the value of their three per cent. consols? and how much of the national debt would they pay with Birmingham shillings? Why, not the value of a copper farthing. (Laughter.) Let me whisper John Bull, and say a friendly word in his ear. Let me tell him that the steamboats which they say bring us so near England, *can come in ten days from America*. (Tremendous cheering, which lasted for several minutes.)

“*A voice*.—A steamer came the other day in nine days and a half.

“*Mr. O'Connell*.—But that was from Halifax. (Cheers.) But let me tell you that I have none of these apprehensions on my mind, because the Repealers will take my advice. (Cheers.) I have been forty years educating them.

“*A voice*.—And may you live forty more. (Cheers.)

“*Mr. O'Connell*.—The Repealers know the lessons which I have taught them too well; they know that whoever commits a crime strengthens the enemy. (Cheers.) That (pointing to the banner on the walls of the room, on which this wise maxim is written) is my green banner, around which I will rally the loyal and peaceable people of Ireland. (Cheers.) The

hideous *Times* newspaper has had the audacity to talk of the crimes committed in Ireland during the recent election ! I did not hear that a single opponent of ours was assaulted in the slightest manner ; I did not hear of a single case having been brought to the police-office. There might have been a few, perhaps, of a trivial nature, but I did not hear of them.

“ I believe not a single case of assault or outrage was committed by the people. (Hear, hear.) To be sure, there were scenes of turbulence at Waterford and at Carlow, but who were the atrocious perpetrators of the horrible outrages which took place ? The Orangemen. (Hear, hear.) The *Times* then comes out and accuses us of turbulence and crime, and the shedding of human blood ! Oh, yes, blood was shed, but it was by Orangemen ; the blood of little innocent children was shed at Waterford ; and a woman was shot at Carlow, who, fortunately, did not die ; and the fellow was acquitted because he only shot a woman ! (Hear.) Another miscreant wounded eleven children at Waterford, and yet we bear it, while the rascally *Times* calls us turbulent. (Groans.) In the county of Cork they murdered a man, and eight Protestants and four Catholics who were on the jury gave a verdict of wilful murder. The father, poor man, was beating in



his little boys that he might keep them away even from witnessing a scene of riot, and for doing that the Orangemen beat him to death. (Exclamation of horror.)

“I have detained this meeting at great length (no, no, no); but I could not in justice do otherwise; for subjects of greater importance than I have brought forward were never introduced in any public assembly. Let me end by earnestly entreating that no man of our party will put himself in the wrong by violating any law. Let there be no riot, no tumult, no assault; for a man won't defend himself in a worse way, if called on, for being in the right. (Hear, hear.) Adopt the great, glorious, magic principle of being in the right. (Hear, hear.) In all our contests we have refrained from shedding one drop of human blood, or injuring one particle of public or private property; we have vindicated public liberty in the absence of all offence against man or crime against God! (Cheers.) In the glorious career we have commenced let us persevere in the same course, by endeavouring to remove the effects of centuries of oppression and exterminating persecution. (Loud cheers.)

“No country in the world affords such melancholy evidence of cruelty and oppression as that which Ireland exhibits in her sufferings

from England ; but she has endured them all. (Cheers.) Hitherto we have been divided and distracted ; we have been combating each other ; and those internal feuds have unfortunately prevented us from amalgamating heart and hand ; but the day of sobriety and of education has at length appeared ; the holy light of religious feeling, which, though never dimmed, now shines forth with greater lustre, and warns us to be obedient to the law, while we are struggling for our liberties. (Loud cheers.)

“ The day has come when, I trust, the veil which obscures and darkens the ancient glories of our native land is about to be removed ! (Cheers.) Let my voice go through the land : be cautious of your enemies, whose wish must be that you place yourselves in the wrong ; violate no law ; give them no advantage over you by accident ; respect the queen, that amiable and beloved monarch ; keep, preserve for her, your allegiance unpurchased and unpurchaseable. (Great cheering.) She may, like another monarch, have to fly among you for protection. (Tremendous cheering.) Oh ! that I were about indulging in the aspiration that it might be so ; and if it were, he mocks me much who talks of my advanced age. (Tremendous cheering, which lasted several minutes, and was again and again renewed, until the very walls of the

building seemed to resound with the acclamation.)

“I am older, to be sure, than when I commenced this contest ; but my heart is still young, and my arm is as powerful and as vigorous as ever it was, and my heart and arm she shall have against every enemy. (Loud cheers.) These are the terms, then, on which I stand : Connexion with England ; submission to the British crown ; dutiful allegiance to the sovereign ; love of liberty ; and an unalterable determination to be free. (Tremendous cheers.)”]

After all that O’Connell has said about American slavery, there is no man in Great Britain who loves this country better than he. In a conversation with him while I was in London, he said : “It is not in my heart to hate America : she has opened her free arms to too many thousands of my own countrymen ; she too effectually humbled the power of England in her glorious Revolution ; she has given such a splendid illustration of the beauty, practicability, and power of equal freedom to the world. No, I never will wrong my feelings by saying aught against your people.

“But I cannot bear the idea of American slavery : it is too intolerable ; I consider its existence to be the greatest anomaly at this time in the civilized world ; it is the grossest incon-

sistency. If there are considerations which seem to you to offer some apology for the continuance of the odious system, in Europe we can see no extenuating circumstances in your favour. To us it is all one foul blot; disgraceful to your people and insulting to humanity. I mourn over your inconsistency; and I blush for America when I, as her sworn friend in England, am taunted with the finger of scorn which points towards this great structure of wrong. By perpetuating the institution, you lose your respect, influence, and consideration abroad.

“How perfectly monstrous is the idea, that America, free, glorious America, should send a slaveholder to represent her Republic at the Court of St. James. You make yourselves the laughing-stock of every aristocrat in Europe: you bring yourselves into contempt. You do not realize, perhaps, how all this looks to European eyes. You are inflicting, perhaps, as great a wrong upon Europe as upon Africa. You throw a strong barrier across Europe against the progress of free principles—your example! Oh! your inconsistency! the God of liberty and the demon of slavery worshipped around the same altars.

“I do not wish to speak ill of your country. I love American liberty as well as any man. I

love your country as an Irishman better than any other land but my own ; and I pray God that you may do away with this dreadful system, and then your nation will be fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and more terrible to the grayheaded aristocracy of Europe than an army with banners.

“ You know little in America what the friends of equal rights are called upon to suffer here. Your fathers knew it well ; for they had to struggle with the same despotism ; and I shall always feel the deepest veneration for the men of your Revolution.

“ But we are cheered in our efforts by the certain advancement and ultimate triumph of Liberty in the Old World. The people are beginning to wake up from their long sleep, and ask their rulers for liberty : the boon must be granted. Tyrants cannot hold their empire much longer over prostrate humanity. God made his creatures to be free ; and the voice of his Providence can be heard among the confused struggles of the race, proclaiming that his lofty purpose is being carried into effect.

“ Oh yes, blessed be God, we shall have a free world yet. You may live to see it, but I shall not. But my faith is strong in man, and in Heaven. And although God may not let me see the great brotherhood of man enter the

Promised Land, yet he will suffer me to stand on the Mountain of Vision, and view the land afar off. Oh! humanity! what greatness there is in man when he is free!"

—When I commenced this letter, I did not intend to trespass so long upon your patience. That your last days may be as peaceful and happy as your whole life has been honourable and illustrious, is the prayer of

Your humble friend,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

VOL. II.—U



*To the Hon. John C. Spencer.*

IN ancient times those men were considered worthy the highest honour who became illustrious in government and letters ; and although you cannot consider yourself flattered in being addressed by so humble an individual, yet I trust you will award to the writer the simple merit of appreciating those qualities by which you have rendered yourself distinguished in the political and literary world.

As a member of the Legislature and Speaker of the House of Assembly of your own state ; in the National Congress ; as a lawyer and jurist ; and as Secretary of State for New-York, you have been alike eminent for patriotism, learning, and a deep regard for the interests of the people. But should after times be unmindful of every other claim you may have upon their remembrance, your name will never cease to be mentioned with gratitude so long as the walls of a district schoolhouse shall be left standing in the Empire State.

I have ever considered our system of common school education as the glory of our country. We shall never see oppression, want, or vice prevail among our people so long as the

means of intellectual and moral elevation are placed within their reach. Our children shall never bow down at the feet of a tyrant, while in every hamlet the lights of science illuminate the popular mind.

With the subject of this letter you have no doubt been long familiar. At no period has the public mind of Great Britain and America been so feelingly alive to the evils, the injustice, and the oppressive character of the existing corn-laws, as at present. Nor has there ever been so general a conviction that the time has arrived when the interests of Great Britain imperatively require that they be immediately and totally abolished.

*This subject is instinct with human life.* It is no less a question than on what terms shall an Englishman breathe; on what conditions his mouth shall open and shut, his jaws and teeth perform the duties of action and reaction: yea, more, this corn-law legislation deals directly with the stomachs of men, forbidding those ancient and anxious customers any employment of their skill in the great art of digestion, until a solemn question has been settled with the three kingdoms of the British empire.

One would suppose, to see the ruinous operation of the corn-laws upon the whole manufac-

turing system ; their horrible results upon the working classes, and the crime, suffering, and discontent they immediately cause, that the English government had been struck blind ; furnishing another illustration of the truth of the ancient maxim, “ Whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.”

The great Conservative party are warned by the progress of discontent, that their oppressions are goading the people into a revolution, which can only be avoided by granting them justice. No man who has watched the aspects of English society for the last few years, can wonder that there is there such a “ dragon as popular discontent.” Indeed, I was astonished at nothing I witnessed abroad so much as the endurance of the English people. They are ground into the earth *deep* by the heel of tyranny ; and I do not wonder so much that Chartist violence prevails, as I do that the throne and the aristocracy are not hurled to the dust by an outraged and insulted people.

But America is also deeply interested in this question ; for no man can estimate the advantages we should gain by a repeal of the corn-laws. This, as well as many other matters of vital interest and importance, will more clearly appear in the progress of this letter. I am well aware that this is a subject which requires

more experience and knowledge than I am able to bring to its elucidation ; still there are a few things that I will mention which cannot but be obvious to every mind.

What is the *nature*, then, of the present corn-laws ? After the peace of 1815, a law was passed which excluded all foreign corn from the British ports until the price of wheat at home reached 80 shillings the quarter (8 bushels). This law originated in the desire to preserve, during a state of peace, the high rents and prices which had existed during the war. The interests of the landholders *alone* were consulted in this cruel enactment ; whose provisions were such, that no grain could be imported, until the scarcity became so great that the people were upon the verge of famine.

The measure was opposed with great ability by several of the most eminent statesmen of the times ; and Lord Grenville drew up a protest embodying the views of the minority ; but the landed interest prevailed. By an overwhelming majority the bill passed both Houses, and on the 23d of March, 1815, received the royal assent.

This law was so oppressive that it created disturbance in almost every part of England : a starving people were goaded into rebellion. But their hunger was cured by *military force*

—the remedy tyrants have generally resorted to in similar cases. At last its results became so appalling, that in 1827 Mr. Canning introduced a bill into the House providing for the importation of corn at all times, by substituting a graduated scale of duties, in place of absolute prohibition at 80 shillings. This was a slight improvement upon the barbarous law of 1815; but it received its death-blow in the House of Lords from the Duke of Wellington—a man who has been engaged for the chief part of his life either in crushing the liberties of foreign nations, or of the English people at home.

In 1828 the present corn-law was enacted; and its provisions for settling the average prices of corn are as follows:

“In one hundred and fifty towns in England and Wales, mentioned in the act, corn-dealers are required to make a declaration that they will return an accurate account of their purchases. [In London, the sellers make the return.] Inspectors are appointed in each of these one hundred and fifty towns, who transmit returns to the receiver in the Corn Department of the Board of Trade, whose duty it is to compute the average weekly price of each description of grain, and the aggregate average price for the previous six weeks, and to trans-

mit a certified copy to the collectors of customs at the different outports. The return on which the average prices are based is published every Friday in 'The London Gazette.' The aggregate average for six weeks regulates the duty on importation. In 1837 the quantity of British wheat sold in these towns was 3,888,957 quarters; in 1838 there were 4,064,305 quarters returned as sold; and 3,174,680 quarters in 1839.

“Wheat at 50*s.* pays a duty of 36*s.* 8*d.*; barley at 32*s.* a duty of 13*s.* 10*d.*; oats at 24*s.* a duty of 10*s.* 9*d.*; rye, pease, and beans, at 35*s.* a duty of 16*s.* 9*d.* In the case of wheat, when the price is 66*s.*, for every shilling that the price falls the duty increases by 1*s.*, and decreases by the same sum for every shilling that the price rises; for all other grain the duty increases by 1*s.* 6*d.* for every shilling that the price rises. Colonial wheat is admitted at a duty of 6*d.* when the average of the six weeks is at or above 67*s.*; and when below 67*s.* the duty is 5*s.* the quarter, and for other grain in proportion. Importation is free on payment of 1*s.* on the quarter when wheat in the home market is 73*s.*; barley 41*s.*; oats 31*s.*; and rye, pease, and beans 46*s.* the quarter.

“In the following table the scale of duties proposed by Mr. Canning, and that adopted



by the Legislature of 1828, and acted upon up to the present time, are placed in juxtaposition ;

| Average Prices<br>of Wheat. |   | Duty according to<br>Mr. Canning's Bill. |   | Duty according to<br>the present Scale. |
|-----------------------------|---|------------------------------------------|---|-----------------------------------------|
| s.                          |   | s.                                       |   | s. d.                                   |
| 73                          | — | 1                                        | — | 1 0                                     |
| 72                          | — | 1                                        | — | 2 8                                     |
| 71                          | — | 1                                        | — | 6 8                                     |
| 70                          | — | 1                                        | — | 10 8                                    |
| 69                          | — | 2                                        | — | 13 8                                    |
| 68                          | — | 4                                        | — | 16 8                                    |
| 67                          | — | 6                                        | — | 18 8                                    |
| 66                          | — | 8                                        | — | 20 8                                    |
| 65                          | — | 10                                       | — | 21 8                                    |
| 64                          | — | 12                                       | — | 22 8                                    |
| 63                          | — | 14                                       | — | 23 8                                    |
| 62                          | — | 16                                       | — | 24 8                                    |
| 61                          | — | 18                                       | — | 25 8                                    |
| 60                          | — | 20                                       | — | 26 8                                    |
| 59                          | — | 22                                       | — | 27 8                                    |
| 58                          | — | 24                                       | — | 28 8                                    |
| 57                          | — | 26                                       | — | 29 8                                    |
| 56                          | — | 28                                       | — | 30 8                                    |
| 55                          | — | 30                                       | — | 31 8                                    |
| 54                          | — | 32                                       | — | 32 8                                    |
| 53                          | — | 34                                       | — | 33 8"                                   |

By this bill the English landlord defends himself against all the world, and enjoys a monopoly in the sale of bread-stuffs so long as he has any to sell ; and when *famine has bought him out*, he permits grain to be imported all but duty free. It was designed by the framers of this law, that it should not fix so high and permanent a duty as would absolutely exclude foreign grain in times of great scarcity, or famine ; for then the people would have risen,

as a last resort, and thrown off the government ; and the monopolists nicely calculated how hungry the people could be kept from the beginning to the end of the year without rebellion. To secure to him the entire monopoly of grain, the law allows the landholder to charge about double its ordinary price on the Continent and in America ; this sliding tariff growing less and less, and tapering to a point of nominality, as famine, with her thousand horrors, approaches.

This brief sketch will give some idea of that deep-laid scheme to reach the daily wages of the labouring man of England, in driving competition to a distance by excluding foreign grain, except in periods of great scarcity bordering on famine.

This nicely-contrived device operates with the greatest severity upon the poor man ; for through his teeth he is made to pay, or, more properly, to be punished, for the offence of being born in England. Persons born since the enactment of the corn-laws must regard themselves as paying this penalty for having had the audacity to draw their first breath on that oppressed island. Nor is there any purging the offence, or commuting it on the soil ; for it sticks to a man like "original sin," and his only chance of escape from it is by fleeing to a distant colony, expatriation, or death.

*What do the corn-laws cost the English people?* It is estimated that the consumption of grain of all kinds in the kingdom is sixty million quarters per annum. Twelve years ago M'Culloch supposed the amount to be only a little less than this; and since then there has been a great increase of population. The consumption of all other kinds of agricultural produce is, without doubt, equal to the total consumption of grain. Supposing the effect of the corn-laws to be to raise the price of grain only 10s. a quarter higher than it would be were foreign grain freely imported, it follows that the burden of the bread-tax is equal to the enormous sum of three hundred million dollars a year: a sum exceeding the whole expenditure of the government, including the interest on the national debt.

But it can be shown to the satisfaction of every reasonable man, that the corn-laws *nearly double the price of grain*. Mr. G. R. Porter, of the Board of Trade, in his valuable work on this subject, states that the average price of wheat in Prussia for the last twenty-two years has been only 31s. 2d. a quarter, while the price, during the same period, has been 61s. in London.

*What is the effect of these laws upon the labouring classes?* STARVATION! Were it not

necessary for me to confine myself within very narrow limits in preparing this letter, I should be glad to lay before you a detailed view of this whole subject, particularly in its bearings upon the poor. I have collected a vast amount of facts, which would shock the feelings of any reader: the thousandth part I am not able to publish; neither will I select the worst cases that have come to my knowledge.

The following extract from a letter written from Connemara last year, will show how these laws operate in Ireland. They enrich the idle absentee landlords and starve the people: "I regret to inform you that famine still prevails, and is increasing to a frightful extent in this district, even among those who were considered above want. The poor people are coming in hundreds here, to see if anything will be done for them. I was present this day when application was made to —, stating that they were existing by bleeding the cattle and boiling the blood till it became thick, *when they eat it*, and also eating *seaweed* and small shellfish. I knew cases myself where the children resorted to weeds in the fields to allay their hunger, being so for twenty-four hours, and another large family of children having no food for two days: one of them, a boy, dreading a return of hunger, took away the two

sheep that were spared to pay the public money or cess, which, to add to the misfortune, is now collecting, and sold them for half price.

“Others are known to have, by night, taken away the carrion of a cow drowned by chance, and unskinned for two days, and picked the bones that the dogs had feasted on. Many families are lingering through fever, and will feel want a long time, as their manure remains at their cabins, not being able to sow; and what is worse, the misery is not likely to end with many when the harvest returns, which will be late in this country, as they are now compelled to root out the potatoes before they arrive at one eighth of their growth. So that in a week there will be as much destroyed as would serve for two months, if full grown. I need not name one village, for every one round about shares this awful situation. There are many actively endeavouring to relieve this distress; but, alas, it is only like a drop of water to the ocean.”

The following instance of starvation I take from the Bolton Free Press: “DEATH FROM STARVATION.—Stockport, March 5.—Sir: Surrounded as you must be with heart-rending scenes of distress, the following may serve to show the baneful effect of the corn-law on the manufacturing and industrious classes. In the

present depressed state of trade, with the high price of provisions, the working classes are suffering all the evils imaginable; many of them without half food or clothing, and many, very many, without a bed to lie down upon; while three, four, and even five families are huddled together in one small and miserable dwelling.

“The case I allude to is that of a poor widow, named Ellen North, sixty years old, who resided in the Leadyard, Middle Hillgate, and who was found starved to death on Sunday morning last, without either sheet, or blanket, or anything worthy to be called clothing, in a room for which she paid 8*l.* per week.

“The poor creature had been in the receipt of 1*s.* per week from the town, which, with a little winding she got from Messrs. Hardy and Andrew, of this town, was all that she had had to subsist on for some time past. Latterly, when she had a little work, she has been known by her neighbours to sit up all night that she might take home the work in the morning, and so procure food for breakfast. A few weeks since she said to Mrs. Grimes, her next-door neighbour, ‘I believe I shall be starved to death, Betty, for I have only got fourteen pence in the last fortnight; and, if that will do, anything will do.’ She had had no work for the last three weeks, and was supposed to have



been dead about a week, when the door of her miserable room was broken open by her neighbours.

“The only food in her room was a hard crust and four cold potatoes, and all the money, one halfpenny. An inquest was held at the Warren Bulkeley Arms, when a verdict of ‘Died from want’ was returned. Thus, by the stagnation of trade, the continuance of which is undoubtedly occasioned by the corn-law, are the old left to die neglected; *while many of our young women, wreckless from want, abandon themselves to prostitution!* How long will Englishmen submit to these things?” But this is not a solitary case: I could show you *several hundred* no less horrible.

The statements below from the Manchester Times will give some idea of the general distress in the manufacturing districts in 1839–40: “Distress in the manufacturing districts is daily becoming deeper and deeper. In Bolton there are 1053 empty houses, of which about sixty are shops, many of them in the main streets. There is at least £3000 per week less paid in wages than three years ago. The shopkeepers are in great difficulties. There were, a short time ago, three sales of the property of shopkeepers in one day. All the mills except five are working short time, three

to four days a week. South of Bolton, four miles, a large spinning establishment which gave employment to 800 hands has been entirely stopped for six months. The proprietor has 128 cottages empty, or paying no rent.

“ Entering Bolton from Manchester, there is another mill, where there are 200 hands, but which has been entirely stopped for more than twelve months. North of Bolton, another spinning establishment has been entirely standing some weeks, on which 1100 persons were dependant for subsistence. The consequent misery and destitution are extreme. A few days ago, 500 persons were relieved by the poor-law guardians in one day, in amounts varying from sixpence to eighteen pence per head per week. In some cases there are two or three families living in one house. In one case seventeen persons were found in a dwelling less than five yards square. In another, eight persons, with two pairs of looms and two beds, were found in a cellar, six feet under ground, and measuring about four yards by five. The out-door relief to the poor is three times greater in amount than in the average of three years, 1836, 7, and 8. It is impossible to convey by words even a faint idea of the patient suffering of thousands of the labouring classes. The debts to shopkeepers and the unpaid house

rents will amount to many thousands during the present year, and distraints for rent are taking place daily. The distress in all the manufacturing towns of this district is probably as deep as it is in Bolton.

“Nor is it confined to Lancashire. At the meeting of the Anti-Corn-law Association, on Monday, Mr. Bury stated that at Nottingham *three thousand* persons were wandering about the streets, having literally nothing to do. We learn, also, that of thirty-five worsted spinning mills in Leicester and its neighbourhood, only six are in full work. At Paisley, too, there are about *fifteen hundred* persons out of employment. The distress arising from want of work, and from low wages, is greatly aggravated by the high price of bread; and it will be increased in intensity by the cold weather that we may expect for the next three months; for a great portion of the working classes have had nothing to spare for the purchase of bed and body clothing.”

The testimony of some of the most respectable physicians has confirmed the opinion, that multitudes starve to death in England every year.

Says the learned and humane Dr. Howard in a recent work on this subject: “The public generally have a very inadequate idea of the

number of persons who perish annually from deficiency of food ; and there are few who would not be painfully surprised if an accurate record of such cases were presented to them. It is true, that in this country instances of death from total abstinence only casually occur ; yet every medical man whose duties have led him much among the poor ; who is familiar with the extreme destitution which often prevails among them, and the diseases thereby occasioned, is too often a witness of fatal results from gradual and protracted starvation ! *Although death directly produced by hunger may be rare, there can be no doubt that a very large proportion of the mortality among the labouring classes is attributable to deficiency of food as a main cause aided by too long-continued toil and exertion, without adequate repose, insufficient clothing, exposure to cold, and other privations to which the poor are subjected."*

He states that " their houses are almost destitute of furniture ; comfortless and uncleanly ; too often damp, cold, and ill ventilated. Many live in dark cellars, in the midst of filth and putrefaction, by which the atmosphere is rendered foul and unfit for respiration, a due circulation of air being impossible. Their families are ill fed, scantily clothed, and badly lodged, three or four persons being frequently

crowded together in the same bed, which is often filthy and deficient of covering. They live much on innutritious and indigestible food, and often use articles of bad quality, or such as are rendered unwholesome by adulteration, or by being too long kept."

It is easy to see how all these potent causes of disease become aggravated whenever there is a scarcity of bread or of employment, both of which are either directly caused or terribly augmented by the corn-laws. The scanty furniture and clothing of the poor become at such times still more scanty, all that can possibly be spared being sold or pawned for food; their houses and beds become more crowded from more living together to save rent; their dwellings are worse ventilated, for every cranny by which air could enter is choked up, that they may be warm without the expense of fuel; because of their debilitated condition they drink more gin to raise their depressed spirits, the quantity taken being more injurious; and while deep despair settles upon them, hunger gnaws at their vitals.

Dr. Howard says, that if the horrible results of the corn-laws upon the health of the poor could be fully known, it would send a chill to every heart in Britain. The catalogue of miseries he enumerates are truly frightful. He

states, that while many, under the keen cravings of hunger, make their cry heard in the ears of their fellow-men, many more, in the sullen despair of poverty, hide away in their cellars, where they lie in a listless, lethargic state until death comes to their relief. But, says he, "In estimating the mortality among the destitute poor from scarcity of food, we must not forget that the result is still the same, whether the privation is so complete as to destroy life in ten days, or so slight and gradual that the fatal event does not occur till after many months' suffering."

There can be no doubt that there never has been a period in England's history when her poor suffered so much from hunger. I well know that this is not the common opinion. There was some reason in ancient times for the epithet used by the old poets, of "Righte Merrie Ould Englande." There is much said even now about the "bold peasantry, their country's pride:" they are called the "happiest peasantry in the world." Sir James Graham, and other dreamers, whose only qualification for legislators consists in having heads stuffed with the figments of old poetry, complacently apply these pictures of England in past centuries to her present condition, and luxuriate in a blessed ignorance of the pauperism, misery, and



crime which cover the face of *once* "Merrie Englande."

In olden times a day-labourer could earn as much money as would buy every week for his family a bushel of wheat and twenty-four pounds of meat, although the *money rate of wages* was then lower than at present; and though the poor man in Poland now receives less than the English operative, yet he can buy two or three times the quantity of food with it: thus showing that *the real test of a man's wages is the quantity of necessaries he can purchase with them.*

Mr. Hallam, the most elegant and careful of living historians, in his "Middle Ages," says, "There is one very unpleasing remark, which every one who attends to the subject of prices will be induced to make, that the labouring classes, especially those engaged in agriculture, were better provided with the means of subsistence in the reign of Edward III., or of Henry VI., than they are at present. In the fourteenth century, Sir John Cullum observes, 'a harvest man had fourpence a day, which enabled him in a week to buy a coomb of wheat; but to buy a coomb of wheat, a man must now (1784) work ten or twelve days.'

"So, under Henry VI., if meat was at a farthing and a half the pound, which I suppose was about the truth, a labourer, earning three-

pence a day, or eighteen pence in the week, could buy a bushel of wheat at six shillings the quarter, and twenty-four pounds of meat for his family. A labourer at present, earning twelve shillings a week, can only buy half a bushel of wheat at eighty shillings the quarter, and twelve pounds of meat at sevenpence."

*There were no Chartists then.* The rights of labour were better understood in those old-fashioned times. What says this fact for English religion or civilization at the present day?

But let us look for a moment at the condition of "the happiest peasantry in the world." The operatives are not the only nor the worst sufferers from the corn-laws. It can be proved, that in some of the richest counties of England the average earnings of the peasantry are far less per head (man, woman, and child) than the average cost of *merely feeding the inmates (man, woman, and child) of their work-houses!* Look abroad among the thatched hamlets and little villages of England; over its waving fields of grain and verdant plains of pasture; among those scenes, which seem like enchanted grounds to the traveller from the top of the coach: you could find in almost every house a confirmation of the words of the working men of Sheffield in their address to the English people:

“IN ENGLAND, THOSE WHO TILL THE EARTH, AND MAKE IT LOVELY AND FRUITFUL BY THEIR LABOURS, ARE ONLY ALLOWED THE SLAVE’S SHARE OF THE MANY BLESSINGS THEY PRODUCE.”

It will assist the reader in forming a correct idea of this subject, if we consider the *demoralizing tendency of the corn-laws*, in connexion with the distress they occasion.

Says the Devonshire Chronicle, “It is become a subject of deep regret to find the many repeated acts of robbery committed among sheep, pigs, poultry, and potatoes, besides breaking open houses, abstracting part of their contents,” &c.

It should be no matter of surprise that men, whose average earnings are only eight shillings a week (finding themselves), have been driven to acts of robbery to eke out their own and their families’ subsistence. Lord Chief-justice Hale, who wrote in the time of Charles II., says, “If the labourer cannot earn enough to feed his family, *he must make it up either by begging or stealing.*”

When the great National Anti-Corn-law Petition, signed by half a million, was presented in Parliament, Mr. Wakeley, a member of the House, stated, that for many years, to his certain knowledge, the labourers of Devonshire (the garden of England) had *received less than seven shillings a week as the average price of their labour.*

Says the eloquent and philanthropic editor of the Anti-Corn-law Circular : “ We have had a conversation with a gentleman who has just returned from a tour in Devonshire, and we find his account of the deplorable condition of the peasantry of that rich and beautiful county more than confirms the appalling statements we gave some time ago. Our informant has travelled over Ireland and Scotland, *and he says that even there he never saw equal wretchedness.* On entering one of their cottages, or, rather, hovels, which it was impossible to do without stooping, he found nothing but the cold, damp, or, rather, wet earth as a floor, for it was literally full of ruts, and in some places so soft that he was obliged to pick his steps. The first object that presented itself to his eye was the master of the house, crouching over a fire, on which a quantity of half-faded gorse had just been heaped, and from which issued volumes of heavy green smoke. By the man’s side lay a bill-hook, with which he appeared to have been just cutting his miserable fire-*weed*. His features wore a strange, half-vacant, sullen expression, which kindled into a gloomy scowl at the appearance of the stranger.

“ This expression on the countenance of the husband soon subsided into that of its wonted stolidity ; and, meanwhile, his wife, bustling

about to hide her embarrassment and shame at the miserable poverty of their habitation, appeared a little more social and communicative.

“ ‘ It is very humble of you to come into a house like ours,’ said she, quite astounded by the appearance of a decent-looking person in her wretched dwelling. After a few preliminaries, the visiter expressed a wish to see a specimen of the bread they used, when he was shown a piece about the size of his hand, all they had in the house, of that black barley bread which we have formerly described.

“ The furniture, bed, and everything about the house exhibited an appearance of wretchedness, reminding one more of savage life than of civilized Britain. And how could it be otherwise, when the man stated his wages to *be only seven shillings a week*, with deductions for broken time ; and that very day he happened to be prevented from working by the bad weather ?

“ On describing what he had seen to persons well acquainted with that part of the country, our informant was told that the scene he had witnessed was *by no means an uncommon one* : and as to the rate of wages, he had a good opportunity of corroborating it himself. Seeing about a score of able-bodied men working to-

gether, he asked what wages they received; when the reply was, that seven shillings was the common rate, though a few superior hands were pointed out who had eight or nine shillings a week."

Some years ago Mr. Richard Gregory, the treasurer of Spitalfields, who for several years distinguished himself by his successful exertions for the prevention of crime, said before the House of Commons, "I can state from experience, that *crime and pauperism always go together*. I have not for twenty-five years known but *one solitary instance* of a poor but industrious man out of employment stealing anything. I detected a working man stealing a small quantity of bacon; he burst into tears, and said it was his *poverty*, and not his *inclination*, for he was out of work and in a state of starvation."

Says William Howett in his "Heads of the People," "These (the English peasants) are the men that become sullen and desperate; that become poachers and incendiaries. How, and why? It is not plenty and kind words that make them so. What then? What makes the wolves herd together, and descend from the Alps and Pyrenees? What makes them desperate and voracious, blind with fury and revelling with vengeance? Hunger and hardship.

II.—Y



When the English peasant is gay, at ease, well fed and clothed, what cares he how many pheasants are in a wood, or ricks in a farmer's yard? When he has a dozen backs to clothe, and a dozen mouths to feed, and nothing to put on the one, and little to put in the other, then that which seemed a mere playful puppy suddenly starts up a snarling, red-eyed monster. How sullen he grows! with what equal indifference he shoots down pheasants or gamekeepers. How the man who so recently held up his head and laughed aloud, now sneaks a villanous fiend, with the dark lantern and the match to his neighbour's rick! Monster, can this be the English peasant? 'Tis the same! The very man! But what has made him so? What has thus demonized, thus infuriated, thus converted him into a walking pestilence? Villain as he is, is he alone to blame, or is there another?"

England proposes to evangelize the world! Does she suppose that, while her own people are in a state of political degradation, a state of physical and moral starvation, she can even evangelize *them*? Will a man whose whole life is beset with toils innumerable to get bread for himself and hungry family, hear, *from his oppressors*, a word about the sublime and pure doctrines of a Bible which makes it a high

crime to rob the poor of bread? No! he cannot listen to them for very sorrow. First prove yourself his friend and benefactor by feeding his hunger and clothing his nakedness, and then he will hear you. Elevate him to the dignity of a man, *by removing your oppressions*, and the work of evangelization will be easy.

Said good old Baxter, the poor man's friend, "Do good to men's bodies, if you would do good to their souls; say not things corporeal are worthless trifles, for which the receiver will never be the better: they are things which nature is easily sensible of; and sense is the passage to the mind and will. Dost thou not find what a help it is to thyself to have at any time ease and alacrity of body, and what a burden and hinderance pain and cares are? Labour, then, to free others from such burdens and temptations, and be not regardless of them."

In passing through one of the manufacturing towns, I was arrested by this revolting announcement:

"Two guineas reward. An unnatural mother last night, about seven o'clock, left her female infant on the steps of the cellar under No. 2 Back Cotton-street, Allum-street, Ancoats-lane, apparently not more than half an hour old. The child was, with the exception of a cap pinned over her mouth, and being laid on

a white factory bat, quite naked and unwashed from its birth."

*Unnatural mother!* I should have exclaimed, had I not known she was driven to it by oppression. Is it possible to suppose that the feelings of a mother towards her dear infant, in a civilized country, could be so smothered by anything short of absolute and clamant necessity? Is it to be imagined, had trade been free, and corn untaxed, and bread thereby cheap, that fond affection, whose depth only a mother's heart can tell, and which even the wild beasts of the forest never lose for their young, would have ceased to draw her with cords of love to her child, or that she would have left it on the steps of a cellar to perish?

It was but half an hour old! What could have driven her so soon to forsake it? DEAR BREAD! It was quite naked, and unwashed from its birth! What terrible necessity could have stifled the cries of mighty Nature, and tramped out in a mother's breast the glowing fire of maternal devotion? The jewelling of the peer's coronet, the diamond necklace of the young countess, the race-horses of the squire, all bought with high rents, artificially enhanced by protective duties, which make DEAR BREAD. —This is the answer.

A time will come when the cries of Nature

will speak in a voice of thunder to all the hollow forms that make up the sum of institutions in modern British society; and when humanity, no longer insulted, and religion, no longer unheard, shall constrain dukes to go a foot, and duchesses to go without earrings, ere infants “not more than half an hour old, naked and unwashed from their birth,” shall be left to perish on the steps of cellars, because the mothers have not food to supply their *own clamorous necessities*.

Why is it that so many labouring parents in England become, as it were, slave-dealers in their own flesh and blood, and sell the bones and muscles of their offspring to that premature toil which withers and cripples human beings, body and soul together? Is this spontaneous? Is it natural? I think too well of my race to believe it. The corn-laws make the poor hungry; “hunger makes men wolves.”

The corn-laws are destructive to female virtue. Says Symmons: “In one of these places (which he visited with the superintendent of police) a young girl, fresh in crime, attracted the practical eye of the superintendent.

“‘Who are you, lassie?’ he inquired, and the girl turned away her head and tried to hide her face; while her female companions looked on with the brazen-facedness which a month’s

practice in profligacy amply teaches. Her story was soon elicited : she was fresh from the Highlands ; Glasgow was a mine of wealth ; she came to seek service and high wages ; she obtained a miserable place, was turned out for some trivial fault, was thrown on the town, was starving, and was there. And here she must remain, like tens of thousands before her, and tens of thousands to come, till her brief career of vice, drunkenness, disease, and starvation, exhaust their rapid rotation, and end in death.

“ ‘ A dozen sometimes in a day of these poor things,’ said Captain Miller, ‘ come to me to beg for honest employment ; but what can I do ? the factories are all overstocked ; the benevolent institutions would not contain one hundredth of them ; besides, they have no characters ; and if they had, there is no employment.’ ”

“ I thought of the corn-laws, and the sympathy for West Indian slaves, and Polish patriots, and heathen errors, and the refined feeling which teaches English religion to shun the pollution of a regard for prostitutes.

“ We may Samaritanize all respectable sinners, and Christianize infidels, and shed the softest tears of pious compassion over the frailties of patrician adultresses ; and all this in

perfect accordance with orthodox Christianity ; but the very idea of common, low-lived prostitutes ; the mere mention of the duty of extending a hand to uplift, from a worse than Jugger-naut destruction, the millions of our fellow-countrywomen who are immolated, soul and body, in the centres of civilization—most of them helplessly immolated—is a solecism in the morality of the respectable world, which very few Christians have the courage to commit. The number of women who perish by such a mode of life in this country, exceeds that of any other country in the whole world, by at least three to one in proportion to the population. It is a flagrant stigma on the Legislature, that it has neither the courage nor the Christianity to take up this matter, and devise a national resource for these persons.” Hear the words of another Briton ; and let Americans read the contrast between his country and their own, and then fall on their knees and thank God for the ten thousandth time, that they *are* Americans : “ In America you may travel a thousand miles, taking the towns in your way, and not meet a prostitute. In America it is as difficult for householders to get women-servants as in England for women-servants to get places. In America prostitution is a choice seldom made ; to Englishwomen thousands ev-



ery year ; it is a dire necessity ! In order to reclaim Englishwomen, you must first find employment for them. \* \* \* Charity, virtue, happiness ! these are English words *still* ; but the meaning of them seems to have settled in America. I wonder that emigration is not more the fashion ; and wish that Mrs. Trollope would write a book on the domestic manners of the English. \* \* \* Some out-of-the-way people founded a refuge for prostitutes ; a charity whose object was to reclaim such persons. One day a girl applied for admission to this retreat, saying, ‘ I am out of work, cold, hungry, tired, houseless, and anxious to be saved from evil courses.’ She was dismissed, not being qualified. So the story goes.” This reminds us of the old adage, “ an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.” England never practises this : she thinks it better not to lock the stable until the horse is stolen.

Who wonders that crime and violence prevail in a nation where the laws of man create a perpetual famine ? Let us see what connexion exists between Chartism, rick-burning, pikes, jails, transportation, and—HUNGER.

The bread-tax bids fair to work a revolution in England. Dear bread caused the first French Revolution ; and its result was the destruction of the feudal principle on the Conti-

ment. Injustice contains within itself the seeds of its own downfall. In 1828, when Mr. Hume moved in Parliament for a modification of the corn-laws, Sir Robert Peel said they were upheld because "*it was the constitutional policy of England to maintain the aristocracy and magistracy, as essential parts of the community.*" What barbarity, to base the support of an aristocracy upon such a code as this !

England is beginning to feel the effect of her oppression in the discontent of the masses, which has taken the dangerous form of Chartism. To regard the Chartist outbreaks as the results of mere political uneasiness and party spirit, is a grievous mistake ; they have sprung from the real distress of the lower orders. High prices and low wages, combined with fluctuating employment and excessive labour, sufficiently account for the lamentable scenes of riot and carnage.

That the Chartists have gone wrongly to work in procuring redress is plain enough ; but men, agitated wildly in large masses, can never be expected to act wisely : the blame, however, rests less upon them than upon the mischievous legislation which has coerced them into rebellion. To condemn their errors is easier than to comprehend the intensity of their privations.

Can it be possible for men to see their wives and children perishing before their eyes, and not move Heaven and earth to save them ? “ Bread, bread,” is the cry ; “ give us food, the plainest, coarsest, homeliest. Oh ! give us something to eat ; we are dying : the child I love is wasted to a shadow ; the infant at my breast can draw no milk from me, for I have had no nourishment ; the husband of my bosom is in surly despair ; for, instead of standing erect as a free-man, he has to beg, crouching like a slave ! Oh ! give us bread.”

Famine at once converts a man into a mere animal : gross ignorance is inevitable ; people cannot read or learn while they are starving ; where there is ignorance there will always be crime, and even those well instructed want *drives* to crime. It produces selfishness, bad temper, heartlessness, skepticism, despair. Says Sidney Smith, “ the starving man thinks of a good God with a sullen sneer.” He looks upon his wife as the rival for his morsel, and he sells the lives of his children to the slavery of the factory ; for even this is better than starvation. There is no food, and no fire to warm his blood ; and how can his heart feel the glow of sympathy ? The power of conscience becomes gradually weakened ; he hates every one who has money as his natural enemy, and he considers

reprisal fair. He drinks, he steals, he robs, he murders.

But the corn-laws are not only ruinous to the labouring population and dangerous to the stability of the government, *they sap the manufacturing and commercial prosperity of the country.* There was a time when every rood of English ground maintained its man; England was then an agricultural nation. But her population has doubled in fifty years, and only one third of them are engaged in agriculture. The time has come when it is utterly impossible for her to sustain her people by agricultural pursuits. She has been forced into manufactures as the only means by which her vast population, limited by the ocean on all sides, can be supported.

For a long time Englishmen have been the artisans of the civilized world. So long as England imported corn from other nations, her manufactures were taken in exchange. At length, by her prohibitory laws, her one-sided policy, she has shut out the grain of foreign countries from her ports, and they have retaliated by shutting out her manufactures. In consequence of this, she is fast losing her markets. She displays a foolhardiness and impudence really worthy to be called insane, in supposing she can insult other nations by driving away

their commerce from her shores, and still have them open their ports to her own. If she will not buy their corn, they will not buy her manufactures. They would bankrupt themselves in one year by sending away their gold and silver for fabrics which they can afford to purchase only with their grain. The more corn she should buy of them, the more of her products would they receive in exchange.

Had England been willing to treat the world with common justice, she might have found a market for a century to come for all the manufactures her entire labour and ingenuity could produce; for other nations, possessing a larger territory and richer soil, would gladly have exchanged their surplus grain for the productions of her mechanical skill. But her monopolizing policy has recoiled upon herself; and now she cannot find a market for half she is able to produce, and her *manufactures are fast declining*. The facts of the case are most astonishing, and in our country but little known.

By her refusing to receive the corn of Europe and America, these countries are no longer able to purchase her goods; and from being her *customers*, they have turned to be her *rivals*. English exports have fallen off rapidly. In 1833 she sent to various parts of the world 8,000,000 yards of velveteens; in 1836 only

*half that quantity.* In 1833 she exported of cotton goods to Germany 29,500,000 yards; in 1838 only *one quarter as much.* The quantity sent to Russia in 1820 was 11,250,000 yards; in 1837 only 847,000. In 1820 over 5,000,000 yards were purchased by Prussia, and in 1837 *not one yard.* At the peace in 1815, England supplied the whole commercial world with hosiery: but in 1838, while she sent only 447,000 dozens to the West Indies, *Saxony sent a million and a half!* By her restrictive enactments in relation to her West India interests, she suggested to France the ingenious experiment of extracting sugar from the beet; and this example has been followed by Belgium and other nations. A gentleman recently from Europe, told me that he saw a large sugar manufactory erected on the verge of the Forest of Soigny, overlooking the field of Waterloo.

Throughout the Continent manufactures of almost every kind are springing up; and there is not a country there that does not bristle with steam-engines and factory chimneys. Many of these nations are now England's powerful rivals. Within the last two years they have exported their goods to Britain, paid heavy duties, and undersold the English manufacturer on his own ground. Every Ameri-



can knows that we can now manufacture everything we want. Our immense domains are able to feed the hungry millions of England. We were willing to give them bread in exchange for their goods; but England would not let us: she has compelled us to manufacture for ourselves. And to protect our manufacturers, and defend ourselves against her *exclusive* legislation, we have imposed heavy duties upon her goods; and as she seems determined to persevere in a line of policy so suicidal to herself, and so unjust to others, when our heaviest duties upon her commodities were about to cease, Congress has deemed it expedient to renew them.

But if the duties we impose inflict keener sorrows upon the tortured English operative, we are not to blame: England has driven us to it. We should be insane not to guard ourselves against her destructive enactments. It was a long time before our importers saw the folly of sending away millions of specie every year for English goods, while she refused to receive our grain in payment. But they do see it and *feel* it now; and it will be long before we are again cursed with the enormous importations of 1835 and '36. If we must clothe ourselves in foreign gewgaws, let us at least have the privilege of paying for them with the products of our untaxed soil.

The unprecedented growth of American manufactures is to be almost entirely attributed to the English corn-laws. We were not designed by Providence so much to be a manufacturing as an agricultural nation ; for God has given to us a continent which can spread a plentiful and luxurious table for the whole human race ; but, thanks to the same Beneficent Power, we have all the resources of life within ourselves, and need be dependant upon foreign nations for nothing. If England is resolved to exclude our corn, we have but to keep our gold at home, and employ it in the encouragement of our own industry.

There is no doubt, I suppose, that Americans are willing to declare a free trade with England, as soon as she will come to it herself. While Mr. Addington represented the court of St. James at Washington, he expressed the opinion, in a letter to Mr. Canning, that, had no restriction existed in England on foreign corn, the tariff bill never would have passed Congress. I have heard the same opinion from some of our own most eminent statesmen.

It is horrible to reflect upon the miseries England thus brings upon her starving people ; and for it she merits the contempt of the whole world. There is no nation, savage or civilized, that so wantonly tampers with the prosperity and happiness of its people.

We all know how recent has been the rise and how rapid the progress of our manufactures. Massachusetts alone annually produces manufactured goods to the amount of one hundred million dollars. These goods we export to every part of the world, and are able to compete with the English themselves in markets they have long monopolized. We have not only sent engines to the Continent, but to England herself for her own railways; and while I am writing these pages, a splendid war steamer, built in New-York for the Russian emperor, is weighing her anchor for St. Petersburg. I know not whether we should thank or despise England most for a policy which elevates our manufactures at the expense of her own wretched people.

Whenever England has a bad season, famine comes on as a matter of course; and then *she is obliged to drain the country of its gold to purchase foreign grain*. I have seen it stated, that in 1839 the enormous sum of *eight million sterling* was taken from the Bank of England for foreign bread. This brought the bank to the verge of ruin, and created immense commercial distress. The rate of interest suddenly rose, and the distress brought upon the manufacturers and operatives was terrible.

Thus the corn-laws, by denying the manu-

facturers the means of commercial exchange with foreign nations, subject the home trade to ruinous fluctuations, and destroy the demand for English products, at the very time the utmost freedom of export is required to supply the wants of the people. Twenty millions sterling more were paid for *bread alone* in 1839 than in 1835. The stagnation of trade and the utter disorganization of every branch of industry depreciate English wares in foreign markets *below* the cost of production, and ruin the manufactures. To make confusion worse confounded, at such a crisis England is compelled to send her gold away for corn; the scarcity of money and the rise of interest cause extensive failures; the operatives are turned off to starve; and while the warehouses of Manchester are groaning beneath unsaleable products, and millions are suffering from hunger, cargoes of foreign wheat are rotting in the storehouses of the government, because the merchant is unable to pay the heavy duties; or else thrown into the Thames, instances even of this having occurred. Oh! the folly, the madness of English statesmen. The commercial panic of 1839 was but one of a series of similar shocks that have recurred periodically, with constantly increasing violence, for the last five-and-twenty years. *There is not a single instance on record*

*of commercial panic in connexion with a low price of food.* These destructive vitiations of the balance of trade are produced, and produced only, by the impious and absurd policy that restricts the population to a limited soil and a single climate for its food ; denying them the full benefit of those advantages which a bountiful Providence has placed at their command, and building up feelings of hostility, hatred, and rivalry between nations who had else,

“ Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.”

You will have anticipated me in relation to the last point on which I design to speak—the SIN, THE ABOMINABLE INIQUITY OF THE CORN-LAWS. No higher crime can be committed against one of God’s creatures than to rob him of bread. It is so regarded by Heaven. God intended the world to be one great brotherhood. He has scattered wide the bountiful gifts of his Providence, and placed no restriction or prohibition on their free circulation and exchange. By giving to each particular nation something which others want, he evidently designed that, like the members of one and the same community, they should be mutually dependant.

He has established inequality and variety in the seasons in different portions of the earth, so

that when scarcity prevails in one region, it may be counterbalanced by unusual fertility in another ; and that thus, by receiving or giving as they may want or abound, they may be drawn to know and love each other.

Yes, God purposed that the whole earth should be but one dwelling, and the whole human race as one family : the world is bright and beautiful ; the sun shines high in the azure depths, and lights up a kind, glad, bountiful earth. But there is one creature who joins not in the universal thanksgiving ; and why ? He is God's child ; but in his Father's green world, with luxury all around him, he is—*starving*. Who can doubt, that to bring about so terrible a result as this by attaching an artificial value to corn, is an abomination in the sight of God ? or who supposes that England can hope for the favour of Heaven until this reproach is wiped away ? The Bible declares, “ He that taxeth the bread of the poor, fighteth against God.” “ He who withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him.”

Are there any to whom the terrible words of the Apostle James more forcibly apply than to the upholders of the corn-laws ? “ Go to, now, ye rich men ; weep and howl for the miseries that will come upon you ; behold the hire of the labourer who hath reaped your fields, which



is of you kept back by fraud, crieth ; and the cries of them that have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." And the great Hebrew Lawgiver says : " Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

" What mean ye, that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor ? saith the Lord God of Hosts." There is, indeed, no crime which seems to have so awakened the indignation of Heaven, as oppression of the poor ; and England is yet destined to experience a just retribution for long centuries of grinding oppression.

But why not repeal the iniquitous corn-laws ? Have not English landlords degraded their countrymen already low enough ? or must they be trodden still deeper into the earth ? A few weeks ago the following appeared in the London Times : " Sir : I was summoned to Bristol a few days ago, and on the Stapleton road I met a long covered truck, drawn by three men and four boys, *harnessed together* in rope tackle, exactly as you may have seen bullocks at a plough, or dogs in a cart. On inquiry what this could be, I was told that they belonged to the Great Union House, and had been to the city for provisions. I expressed my horror at seeing human beings submit to such degradation, when the man assured me, with the utmost un-

concern, that this was nothing of a load ; that they went for oakum and various other things, among which he named rod iron to make nails, on which occasions, he said, you might see ten, twelve, or even fifteen in harness !” So, on almost every public road in England, and in the towns, the traveller sees women scraping up manure with their hands to sell for *bread*.

The following lines were addressed to the aristocracy by an operative :

“ You pity not that squalid wretch ; you loathe her and condemn :  
 Sad victim she. Your daughters—wives : O, name it not to them !  
 Once she was pure as they ; but, left forlorn life’s path to tread,  
 By grinding poverty constrain’d, *she sold herself for Bread.*”

Through yonder prison grate an urchin’s stolid face is spied ;  
 His father, worn with fruitless toil, of want and sorrow died :  
 His mother, Heaven help her ! roams without a sheltering shed ;  
 And he, uncared for and untaught, *is driven to steal for Bread.*

That crowd of pallid artisans, who murmur loud and deep,  
 In vain they beg for leave to toil : their wives and children weep.  
 Beware those sickly, shrivell’d groups, whose heart and hope  
 have fled,

*Despair can nerve the weakest arm to desperate deeds for Bread.”*

How deep, then, must be that degradation which shall satisfy the English monopolist ? when he is unmoved by the barbarous, accursed influence of laws which drive young maidens to “ sell themselves for bread ;” and when beauty and health are gone, to become scavengers of the streets ! Shame upon British landlords and aristocrats.

I know you often boast of your generosity to the poor ; but, good Heaven ! speak not of that. Are not your wines purchased with widows' tears ? is not your venison sauced with orphans' hunger ? You are the taunt of the world ! You roll your chariot wheels over the crushed hearts of your fellow-men.

Shame, too, upon England for bearing these things so long ; and tenfold shame upon you who batten upon these cruel laws. You are plunderers of the poor ; and whether you be duke, earl, marquis, or viscount, cease robbing the helpless, or abandon your pompous titles. It matters little what nickname a robber has ; the world only thinks the worse of you for being a duke, when you steal from God's poor. Hear the indignant language in which a foreign journalist apostrophizes Lord Brougham :

“ Member of the British Parliament ! look around you : what do you see ? an aristocracy, for the most part vicious and disorderly, trampling without pity upon the other classes ; at the utmost a dozen of colossal fortunes, and the rest of the population pining under the weight of hunger and misery. Coarse and insolent Britain ! raze from your country's shield the noble lion, and place in its stead *a squalid and starving wretch, vainly imploring a morsel of bread.* ”

But, the reader will ask, "Is there no hope for the people? Must they groan on, unpitied and unrelieved?" No, I answer, the day of their redemption draws nigh. There is not on earth a nobler company of men than the corn-law Repealers. I honour them as much as I despise the framers and supporters of that outrageous law. They have displayed throughout the contest, a manly, a humane and Christian spirit; they are willing to suffer and sacrifice all things for their oppressed countrymen.

Manchester is the headquarters of Repeal; and every year the friends of Repeal assemble there by thousands, at a grand banquet. A short time ago more than 600 Christian ministers of all denominations met there, to lift up their united voices against the abominable corn-laws. They have thrown aside the absurd notion that ministers should have nothing to do with politics; for they have found that while they were preaching, their hearers were starving; that these odious laws oppose an insurmountable barrier to the progress of truth. They felt, therefore, that they could not withhold their influence from the Repeal and be guiltless; and they flocked from every quarter of the three kingdoms, to unite with men of all parties and pursuits, in one bold and resolute demand for justice to the people.

Said the Rev. Daniel Hearne, a Catholic priest (for in some leading measures of reform the Catholic Church of Great Britain and Ireland is doing nobly), "I will leave to others the task of explaining why wages are low and corn high in this country, while in America wages are high and corn low.—But he came forward," he said, "to bear his humble testimony to that awful and continued distress which was raging in Manchester; and which threatened, unless means were taken to alleviate it, to bring about a disruption of social order. A famine had been raging in the district where he lived since 1838, which proved the evil could not be a mere passing one; and he attributed it to nothing else but the low rate of wages, which scarcely afforded to the poor labourer the means of feeding himself and offspring.

"The meeting could scarcely form a conception of the misery and destitution prevailing in the district, of which he was a witness on this occasion. He went lately to administer the consolations of religion to a poor dying woman. On arriving at her bedside, she seemed to be alone; he asked if she was. 'Johnny!' said she, and immediately a sack in the corner of the room began to move, and then another began to move; and out of these tum-

bled the poor woman's sons, their only bed being the inside of sacks filled with shavings.

"He had about 25,000 of his flock living within half a mile of his chapel. Scarcely a single Catholic, unless in cases of sudden death, breathed his last without sending for the priest; and of these—and he spoke from personal observation—at least one half died from starvation!

"Talk of war ravaging a country!" said he. "Better by far is he who dies by the sword than he who is stricken by famine. I can bear but too strong testimony to the opinion expressed by Mr. M'Kerrow, that men in want of temporal comforts are but ill fitted to receive the consolations of religion; for I have found how difficult it is, when the poor man is dying, with his starving children around him, to stop the word of blasphemy issuing from his lips with his parting breath!"

"Shall I," said the indignant Hearne, "shall I see my brethren, my spiritual children in Christ, starving, and be told that because I am a minister of God I must be silent? No! shame on the thought."

Can an object more pure or more holy be presented to the consideration of a teacher of Christianity than to feed the hungry and clothe the naked? Let ministers in England look at



the thousands and millions of their flocks who are now dying from want, or fed by the cold hand of scanty charity. See where pinching hunger has broken down the first barrier of shame, and, moved by the cries of clamouring infancy, the poor man at last plods his weary way to the terrible workhouse! See where poverty, no longer able to procure employment, converts the citizen into the thief, the incendiary, and the murderer!

Behold the peasant of England, once his country's pride, his wages not half adequate to meet the enormous price of even innutritious food. See where he disturbs the quiet repose of the sleeping village with midnight burglary; begins the trade of sheep or horse stealer; or joins some desperate gang of footpads: fathers and husbands rushing from their wretched homes to be out of hearing of the moans of famine, and swearing by the God of the poor that they will rather rob on the highway than suffer their children to die of starvation.

But all Britain is now stirred with corn-law excitement. There are two hundred newspapers in England alone, in which not a single week passes without articles in favour of Repeal; in the *Sun*, papers appear *every* day; and in the *Chronicle*, at least three times a week. I am quite certain, that for *one* article written in

the daily, monthly, weekly, or quarterly press on any other subject, there are at least *ten* on the corn-laws. From one end of the kingdom to the other—from Cornwall to Inverness—there is one deep excitement, felt with equal intensity in the largest towns and the most retired villages.

If Lord John Russell's declaration be well founded, that the real grievances of the people are altogether beyond the reach of Parliamentary enactment, let him and his peers look to it. Sir Robert Peel will find the office of premier more onerous than ever it has been within the memory of man. So sure as the sun is in the heavens, the elements of social discord are now wide spread in Britain: as certain as the return of the seasons, is, and will be, the recurrence of threats, commotion, violence, and bloodshed, whether Sir Robert will it or not; and some other means must be devised to put them down besides bullets and bayonets.

Time, that cures other maladies, only strengthens and increases this. While millions are being wrung from the starving operatives, from broken-hearted widows and pale orphans, to add to the superfluities of the rich, what grosser insult to "the venerable presence of misery," than for a minister to tell the people he has no remedy for their grievances?

But the time is at hand when the money

so long robbed from the poor to support the carriage of the squire, gild the coronet of the peer, or deck the jewelled throng of Almack's perfumed halls, shall provide for the wretched a home, where cheerful faces shall beam with honest joy around loaded tables ; where the voice of health and salvation shall be heard ; and where the rich man shall trouble them no more.

I feel, sir, that I have done but little justice to this great subject. Accept, sir, assurances of distinguished regard from

Your faithful servant,

C. EDWARDS LESTER.

Utica, October 7, 1841.

## CONCLUSION.

WHEN I once more saw the green hills of my native country, from the bow of the ill-fated President as she approached for the first time the shores of the New World, a thrill of joy went to my heart which made me forget all the loneliness of my wanderings in other lands. It was a calm, glorious morning. A deep blue sky was bending over us, and all around old ocean slept without a ripple or murmur. With a gratitude which can be felt only by him who has been borne safely over the "wild and wasteful ocean," where so many barks have gone down forever, I recalled the touching words of David: "So he bringeth them to their desired haven—O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness and for his wonderful works to the children of men." There is never a period, perhaps, that the heart of man responds more warmly to the touching chorus of that beautiful Psalm, than when he has left the wide ocean, with its tempests and dangers, far behind him, and sees again the glad shores of his native country.

I had so long witnessed the oppressions and sufferings of the English people, that I longed

to step once more upon the free soil of my childhood, and thank the God of my fathers with heartfelt gratitude that I had a free home to go to.

I hoped I should have had room for some things which do not appear in this work. I wished to speak of the Established Church;\* of the political state of Ireland; of the last days of L. E. L., as I received the account from one of her most intimate female friends; to have given the conversations of some other distinguished authors, and a few original poems from their pens; descriptions of the lake scenery in the north of England; night rambles in London with a popular author; and, something of more consequence than all, original communications from some of the most distinguished statesmen in Europe. But this must all be deferred, for the present at least. A few observations shall bring these volumes to a close.

Around English history there is to us a charm found in no other. The recent and the remote; the plain and the obscure; novelty springing up by the gray remains of antiquity; and all the elements of the touching, the beau-

\* I will here take occasion to remark, that in nothing which has gone before would I be understood as speaking against Episcopacy, either in its peculiar doctrines or forms, however much I may differ from them; but only against the abuses of the *Religious Establishment*, as sustained by law, and forming a part of the state.

tiful. the gloomy, and the grand, mingle with the chronicles of the Father-land. With us, all is familiar and modern. It is true, we read with pride and emotion of our fathers' struggles, when the story leads us through the toils of the Revolution back to the gloom of the green old forests and the desolation of Plymouth landing; but there the story ceases in America, and we must cross the water for an account of our antecedent national existence. We personally, then, have an interest in the history of Britain, and can betimes forget America as it slumbered on unwaked by the sea-gun of Columbus, while we retrace the glory of our ancestors through successive ages, to the time when the Roman conqueror first planted the eagle of Italy on the rocks of Britain, and returned to tell of a stormy island in the ocean, and of the rugged barbarians who dwelt in its glens and hunted on its cliffs.

It is natural that the American should read with the deepest interest of the defeats, the struggles, and the triumphs of Britons in those rude times; and look with the indignation of a freeman and the love of a brother upon the sufferings of his kinsmen who dwell there now. The starving peasant and the pale operative are the sons of those who not long ago dwelt with his own father on the banks of the Tweed or



the Severn : why should he not feel for them as for a brother ?

England owes much of her progress to the spirit of liberty, caught at first from her own wild hills : a spirit which was kept alive and invigorated by the fierce struggles through which she had to pass. More favourable circumstances than those in her history could not have combined for the formation of a free, brave, and generous people. In the freedom of her political institutions, she was for ages in advance of the rest of the world ; for the democratic principle had crept into her Constitution long before mankind had elsewhere begun to question the *divine right of kings*. Many a time were English tyrants made to bow before the indignant Briton. Thus was the pride of the Norman princes humbled, when upon King John the assembled barons imposed the Magna Charta. Thus, too, did the nation avenge the insolence and tyranny of the Tudors on their weakened and helpless successors, when a haughty line of monarchs went down in misfortune and blood, and the sceptre was grasped by the great Cromwell.

Much has been said against Cromwell ; but none deny that it was under his splendid administration English liberty assumed its broadest character. Scenes of riot and anarchy ex-

isted, it is true; but they were accompanied with blessings, for the absence of which nothing could atone. They waked in the bosom of the people those fires of liberty which have been the hope of England to this hour; fires, too, from which our own altars were kindled. For it was during that great struggle, with the sound of contention still in their ears, and the shout of liberty, mingled with prayers to God, still on their lips, that the Puritans bore away with them all England had ever known of political or religious freedom. England was unconscious at the time that the greatest of her offspring were taking with them the fruits of that Revolution to a forest home, where they would rear an empire that could not be conquered.

History tells us, that after a great effort the human mind settles into repose, and rests satisfied with past achievements. After the restoration of Charles II., who never should have been permitted to wear a crown, the flames of liberty seemed to go out, and the reign of tyranny again commenced. From that time the mass of the people have sunk down in uncomplaining silence: "Now and then, indeed, they have bustled about and shook their chains;" but to little purpose.

The nation has increased in power, wealth,

arts, and learning ; but the progress has been confined to the higher orders. The mass have been below the current of advancement—busy in toiling for bread. What has England's prosperity been to the poor ? Machinery has only lessened the value of their honest labour ; commerce only increased the luxuries of the rich ; books, though as abundant as the productions of the earth, have done nothing for the toil-worn craftsman, whom drudgery has left no time to read. The world has moved on, but brought to him none of the blessings civilization should profusely scatter in her progress ; and while every other land is filled with the elegant productions of English art, the poor enjoy none of the abundance they so liberally dispense. Commerce, which in our times seems to unite with Christianity in achieving the world's redemption, is to him a bitter curse.

Is this the nation once the freest on earth ? It is now more polished, opulent, and splendid than ever ; but it has also within its bounds, deeper suffering and more crying wrong than it ever had in the days of its ancient obscurity ; and this suffering and wrong seem the more intense and unnatural in contrast with the spirit of the age.

But there is a point where degradation passes the bounds of endurance ; and England's peo-

ple, who have so long bowed down in silent sorrow to the cruel arm of tyranny, are starting from their dream-like stupor. The sun of Liberty, now advancing high in the heavens, begins to throw some glancing beams through the gratings of their prison ; they are looking anxiously abroad to find the occasion of their miseries ; and wo to those from whom they conceive their miseries to flow. They drop the hammer upon the anvil ; they pass from the clank of the factory, and ask for bread ; it is not given : they *will* know why it is the English labourer must starve in a world of plenty. Once deeply stirred to a sense of injury and wrong, these men will not be silenced :

“ Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine them to silence.”

English legislators begin to feel this ; and ever and anon committees are appointed, reports made, so charged with human wo that they almost turn the reader's brain to madness ; and bills are passed ostensibly for relief ; but the evil is not reached : it is all shallow legislation.

Says Carlyle, “ You abolish the symptom to no purpose, if the disease is left untouched. Boils on the surface are curable or incurable : small matter, while the virulent humour festers deep within, poisoning the sources of

life ; and certain enough to find for itself new boils and sore issues ; ways of announcing that it continues there, that it would fain not continue there."

Thus England's wise men cheat themselves, and—the people *for a while*, by passing laws to quiet their discontent, grown fierce and mad. It is a silly expedient to play this game. "It is the resource of the ostrich, who, hard hunted, sticks his foolish head in the sand, and thinks his foolish unseeing body is unseen too."

Some men think England now more powerful than ever ; but such persons forget *the wild boiling sea of smothered discontent, which is heaving under the throne and the aristocracy*. It is as certain that the English Government will be overthrown, as that it is God's sublime purpose to emancipate a long-fettered world, unless she shall cease her obstinate and blind opposition to the progress of freedom, and grant the people justice. No man who feels in his own soul the lofty spirit of the age, and tracks the progress of the car of Liberty as it rolls among the nations, can believe that England will be able much longer to breast herself up against the advancement of humanity : the majestic movements of God's Providence can be clearly seen ; a train of causes are in operation too mighty to be resisted by the crum-

bling thrones of despotism. No ; England can do all mortal man can do ; she never vacillates, is never faint-hearted : but she cannot successfully oppose the spirit of the age. She has rife within herself the fiercest elements of disorder, revolution, and decay. These are her internal foes.

But, more than this, a deep-seated indignation against her is manifesting itself throughout the world. Ambition and injustice have made up the history of her diplomacy for centuries past ; and her navy has been the grand executor of her will. By it she has acquired her foreign power ; and through it for nearly three centuries she has possessed facilities for visiting every country to which wind and wave can bear ; and these facilities have been most actively improved. She has become familiar with every point of great commercial advantage, and appropriated to herself all the solitary and unclaimed islands, and many of the claimed ones, she has found straggling at a convenient distance from the mainland. By discovery, conquest, and usurpation, she has reared an empire upon which the sun never goes down ; and this she has accomplished by being able to traverse the ocean without fear or molestation.

Distance had hitherto formed a limit for con-  
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quest ; and Alexander himself would have been a harmless assailant against an island standing off a few leagues at sea. A few months have sufficed to transport her armies to the most distant countries ; and that, too, frequently in an unexpected hour for her enemies. The naval supremacy of England once established, her political supremacy followed as a matter of course. By various devices she has extended her acquisitions alike in peace and in war ; and whatever she has acquired she has steadily retained. Thus, by discovery, silent assumption, or conquest, her claims have continued to grow ; and when open plunder would not do, she has tried her hand at private filching. Accordingly, we see her asserting some new pretensions almost every day. She seems to be now hesitating whether to appropriate the Celestial Empire to herself ; the whole coast of Africa is under her special protection ; she *owns* no inconsiderable part of the State of Maine ; and, forsooth, has complacently planted herself upon the other extremity of our empire, beyond the Rocky Mountains.

We might suppose, indeed, to observe the policy of England, that the ultimate reversionary interest and fee-simple of the whole earth was in the British crown, and all the babbling nations mere tenants at sufferance, and liable to

be turned out on short notice. But, alas ! it is much to be feared that some of them will prove a troublesome tenantry. Even the "Down-easters" have already had the audacity wholly to disregard her notice to quit ; maintaining their ground, probably, not because they suppose they have a *right* to it, but by reason of some technical informality in the manner of serving the writ.

But her navy can no longer secure to Britain the same supremacy as in former times. The rivalships of nations are not now, as once, of a warlike character—they are struggling for the mastery in commerce. The motive of national glory has in a measure given way to that of interest ; and the acquisition of wealth is the principal advantage a nation now promises to itself in diplomacy. A great struggle has commenced in those arts which humanize mankind. This, it is true, is not yet the full result ; it is only the tendency of affairs. Preparations for war are still made ; national antipathies are still indulged ; but these are hourly growing feebler and less rancorous. Such enterprises are looked upon with coldness and disapprobation ; and the madness of plunging nations into war for trivial causes is constantly becoming more and more palpable.

It is therefore to be hoped that the exten-

sive possessions of Britain will be made only the means of extending civilization and enhancing her commercial importance ; that they will no longer be turned into pretexts for quarrels and wars ; that her grasping ambition will stop before she shall have kindled against her *universal* exasperation. The political equality of nations was recognised long before the political equality of men ; and in attempting, therefore, to overshadow and trample upon the kingdoms around her, England is violating an older and longer-established principle than when she dresses one man in gold and sends him to the House of Lords, and another in rags and sends him to the workhouse. But this last practice may prove sufficiently dangerous, as the first may prove sufficiently fatal.

England is glorious by reason of her age, her ruins, her power ; her commerce, which has extended over the world ; her Christian missionaries, who are calling the pagans from their idols ; and her bards and orators, whose names stand bright on the records of mankind. But we cannot admire the spirit of that policy which, in giving the nation power and consideration abroad, leaves it weakened and wretched at home ; which, in providing the rest of the world with the elegances and luxuries of civilized life, leaves the crowded masses of its own poor

in ignorance and starvation ; which, in its efforts to keep up the nation's outward pomp and display, takes no heed of its sickness and suffering within.

Let her remember that no sadder aspect in the decay of civic society can be presented, than when honest labourers by millions are perishing with want, while an aristocracy around them are rolling in voluptuousness ; that while the great middle class of her citizens are clamorous for their political rights, at the same time the lower classes are clamorous for bread ; that her provinces are held by a frail tenure ; that the branches of her power are already grown too large for the parent tree ; that the heart of an empire may decay while a distant dependency continues to flourish. Let her remember, too, that a power greater than her own has left no traces of its existence in Italy ; and that the " barbarian's steed long ago made his manger in the golden house of Nero !"

THE END.

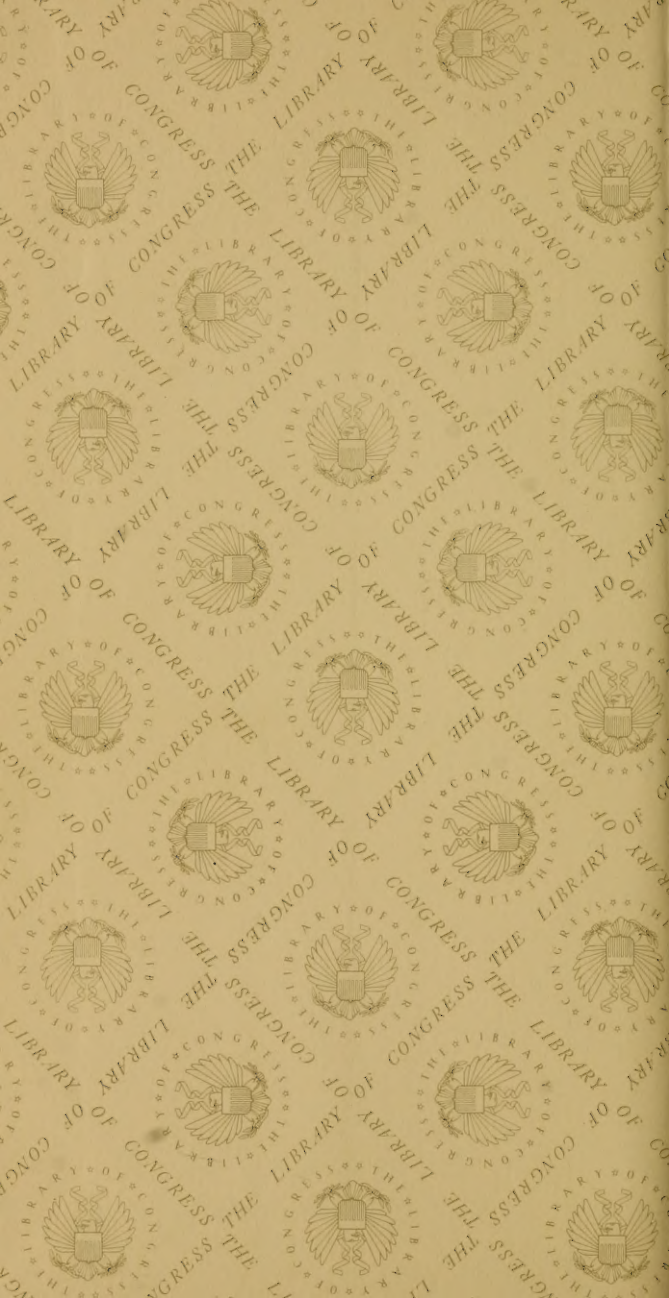
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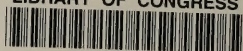








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